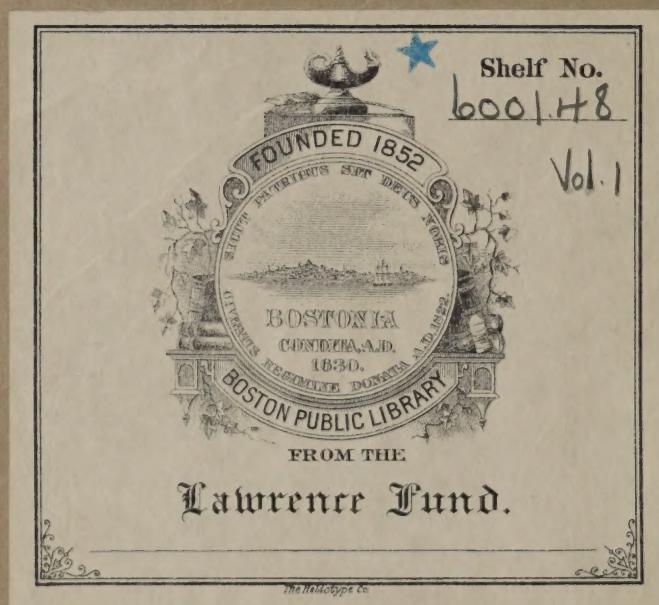


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THE AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNALS



Vol. 1. No. 1. Boston, December 22, 1877. Price 10 Cents.

SALUTATORY.

Reader, we salute you. We stand, as it were, on your hospitable threshold, hat in hand, and with much of the feeling which might be supposed to possess an unbidden guest, who, with scant introduction, presents himself hoping for your favorable notice. In that guests, though unbidden, are not necessarily unwelcome,—nay, are sometimes the more welcome, from their being unexpected, lies our chief hope of your immediate sufferance and of your future cordial greetings. The former we count upon—the latter it shall be our aim to deserve. The reasons which have actuated us in so soon launching our little barque upon the waters of your favor are manifold. One of them, and the chiefest, may never have occurred to you until this minute—it is simply this—YOU NEED US. If you differ from us, and possibly you do, bear with us for a month or two. Try us, give us a chance, and we promise to prove to you either that we are right, or else—that you are not the sort of man we took you for. We will not delay you now by going into any of our other reasons, they will manifest themselves in due course, but in order that you may appreciate what sort of a guest this is who thus seeks an invitation to your mahogany, we will crave your kind attention while we devote a few words to a brief description of the

its perfected results to-day it instances another victory for British perseverance, pertinacity and, yes—obstinacy.

With the birth of the Bicycle came, so to speak, a new dispensation. The ancient Velocipede was a toy, clumsy, ungainly, defective in the mechanical principles applied in its manufacture, useful only as a vehicle for gymnastic exercise, and in its latter capacity often harmful to those using it. None of this could be said of the Bicycle; perfect in its mechanical principles, the acme of graceful strength combined with delicate construction, affording to its rider a maximum of speed in return for a minimum of effort and exertion,—what wonder, then, that it grew so rapidly in popular favor, not as a toy, but as a means both practicable and enjoyable, of rapid locomotion, until in spite of the capital and machinery employed in its production, the demand became, as it continues to-day, greater than the supply? The English press, which had justly ignored the Velocipede, found that it could but recognize the Bicycle. Not a paper but possessed in a large proportion of its readers, riders of the Bicycle, and to such it found itself compelled, perforce, to open up its columns to queries, discussions and topics, interesting and important to the riders themselves, but occupying space which could be but illy spared from the discussion of other matters of national importance, with which it is the province of the newspaper to deal. For some time this state of things obtained, and operated equally to the disadvantage of the newspapers and their readers, until at length a bright genius saw the opportunity, and, to make a long story short, established the first newspaper devoted to Bicycling interests which the world ever saw. How successful the venture proved, the fact that there are now published, in London alone, two weeklies, one monthly, and three annuals, devoted entirely to the Bicycling interest, sufficiently attests; and these, courteous reader, are the "footprints" we referred to in our allusion to Plato awhile ago.

AIMS, OBJECTS AND PURPOSES OF OUR PAPER.

We think it was Plato who remarked—casually to some acquaintance probably—"He is blind who sees not the footprints of those before him," and we hasten to assure you that the remark cannot possibly apply to us. We have noticed the footprints most keenly; hence this paper. Let us explain. It is now some six years ago since our English cousins developed from the clumsy Velocipede, that combination of beauty, grace and power, the modern Bicycle. It was a gradual development, not a jump,—it was born not less of the desires than the necessities of the people, and in

Our humble attempt to follow them is in the paper before

THE AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL.

and at first sight you may think our attempt is somewhat premature. If it be that you are a rider of the iron wheel—if you are not, but intend to become one,—aye, even if you are neither of these, but simply a lover of your fellow man, we are such desirous that they should benefit themselves and others, by their sterity morally, mentally, and physically, by the use of their time for healthful exercise in the open air, stretching their chests and their hearts equally in the air, that if there are any of these, you will, after a very little trial, arrive, we think, at a different conclusion; that, "we are, 'you need us.'

The proximity of winter, unless it should prove an unusually open one, forbids our anticipating any very great influx of "home" Bicycling news at present. On the other hand, the winter may be one in which the Bicyclists enemy—now—may be conspicuous by its absence. Even should it not, our country is large enough, and varied enough in its climate, to afford us full work the year round, when the Bicycle becomes adopted, as it will be, and soon, by the whole people. In the meantime there is much to be done. Information as to the machine and its uses must be disseminated; questions of expediency, etc., have to be propounded and answered.

Possibly we may have to do here, as they had in England, take up arms against the railroads, both horse and steam, and prove, as they did there, that the Bicycle has equal rights with any other vehicle. In England the fight with these is not over yet, for the adoption of the new mode of locomotion by the people, meant as it will here, considerable reduction in the receipts of these corporations, and they were not disposed to submit without a struggle. We trust our own railroad corporations will not run their heads against any such wall as did their English cousins, but submit graciously to the inevitable.

To these matters, as well as to all others directly or indirectly interesting to the Bicyclist, our columns will be open, and we solicit from our friends throughout the whole country the favor of their queries, opinions or information.

To our contemporaries, existant abroad to-day, and to exist in this country in the very near future, we extend, and purpose to extend, the right hand of fellowship. We hope to be received in no way as a competitor, but as an ally, and have much faith in the support we shall receive from our people, to render us worthy of the name.

To you, courteous reader, but little under this heading, remains to be said. For the present we hope to come before you at the end of each second week, but we shall be ready at your call at any time, to appear each week, or even each day, should you so command us. We have thought it best not to open a subscription list until our success is assured as practically as we expect it to be, but directly it is so, we shall be ready and eager to give you all the advantage which the subscription system affords.

In conclusion, we have attempted imperfectly to show you some of the reasons why we claim your support. We anticipate receiving it, and on our part we can only say that no efforts shall be spared to merit it.

The best and most acceptable Holiday present is an imported English Bicycle. Give your orders at once to Cunningham, Heath & Co., Importers, 178 Devonshire street, Boston, Mass. Price List forwarded on receipt of stamp. English Tricycles,—can be used by either sex,—imported to order.

LEARNING TO RIDE THE BICYCLE.

This is not attended with nearly the difficulty people suppose. Those who conquered the art of bicycling will find the modern Bicycle very easy to master. In our own ease it took us exactly twenty minutes to learn, and we witnessed the other day the success of a man who, after proceeding not more than twenty feet, was stopped by a friend, continued unassisted round a room more than thirty feet square, with perfect grace and ease.

In cases where the rider has never bestrode two wheels before, and begins at the beginning, he will naturally find more difficulties to conquer, but even at its worst, *the art of Bicycling will be found very simple, and its rudiments can be easily learnt.*

The learner should steadfastly bear this fact in mind, for **CONFIDENCE BEGETS SKILL.** The learner can derive much assistance from merely watching some Bicycle rider, before attempting to mount himself. After he has done so, let him obtain a *small* machine, select some *slightly down hill* road, and, assisted by same friend, he can then mount, seat himself firmly in the saddle, and lightly grasp the handle, the friend holding the backbone with one hand, and pushing him slowly along. The learner should then place his feet lightly on the pedals, and, without attempting to propel the machine, allow the pedals to carry his feet round until the motion becomes natural. As soon as that point is reached, and the feet do not miss the pedals at any part of the stroke, let him then endeavor to assist his friend by *using* the pedals. A few minutes exercise in this, will result in the rider finding that he is unconsciously balancing himself, and then his friend can exercise his judgment by occasionally releasing his hold of the machine, at first, perhaps, only for a second at a time, but gradually by intervals of increasing length, until very shortly the rider will be astonished to find that he is unsupported, and is really riding alone. This knowledge, and the confidence it brings, will go through him like an electric shock, and he should seize the opportunity, not to try anything more, but to

DISMOUNT AND GO HOME.

By thinking over his lesson for two or three hours, he will learn more at this stage than could be obtained by many hours' hard practice.

THE NEXT THING IS TO PERFECT HIS BALANCE.

He takes hold of the handles, the hind wheel between his feet, and after a pause, to become accustomed to the position, he places the ball of the left foot upon the step, pauses again, then takes two or three hops with the right foot, and as soon as the machine is in fair motion, raises himself upon the step and guides the machine with the handle. In a very few minutes he will find that he can balance himself upon the step without inconvenience, as long as the machine remains in motion. When he assures himself of this fact, *mounting* the machine becomes perfectly easy; a few hops as before and his weight is on the step, then his right leg is placed over the saddle, the inside above the knee, grasping, as it were, the part which may be called the pomel, and with a *very slight* spring the other leg is brought on the other side of the saddle, into which the rider *slides* rather than *drops*. Then the feet seek the pedals, the motive power is applied, and the learner is a learner no longer, he has mastered the secret, he can

RIDE THE BICYCLE.

All that remains now is to obtain experience, a rut or a stone

THE

in the road, may at first cause him to l
but he will soon find himself *instinctiv*
such feeling with a *slight turn* of the w
in which he feels the machine to be in
his motions, when mounted, become
and not of calculation, there remains
learnt, and he may proceed to take his
which the glorious machine he has conc

TO DISMOUNT.

He will have the choice of *two good*
ones. The best and most graceful, is
left foot until it reaches the step, whe
brought to the ground, and the mach
Another method, and a good one whe
the right toe *over* the back bone, and
it and the handles only, to vault out of
wheel at the same time very slightly
is desired to alight. Another *and a*
let the machine stop and fall over slo
firm hold of the handles and preve
touching the ground; while yet anoth
leg over the handles and slide off t
should not be attempted save by th
masters of the machine.

THE FOOT REST

are only for use in going down hill,
rider must keep cool, and *not become*
of his motion.

No rider should use the foot rests
bottom of the hill he is descending, and,
his feet should on no account leave t

THE BREAK

should be used as little as possbile,
tion. When it is necessary to us
applied *very gradually*, and in fact,
in all others pertaining to the Bicycl
whether he be a learner or an exper
mind this axiom: *Make haste slowly*.

We are told that the modern Byeys
some of the Lunatic Asylums of Gr
publicity to the statement, not only
intensely tickle themselves by gettin
“A good place too,” “Very appro
before the riders find their way there
in conjunction with the statement th
exceedingly beneficial to a certain cl
it the attention of the superintend
structures, and to suggest that it mig
take steps to *ascertain its truth*, or o
can aid in rendering our overcrowd
populous, by *curing* those already i
that respect will be only second to t
to exercise in *preventing* future acces
lation. Prevention is better than cu
mind constitute perfect health, and
the other. Take these texts to hear
business, construct therefrom your c
to-morrow's dawn find you without :

New Yorkers admit that Boston
Bicycle movement so far, but urge
avenues, boulevards and suburban
eventually to lead the country. We

wish for. Returned into Coventry, "Hilworth Castle" for the night, but the next morning, I was compelled to company him to a friend's house of his, while I stayed in Coventry. I stayed myself principally in viewing bicycle. Can hardly go out in Coventry, and gents at a "pub," and get into conversation. Generally turn the topic either upon the all events I nearly always found it so. It nearly every turn in the street, gents running to their work, youths practising, comfortably, and amused with the exercises. And bicyclers seemed to have the ascen-

, (after I had made breakfast my for Nuneaton (3 1-2 miles), which I did for time, taking good care not to hurry. Found the going rather unpleasant, state of the roads (it having rained some rather ticklish hills which I had to stay in Nuneaton (which looked a little), but went on through Hinckley, a sought a very pretty trading place, boasted of tramways, and some nice houses over the main square, and pursued my way, going in which direction I had a work trying to overtake my machine, so, and I went along in fine style (at over the ups and downs of the Derby way I speak concerning it, one would say was a bad road, but the contrary is true, small hills to cause unevenness; at rare, any ordinary bicyclist can ascend, and is very smooth going. I passed Elvaston, which lay to the west of my ride.ough I put up for the night, and after a quiet stroll through the walks and drives, was much pleased with the style of resort for retired people, and had an appearance with it.

On the next morning I started for "Hilworth" and Elvaston. It seemed a long way the whole distance. After dinner, sightseeing, &c., I mounted again, which I reached ere night's darkening secured quarters for the night, visited the baths and buildings of the place, which so many invalids visit for the benefit of their health. This land amidst a beautiful country with soil almost like chalk when dry—like riding in a rink.

After breakfast, I once again remounted, and proceeded for Bakewell (9 miles) via Chatsworth Hall, a celebrated and splendid grounds and drives, &c. It is in the summer, and well worthy of "the Peak," as it lies close by. All visitors when going through the place their names in a book kept for

was soon on the road to Bakewell, an excellent and hard one, causing the rider owing to its smoothness,

in his balance,
interacting any
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and as soon as
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will afford him.

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THE BICYCLE.

The Bicycle, or two-wheeled velocipede, is steadily gaining favor in England and France. About eight years ago there was a "Bicycle Fever" in this country, but, like many other notions, it had its day, and was forgotten and neglected.

Our English cousins are more persistent and persevering, and have of late made such wonderful improvements in their machines, that they are coming into very general use among the young and athletic, and, even robust old gentlemen of sixty years, are said to enjoy a sixty mile ride in a day on one of these new and improved machines.

The improvements consist in the substitution of steel for wood and cast iron, gaining strength with less weight; and increasing the size of the driving wheel to about 4 1-2 feet diameter, with rubber tire; while the hind wheel is reduced to about the size of a barrel hoop.

The effect of the large driving wheel is at once apparent, a single revolution occupying the time and effort of two steps in walking, throws the rider forward over the road a space of about thirteen feet.

The results attainable over the smooth roads of England are truly marvelous, and distance the best performances of the race horse, especially in a long pull. Thus we read of two riders who made 205 miles in twenty-two hours, including stops, the time in the saddle being seventeen hours, seventeen minutes. Another rider made 195 1-4 miles in twenty-two and a half hours; and 105 miles in eight hours, twenty-three minutes.

For shorter distances, the advantage over good horses is not so great, but we hear of a rider who made ten miles in thirty-three minutes, thirty-seven seconds. And, when we come down to a single mile heat, the horse has still a slight advantage, as the best recorded time on the Bicycle for a single mile is 2.56.

For common work on an ordinary road the speed is seven to ten miles an hour, according to smoothness of road and state of the weather, and strength and skill of the rider.

The expense of these improved machines is eleven to sixteen guineas in London, so that with a duty of thirty-three per cent., and freight and charges, they will cost to import from \$80 to \$125 of our money. We hope some of our enterprising machine shops will soon find their account in making them on this side the water, when the cost would probably not exceed \$75 for a first-class 52-inch wheel.—*Massachusetts Ploughman*, Oct. 20, 1877.

With the adoption of the bicycle as a popular mode of locomotion, will come a demand for good road maps, prepared especially for the bicyclists' use and information. Such maps should be on a scale of 100 rods to an inch—which is the scale of that issued by Sampson & Davenport & Co., with the Boston Directory—and should denote not only the roads themselves, but their characteristics,—whether smooth or rough, hilly or level, or otherwise,—and should also show the various passes of roads, etc.

A HOLIDAY TOUR THROUGH THE MIDLAND COUNTIES.

I started again the next morning, and kept pretty well at it throughout the day. Having reached Newcastle-under-Lyme, and taken a stroll round the quaint old-fashioned market place (where could be seen any number of old women making purchases, and dressed in a rather curious attire), I remounted and made for Trentham, where resides the Duke of Sutherland. I stayed here some time, and just had a peep at his residence, and then I went into the Trentham Hotel, a magnificent building, belonging to the Duke. There is some very pretty cottage gardening to be seen hereabouts, and some nice rustic scenery. A large and curious mortuary in which the old Dukes are buried, together with a small plot of land inclosed around it, in which the servants are buried, may be seen by the highway near the place. Passing through Trentham the road divides, one leading in the direction of "Alton Towers," and the other to Stone, &c., whither I was going. Arrived in Stone, which, about the centre was very cobble paved, I replenished myself with a good dinner, and then wheeled out and made for Stafford, which last mount I thoroughly enjoyed, as the roads were in splendid condition, but I made good use of the footpaths, of which there were occasionally long stretches. I made another halt at this last-named place, had a good look round, and then once more mounted for that famous place in the bicycling world, Wolverhampton; this last ride was through a very pretty and undulating country, the roads being very good. Here I arrived shortly before nightfall, and at once went and satisfied one of my cravings, by visiting the famous Molineux Grounds. I made for the lower part of the Grounds, where bicycling was the amusement of many, and I for one had a spin round the lake, which lies in the centre of the ground, and round which the track is laid. I may here say that all is simply done to afford the bicyclist pleasure and amusement, together with thorough good sight-seeing for the spectators from the hill side. I put up at the house of Dan Rudge, the "Tiger" Inn, where many of the celebrated riders make their stay. Mr. Rudge was ever ready to show me something belonging to bicycling, which is the chief topic of conversation at his house. I spent a great part of the next day looking about the town, and went again to the Grounds. About 4 o'clock I set off for Birmingham, intending to get there before evening, but I was greatly upset in my calculations, owing to the extremely bad roads, and I could not with safety go further than West Bromwich, where I put up for the night at a respectable widow lady's, (who keeps a draper's shop), and was well treated.

The next morning I trotted my bit of steel grey out about 11 o'clock, and pushed on for Birmingham, which I reached in time for dinner. After spending a couple of hours in looking about, I mounted again, and had a splendid ride on a dry-hard and nearly level road to Coventry (18 1-2 miles). I may safely say is well worthy of the name, being very smooth with hardly any stones. There are, however, can easily sur-

nearly anyone quartered at the friend calling upon to say that I would there to be enclosed all day and amu manufacturers. call and have refre bicycles or watche I encountered bicyc out riding, workm old men gliding a exercise; in fact bicycency over all othe

On Sunday m ground work), I reached soon after myself, especiall owing to the soft during the night) to encounter. I quiet Sunday-go to Leicester. Th and clean lookin looking cars. I my way for Long tram driver play but of course it w least to my think road; though, fro be led to believe the case, as it ha all events, what t and the surface o close by Charnw On reaching Lou a late tea, went o round the drives them. It looked not much of a m

Leaving Lou Derby (17 miles) very nice and le ner and a good le for Matlock (18 mantle covered I went out after this famout inlan are continually v last ride lay th pretty level roa which make the

In the mornin ed my old friend Rowsley, and t beautiful buildin seat picni

THE AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL.

On through Bakewell to Buxton (12 miles) I continued, intending to stay there for the night, (as I had spent considerably the best of the day at Chatsworth). Having arrived and procured lodgings, &c., I went out for a stroll through the gardens, and heard the band play. There are a great number of invalids sent out here as the air is considered beneficial. The walks are very hard, and the country all around abounds in lime, rock, etc.

On the following morning I made my final plunge, leaving Buxton about 11 o'clock, and proceeding over a hill which necessitated my walking all the way (2 miles nearly), towards Whaley Bridge (6 1-4 miles from the start); from the top the road falls for nearly 4 1-2 miles, all the way into Whaley. It is a good hard road and some capital views can be obtained from the high parts. In Whaley Bridge I made a short stay, and then went on to New Mills, about another two miles, took the train from here and arrived home shortly before night-fall.

I may say that I thoroughly enjoyed the outing, and did not push myself in any way or shape, but simply rode as a tourist ought to do who wants to see something fresh; and I stopped or proceeded just as fancy prompted.

LEVI EARNSHAW.

In the London Bicycle Journal.

A BUN THROUGH SURREY AND SUSSEX.

Eight a. m., was the time appointed for the meet, but, at that somewhat early hour, the court-yard of the "Griffin" was only enlivened by the presence of one bicycle, while its owner was waiting in the road the approach of his two promised companions. A smothered ejaculation of "Now we're busy," and, turning the corner, appears a well-known figure in grey, mounted on his equally well-known 56-in. "Keen." "Where's H.?" "In bed, I suppose." "All right! Let's go and rouse him out." Rouse him out we did, and, in about half an hour, the three of us were in the saddle, breasting the south-east gale. The trees along the Ewell road kept off the wind a bit, and fairly good progress was made; but passing the village and over Banstead Downs, the wind literally blew us to a standstill, and struggle as we might, it took us the best part of two hours to reach the top of Reigate Hill (13 miles). Two of the party having elected to walk down, the Kingston captain rode down alone, and after a brief but energetic interview with the miserable turnpike man who objected to open his gate, reached the bottom in safety, and, whilst waiting for the others, amused himself by giving chase to an individual, who had addressed him by the name of an "old fool," and asked him to come off that "adjective thing." On the arrival of the other two travellers, refreshments were obtained at the "White Hart." A brief halt and we were off again, and, climbing the hill out of the town, enjoyed our first run down "feet up." The wind was still dead ahead, and the work was all against the collar; thus, it was with feelings of envy, that, about three miles out of Reigate, we met the late Kingston captain flying before the wind on his 56 "special." A hurried "How d'ye do," and he was out of sight. We were just in time for dinner at Crawley, and full justice was done to the good fare placed before us by the landlord of the "George." After allowing a short interval for digestion, we got our bicycles out of the stable, and rejoicing in the thought that we should now have the wind astern, took the Horsham road. How we blessed the wind now! We could hardly move our legs fast enough, and one of the party actually rode up two hills "legs over handles." Horsham (7)

was reached in a little over the half-hour. Riding through the town, we took the Guildford road, and rode on without a dismount, till the fearfully long and steep hill over the Leith Hill range, rendered a walk imperative. H. electing to ride down the opposite side "legs over handles," paid the penalty of his rashness by coming a tremendous "cropper," very fortunately without damage to himself, though his bicycle suffered. After a pleasant run down through the village of Shere, we commenced the ascent of the hill over Newland's Corner. The going was very stiff at first, but as we gradually crept up the hill, we felt the help of the wind more and more, till crossing the top, we were doing some 12 miles an hour. Only one of the party rode down Newland's Corner; it is a nasty hill, and requires a good brake. Then through West Clandon to Ripley the pace was kept up till the "Talbot" came in view. M'Cullum Hill, and "Panns" of the I. B. C. were discovered within; the first named having ridden some eighty miles against the wind that morning. After a short halt and some "shandy gaff" (by-the-bye, how is it that this beverage always tastes so nice at the "Talbot?") we climbed into our saddles for the last time, and travelling over the familiar road at a steady pace of eleven miles an hour, we reached Surbiton as the shades of night were drawing in, after a very pleasant run of some 70 miles.

W. A. S. (Kingston B. C.)

In the London Bicycling News.

BICYCLES.

The surprising machines displayed by English makers at our Centennial Exhibition, attracted much admiring attention from many visitors, and a considerable number of the curious vehicles have since been sold in various directions. They have given so much satisfaction that the call for them has increased of late, and they are now for sale in all our principal cities. From several sources of information, we conclude there is a strong probability that the bicycle, in its vastly improved construction, will soon come into extensive use in our country; not, as in former years, to run an ephemeral career as a novel toy, but to become a staple addition to our means of locomotion for useful work as well as exhilarating sport. If so, there are many among our readers especially who will take to them as a fish does to the water, or a bird to the air. Among the same, also, may yet be found a champion rider, and the American mechanic, to still further improve the machine. The English have often been impelled to adopt our models and machinery for many reasons, so that we can afford in this case to reciprocate with equal grace, and with the hope of excelling even their "Velocipedes" and "Excelsiors." We are led to these remarks by having viewed recently some specimens of the new wheelers exhibited in this city. We will not go into a detailed description of them here; it is sufficient to declare that they "are excellently made," and totally unlike the clumsy contrivances we had before, under the same general heading. *Evening Express.*

Bloggs stepped in the other day, and said that the bicycle was perfectly useless for any one to experience, and that it would never be generally used in this country. He said that no true American would consider it worth the trouble to buy, as it was always *tyred*. The blow was delivered with such force that Bloggs lost consciousness just before George awoke him, and "the last end of that man" was

A BICYCLE MEET.

The idea of a grand meet of the bicyclists of the home district, conceived by some of the leading promoters of the wheel-riding science, was undoubtedly a very happy one. The picturesque neighborhood of Hampton Court and Bushey Park was the appointed rendezvous, and, on Saturday afternoon, bicyclists were seen in all directions wending their way thither. From Hampton Court Bridge to the "Greyhound" a thick line of spectators, on foot and in carriages, was ranged, and in Bushey Park visitors swarmed. Few persons outside the bicycle world could have suspected the extent to which this modern travelling machine has almost suddenly come into use. There seems to be abroad a vague impression that the hobby, if it be fair any longer so to term it, has had its day, and that the idea of the invention possessing any utility has been exploded. It is not too much to say that Mr. Lowe and those who share his attachment to the bicycle, have been smiled upon as enthusiasts pursuing something without the pale of practical life. Any such thoughts as these have been dispelled from the minds of those who witnessed the demonstration on Saturday. That the metropolis and its neighborhood should be able to produce nearly 500 riders at a casual meet on a Saturday afternoon, is of itself strong evidence of the popularity of the bicycling art; but there are other facts which still more strikingly demonstrate it. Whereas, last year the whole country could only boast of 17 bicycle clubs, their number has, in one short twelvemonth, risen to 68. Leaving London for the moment altogether out of the calculation, it is estimated that there are 2,000 members of clubs in the provinces, besides some 8,000 riders unattached to any organized society. The art is not without its votaries and patrons in high quarters. Mr. Lowe's devotion to it is notorious; but it may not be so well known that even the Prince Imperial is connected, as an honorary member, with the West Kent Bicycle Club, whilst the Earl of Lewes, heir to the Marquisate of Abergavenny, is president of the Tunbridge Wells, and Lord Gordon Grenville of the Peterboro' clubs. The Hon. Mr. Keith Falconer is chairman of the society at Hitchin, and many other distinguished friends of the art might be named. More convincing than anything else, however, as to the increasing practice of bicycle-riding, is the fact that the firm at Coventry who are the principal manufacturers of the machine, are and have been for some time, turning out more than a hundred weekly. The improvements which have of late years been made on the original clumsy velocipede have naturally tended to increase its popularity.kin, low, wooden-wheeled, noisy machine, the rider of the invariably looked like a hunchback working the treadles, the cei given place to the tall, graceful bicycle, with the mot. wheels, india-rubber tires, patent treadles, and print in t,her improvements; whilst the driving-wheel has described its dimensions that a height of 48 inches is now can ride at your. It is no longer open to sceptics to pooh-same time." Ages of the bicycle as a means of locomotion, of the pivot pri,wer to such cavillers might be given by should bestride n, fine specimens of the vigor and muscle certain amount who left Portsmouth on Saturday morn-should proceed. Inding a stay of two hours and a half at

By the assistance of Hampton Court, a distance of 68 miles, Acre, the machine app at five o'clock. Of course there were duced in London, and, could boast of having come from such always an all-powerful of the riders were confessedly mem-a few years during the Regentish, and Surrey clubs. Thus, By degrees, however,—and captain), sent 40 representa-caricatures which were then The London Club, of which the conviction that the "

Mr. S. Inwards is the president, and Mr. Tegetmeir captain, contributed 156. The Pickwicks, who have a member of Parliament for their president in the person of Mr. John Holms, and Mr. Yeoman for their captain, mustered 80 strong, and the Surrey Club contributed 60, whilst 25 came from St. George's Club, 50 from the Temple, 30 from the Wanderers, 25 from the North Surrey, and 18 from the Middlesex. The club (West Kent) of which the Right Hon. R. Lowe, M. P., is president, and Mr. Withers captain, also contributed 25 riders to the total of 463. There were several "unattached" bicyclists present, who brought up the aggregate to considerably over 500. It might possibly have proved more convenient if a programme had been arranged beforehand, so that the bicyclists, themselves, and the public might have known what was to be done; but, on the wholé, the delay which took place while the captains were settling details, was not unwelcome. It gave the members of different clubs an opportunity of improving their acquaintance and of studying the merits of rival machines, whilst the spectators found plenty to amuse and interest them in the casual movements and graceful evolutions of the assembled bicyclists. When at last the bugles sounded, and the different clubs started off from the "Greyhound," in Indian file, for a three mile spin round the road, returning through Bushey Park, a very pretty sight was presented. Rider after rider sped sily by with graceful ease, entirely free from the appearance of awkwardness which the rider of the old-fashioned velocipede found it difficult to avoid. There is no wobbling and clattering as there used to be with the bygone iron tired wooden wheels, and the machine of to-day would be perfectly noiseless in its motion but for the little tinkling bell which is introduced in many cases to intimate the approach of the bicyclist, after the fashion of the farmer's team in country lanes. It is only in the process of mounting that the modern bicyclist appears at all ludicrous, and if on Saturday, in the execution of that process, which may be best described as "a hop, skip, and a jump," the riders called forth some slight chaff, it was all taken in the good-humored spirit which prompted it. The bicyclists who took part in the proceedings were for the most part young men, but the middle-aged were strongly represented, and there were not a few who might claim to be venerable. Those attached to the clubs, as the majority evidently were, wore distinctive costumes, which were more or less graceful, that affected by the London Bicycle Club striking one as being perhaps the most becoming. Altogether the demonstration of Saturday was effective. It marks a turning-point in the history of bicycling, which, hitherto the hobby of a few, has suddenly become a source of delight for the many. Mr. Inwards, Mr. Salomon, and the other gentlemen who conceived and carried out the first grand bicycle meet, are to be congratulated on the success which was achieved. It is worthy of note that no horse was frightened during the ride.—*London Telegraph and Field.*

• SHALL THERE BE A VELOCIPED REVIVAL ?

To the Editor of the Globe:—SIR: Permit a bicyclist to thank you very much for your article headed "A Velocipede Revival" in your issue of Sunday last. We shall need the good offices of the press in our endeavor to make popular this new method of locomotion, and it will be much comfort to turn to the columns of *The Globe* and know beforehand that they will be friendly to us and our cause. "Cause" may seem rather a high-sounding designation for a movement which, in point of fact, has hardly begun as yet, but if those who think so

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will kindly wait, I shall be much mistaken if in less than six months they do not acknowledge the term well applied. Your desire to see this "light-horse mechanical" tried here will most certainly be fulfilled. My own new machine, now on its way from England, is one of some fifty, which have been ordered by an importing firm which,—if you will allow me to give you the "puff,"—ought certainly to advertise in your friendly columns; and I am told that the same firm have sent orders for some three times as many more. If this is so, the time when bicycles—more numerous than horse-cars—will be seen on our streets is certainly not very far distant, and I, for one, will hail the happy day. The results of this movement will prove of far more importance than can be at present supposed, and not the least of them will be a healthful and enjoyable exercise and perfect independence in locomotion.

"FIFTY INCH."

—*Boston Globe*, Nov. 9, 1877.

A VELOCIPED REVIVAL.

We have before us a large number of recent English publications scarcely known here, annuals, monthlies and circulærs, devoted to "velocipedestrianism," matured and refined. The enthusiasm for riding velocipedes, especially bicycles, which affected a large part of the civilized world nearly a decade ago, died out in this country as rapidly as it arose, until their use seemed to be quite given over to an exceptional youngster here and there on his two wheels, and—last descent—to the many small urchins on their little red tricycles. In Great Britain, however, the velocipede seems fairly to have become a permanent institution, and now numbers its hundreds of clubs over a great part of the realm, giving an extensive business to five large manufactories in producing the first-rate machines, and to many more for a cheaper article. It has its literature also, as we have said and seen—periodicals of a miscellaneous sort, and others giving statistics, records, routes, etc. Besides professional riders and the clubs with their uniforms, grand "meets" and races, and the tourists who travel long distances about the country, often even to the Continent, there are gentlemen of mature age in the rural parts who make a sober daily use of this vehicle in their business. We find in the publications alluded to, several instances of country doctors and others, who state that they habitually use the bicycle instead of the horse in their professional circuits. An English correspondent says: "I am myself seventy-one; I have a tricycle coming out for my use, although I can ride a bicycle. A friend of mine in London knows an old youth of eighty summers who rides a bicycle about 5000 miles a year!" Indeed, one principal cause of the steady British popularity of this exercise, lies in the disposition of the people not to allow the young or the uncultivated to monopolize the chief bodily activities. Hence, what was mere sport, has acquired a character of stability, and, instead of abandoning the idea as we have done, their machines have been stimulated to improve on the old clumsy machines, which are now stigmatized as "bone-shakers" and "timber-trucks." The weight has been reduced by one-third, and the speed doubled. The wheels now consist of a light, steel rim, connected with a spool-shaped hub of solid iron by numerous spokes of tough iron wire, each screwed up to its highest tension, and the whole enclosed by a tire of round rubber. The front wheel is enlarged and the hind one reduced in size, as much as possible. The main bar connecting them is tubular. Every bearing and adjustment is the nicest, and all is of the best material and workmanship. The spring of the seat and the size of

the driving wheel are carefully adapted, respectively, to rider's weight and length of legs. The medium size machine for road use now weighs but little over forty pounds, and the racing machines are much lighter. A man on one of these steely steeds, though he seems to the uninitiated as *ex pœde Herculem* (warping the sense of that just a little,) need be but of ordinary strength to average some eight miles an hour on common roads, or spin at the rate of ten to twelve miles on the best ones.

We might, did our limits permit, quote many lively and surprising details of the scenes presented, the speed attained, the distance run. The machines are not yet made able to follow the hounds across the country, leaping ditches and five-barred gates, but there is no estimating the degree of perfection which may yet be reached, and in time they may even rival the "philosopede" Breitmann tells of:

"It only touch de dirt, py shings!
'Bout vonce in half a mile."

The moderate use of the new machine is not a violent exercise, but is in many ways a very admirable one under right conditions. Somewhat harder to learn than skating or swimming, the practice once acquired, any man of fair activity can maintain a good trotting pace with actually less exertion than in walking for the same length of time. He does not have his weight to carry, and the mechanical advantage of the large, light wheel does the business. For those who have an incurable dread of the peculiarities of the bicycle, there is the tricycle, of similar make and but little inferior in speed. Our elderly friend, quoted before, writes, under a later date, that his tricycle is finished and his partner "has ridden it 100 miles and done ten miles an hour. A woman rode it fifty miles in one day!" Now suppose those of our business and professional men who too much neglect the active out-door exercise so necessary to complete mental and bodily sanity—and their name is Legion—turn their attention to this exercise? It seems to us, that to many, such a velocipede, as remade by the English, is well adapted, especially with some obvious reduction in size and proportions, to suit the less active and more timid, and the novices in the art. The first cost is much less than that of a good saddle-horse, and the running expenses next to nothing.

So far as we are informed, there are less than half a dozen of these machines in this vicinity. They are recently imported, and are ridden by gentlemen mostly of business pursuit, who have given us some notes of their practice. One busy lawyer, takes his occasional afternoon ride of thirty-four miles with ease, safety and satisfaction. Another photographer, tears around on a fifty-four inch diameter, a variety of *positive* results, and gayly returns to his office. A third, with less length of limb, rides twenty miles or more nearly every day with immense benefit to himself; but besides carrying the weight of nearly a hundred pounds, having a machine one size too large, and no room to turn, met with some needless rubs and mishaps in the use of the bicycle; yet he is content in the singular effects, and in finding himself becoming more expert in his vehicle. In fine, we would like to see the mechanical tried here; and would like to see the "Spartans," lately organized and said to be in the premises partly fitted for athletics, take up the apparatus. As for ourselves, we are not among them, taking a Christian and gloomy view of that goes around—doing good or evil.

—*Boston Globe*, Nov. 4, 1877.

THE AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL.

The American Bicycling Journal.

The American Bicycling Journal, will be published every other Saturday, at noon. Our country readers will much oblige by reporting any failures in delivery.

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BOSTON, DECEMBER 22, 1877.

THE BICYCLE.

In its mechanical principles, is popularly supposed to be of very ancient origin. It has even been stated that Hercules was wont, as a matter of after dinner recreation, to insert the thin end of club between the spokes of the machines of passing Bicyclists and to enjoy hugely the "spill" that ensued. This statement, however, must be received *cum grano salis*.

The first authentic record of the application of Bicycicular principles, which we can find, dates back to the year 1818, and that year undoubtedly witnessed the *début* of the ancestor of all bicycles. France appears to be entitled to the honor of first introducing these principles to the world; and a certain Baron du Brais of Paris, of unwittingly planting the

tree from which so magnificent an oak was destined to grow. The machine which the Baron invented was of the simplest construction and consisted merely of two wooden wheels, one behind the other, and connected by a curved and rounded plank, in the centre of which the driver sat and propelled himself by the action of his feet, which touched the ground. A curious engraving in the British Museum depicts this machine, which is mentioned in an accompanying legend as one "by which you may ride in your ease and are obliged to walk in the mud at the same time." There appears to have been a rude application of the principle to the front wheel, so that the dandy who invented this "Hobby Horse," as it was called, had a choice of option as to the direction in which he

should travel. Of a Mr. Johnson, a coach maker in Long Acre, who appears to have been successfully introduced to the idea as "the latest thing from Paris,"—and who, like the "open sesame" in London,—enjoyed for a time a certain currency, a certain kind of popularity. The "Hobby Horse" was aided doubtless by the merciless competition, no less than now "in vogue," of the "Hobby Horse" produced for its

devotees neither velocity, comfort, nor elegance, began to spread, until finally it died a natural death, regretted, it is scarcely necessary to add—by nobody.

From this time until about 1860, the Bicycle appears to have been left in abeyance, but the popular attention, always on the *qui vive* for improvements in locomotion, had been turned to what has been called the "polycle," a machine of four, six, and even eight wheels, propelled by the united efforts of from one to six men, seated between the wheels, and applying the power with their feet to longitudinal treadles. It seems that in these machines the first application of direct pedal power to the driving wheels was made, but it was so hampered and restricted by cogs, pinions, levers, and other unnecessary machinery, that no very desirable result other than a novel method of exercise, was deduced therefrom. In 1862, however, an American inventor, recognizing the utility and simplicity of a direct crank action, operated by pedal power, on a revolving axle, turned his attention to the development of the principle involved, and the result was the improved "Hobby Horse" which, in 1869, jumped so suddenly into favor both in this country and in Europe, under the cognomen of the "Velocipede." Clumsy as this machine was in make, and crude as it was in mechanism, it is still certain that if the Hobby Horse of 1818 can be termed the "ancestor," this of 1869 is entitled to be called the "father" of our present perfected Bicycle.

Of the Velocipede fever, which in this country, from Maine to Frisco, raged with all the fury of an epidemic, it is not our purpose here to treat. To most of us, the details are fresh in memory, while to those to whom they are not, it will suffice to say that after the fascination of riding on two wheels had been sufficiently indulged in, the sensation began to pall, the excitement to wear off, the defects of the machine to be discovered, and finally the "Hobby Horse" of 1869 was, as far as this country was concerned, gathered to its fathers. Meantime, however, our European cousins had pursued a different course. M. Michaux, of Paris, conceived the idea of enlarging the driving wheel and reducing the rear wheel, thus not only making a greater speed attainable, but also placing the rider in a position where he would be able to expend his effort to best advantage, viz: directly over, instead of behind, the axis of power. This slight alteration produced such marvelous results in increased speed, that at length even the opponents of the bicycling idea began to confess there was something in it. Then M. Magee, also of Paris, discarded wood altogether in favor of iron and steel, producing a machine of elegant appearance and increased capabilities for speed and service. On these some very respectable journeys—both as to time and distance—were performed, but it was reserved for the English to perfect and produce the combination of simplicity, strength and elegance, which the Bicycle of to-day exhibits.

It is not our purpose to go into this matter further here; suffice it to say that the modern Bicycle is as unlike the Velocipede of 1869 as that was unlike the Hobby Horse of 1818, and that the whole civilized world appears favorably inclined to receive, and has in fact already adopted, the new mode of locomotion. That the Bicycle is destined to grow rapidly into popular favor here, hardly admits of a doubt. Tourists from Europe are returning with machines of their own. Residents here are ordering Bicycles from firms that have become established, with the sole view of importing them, and there is already talk of manufacture in this country by our own machinists. Speed them all, say we.

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BICYCLES.

The velocipede mania, which raged in this country ten years ago, subsided about as quickly as it arose; not so, however, in England, where the Bicycle now takes rank with boating, cricket and the other athletic sports in which our muscle-developing cousins distinguish themselves. But the velocipede of to-day is as different a thing from the velocipede of 1867, as a Pullman express train differs from the primitive locomotives and wagons of the early days of railroading. Instead of the slow and rickety wooden thing of the last decade, we have a light and elegant concern entirely of metal, with an immense driving wheel of something like five feet in diameter, provided with double and closely set spokes, spring-like and wiry looking. Behind this, a diminutive little wheel of about a foot and a half in diameter, is scarcely perceptible, and, as the rider sits astride the big wheel at its highest part, and propels the machine with a verticle treading movement, the beholder thinks instinctively of Hans Breitmann's famous one-wheeled velocipede, especially as in speed the new machines are almost worthy of comparison with that fabled vehicle.

The young Englishman takes pride in his Bicycle, and knows how to boast of its points, very much as the horse-fancier looks on his trained full-bloods. Owing to the great circumference of the "driver," and its spring-like build, it goes over rough stone pavement with perfect ease, and on smooth macadamized roads a speed is obtained which vies with that of a pleasure team, all apparently with as little exertion on the part of the rider, as is required for a slow walk. One of the novel sights met with by the stranger in his first stroll through the West End of London, is the number of bicyclists leisurely rolling along the roadway in the early morning or late afternoon hours, many a gray moustache and cutlet-whisker being seen mingled among the downy-lipped riders, for in England youth by no means monopolizes athletics. Then, in the course of a day's ride or walk through the pleasant country lanes, one is sure of meeting a score or so of the two-wheelers, whose graceful lightness contrasts curiously with the clumsy express-wagon-like wheels of the English pleasure carriages.

Somehow, the English have not yet been persuaded to adopt the American style of carriage, which would make such a handsome appearance on their nice roads, while, in Berlin, the *Amerikanischer wagen* is all the style, under the Lindens and along the Siegesallee. It is a regular thing, for the London bicyclists, to take a run down to Brighton on a Saturday afternoon, spend Sunday there, and return Monday morning. We are told of one adventurous enthusiast, who has built himself a Bicycle with a driver ten feet in diameter, which he mounts with a step-ladder, and works by means of connecting rods. On this he has made his hundred miles in six hours, including stops. There are two periodicals in London devoted to bicycling, giving accounts of noteworthy trips, races and matches, describing the pleasantest and most interesting routes, and giving all possible information concerning the craft. Bicycle trips through Switzerland are now getting to be quite common.

Bicycling, in its present form, would be a welcome addition to American out-door sports. Our college youth are generally active in adopting anything new in the athletic line, and we may expect to see some of the many who pass the summer vacation in the Old World introduce the fashion on their return; especially if they chance to visit Oxford, where bicycles are as common as the ugly little bull-dogs, whose

vicious looks are apt to cause an involuntary creeping of the flesh in the calves of the stranger.—*Boston Advertiser*, June 21, 1877.

BICYCLES.

It is often a very small cloud that heralds the coming storm, and the moderately worded letter of "Constant Driver," in your issue of recent date, will prove, I am sure, only the advance guard of a perfect deluge of letters on this topic, with which your sanctum is doomed to be flooded. Permit me to bespeak, in advance, your kind consideration for those interested, both *pro* and *eon*, and to hope that you will allow a fair proportion of your columns to be opened to the discussion of a topic which is destined to develop, more than at present appears, in public importance. The issues in this matter of "bicycles," are indeed of greater consequence than those who have not *seen* and *thought* can be possibly aware of. Your correspondent evidently looks at the "bicycle" as a mere toy—a medium, to quote his own words, for "healthful exercise." The latter it certainly is, and emphatically so; but it is also something far more important. It is a new (to us) means of locomotion. It is not a "revival" in any sense of the word, except in the fact that the clumsy machine which had such an ephemeral popularity here a few years ago had only two wheels; but in that fact any likeness to the modern perfection of mechanism termed "bicycle" begins and ends. Your correspondent's assertion that the use of bicycles on the public roads is a nuisance and dangerous, I wish absolutely to contradict and deny; and the time is not far distant when he will himself acknowledge that he was wrong. His statement is on a par with that of the farmers who so vigorously opposed the introduction of the locomotive, not only because they thought it impracticable, but because, if practicable, the rushing monster would frighten their cattle to death, and with its belching smoke and cinders destroy the crops wherever it went. Just as futile as these arguments proved, will also prove all attempts to argue down the introduction of this new and glorious means of locomotion, the modern bicycle. I could not help—and in saying so I do not wish in the least to wound the feelings of "Constant Driver"—but I could not help a laugh when I read his suggestion that somebody should "follow" the "solitary machine" sometimes seen on Beacon street. "Follow" is a word of wide definition, and to the "solitary rider" alluded to, the notion of any one following him, except, indeed, on another machine, must have seemed most comical. Why, sirs, this very fact of our being able to attain speed with so little exertion, we bicycle riders consider, one of the strongest arguments in our favor.

But why pursue this topic? In doing so I not only occupy your columns, but I feel as though I was endeavoring to produce arguments in favor of a printing press, or a steam engine, or any other well-known and universally adopted institution. The fact is, the question is all settled, the facts are all known, and, although the usual talk has to be waded through, the end is nevertheless certain; and that end is, the universal adoption of the bicycle as a means of locomotion, throughout our country. We in this country will never—whether in matters of national or domestic economy—consent to be behind any portion of the civilized world. Where we now follow, we shall surely some day lead; and in this matter of bicycles, although some may smile who do not yet recognize its importance, the rule will still obtain. A few months ago, I should probably have written as "Constant

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ever has done. A few months hence, and I prophesy that he will espouse my side of the argument. Did I not fear to spin this out to an unreasonable length, I would much like to relate what I saw during a short visit to Europe, from which I have lately returned. Suffice it to say, that I found in London, the most populous and crowded city in the world, the bicycle in universal use. Clerks, going to and returning from their offices; mechanics, to and from their work; boys on errands, and threading their way between cabs and omnibuses, in crowded streets, with ease, safety and speed.

I do not mean by this to imply that all clerks, mechanics and boys use the bicycle, or that other means of locomotion are not in use, but I am inside the facts of the case when I say, that a very large proportion of the population will eventually do so. Vehicular corporations, from railroad to cab companies, have, I find, opposed the movement with all the power that money could exert. Medical opinions adverse have been obtained and zealously distributed, but in spite of all opposition, bicycles have steadily increased in popularity. One firm alone, in London, sold sixty thousand machines last year, and in some of the more favorite makes, the manufacturers find it impossible to keep ahead of the demand. The latter fact applies to my own case. I have had to wait two months for my order to be filled, but my machine is now on its way. When it arrives, I propose to travel upon it from my house in the suburbs to my office in the city, and back again at night,—when weather permits—and I ask "Constant Driver," and all others who favor "out-door life," in any of its phases, to join me in the movement, and not uselessly to offer opposition, which the popular voice must as inevitably crush here as it has done in the case of our neighbors on the other side of the water.—*Boston Daily Advertiser.* w.

THE BICYCLE.

THE RAPIDITY WITH WHICH IT HAS GROWN IN PUBLIC FAVOR—DESCRIPTION OF A CLUB MEETING IN ENGLAND—AN APPEAL FOR ITS GREATER USE AMONG US.

To the Editor of the *Herald*: I have noticed with considerable satisfaction, of late, that the press is taking up the "bicycle" question in good earnest, and that several of our dailies have opened up their columns to something like a discussion of the topic which now seems to be so interesting to their readers. There is nothing like an interchange of views through the medium of the press, to sift the chaff out of any question of public importance, and I am in harmony with another correspondent, whose letter I read some days ago, in believing that this very matter in hand—the utilizing of a novel means of locomotion—is not the least important among the many questions of the day. I may as well here declare myself wholly in sympathy with, and on the side of the "bicyclists." In the family and social circle, I have for many months espoused their cause, and my object in writing this letter is—if you will find room for it in your columns—to aid them and their cause, by advice born of some little experience. The marvellous rapidity with which the bicycle has grown in popular favor in England until to-day it has become an established institution among all classes, is, I believe, tolerably well known. The fact that it has long ceased to be a toy, and has become to a great extent

A LABOR-SAVING MACHINE

of exceeding value, I can vouch for, and I can also corroborate the statement of another correspondent, who said that all classes, clerks, mechanics, doctors, lawyers, use the bicycle, not only as an agreeable and healthful exercise, but also in

the ordinary prosecution of their business. This state of things is due, mainly of course, to the excellence of the machine itself, and its great value for the purpose for which it has been adopted, but it is also due, and in no small degree, to the manner in which, almost at its inception, it was brought to the notice of the English public. Looking back from this date it may seem difficult to determine whether the bicycle owes to the bicycle clubs (there are now hundreds of them) or the clubs to the bicycle—but for my own part I maintain the former proposition. To my mind, there is no doubt that, had it not been for the bicycle clubs, the machine itself would have had a much harder road to popularity, and would not be to-day so universally adopted as it is. It would be difficult indeed to imagine anything much prettier than the weekly "meet" with which, when I was last in London, the various clubs would solace themselves, after their six days of business. Let me try and describe one, as I remember it at a time when the idea was so new and strange to me that I should have scouted as chimerical the notion of my ever writing on such a topic. Well, it is Saturday afternoon in London—we are at Clapham Common—an humble cipher in the crowd gathered to witness the "meet" of the "London Allshire Bicycle Club" which is to preface the weekly "run." The time for the meet is set at 3 o'clock, and as it still lacks some minutes to that hour, we will take a look around. The Common, with its green grass and smooth pathways, lies before us, and along those pathways, which all converge to our position, the bicyclists from every direction, in twos and threes, and now and then *en deux*, are coming. Most of them seem to be well built, though perhaps rather pale-faced young men, of from 20 to 40 years of age, although among them more than one greybeard and bald pate are to be seen. They all appear to ride their machines well, and some of them with marvellous grace and ease, as witness, for example, that handsome fellow with the yellow moustache, and a glittering bugle slung at his side, who comes rolling along on a 54-inch wheel, engaged in pulling on his gloves, with as much *nonchalance* as though he was just passing on to a ball room floor. Neither hand touches the handle.

BUT A GRACEFUL INCLINATION OF THE BODY to either side suffices to guide the machine into our very midst, when, with a slight turn of the brake handle, the iron steed is brought to a stand, the rider's foot at the same time leaving the treadle, travels back along the backbone until it reaches the step, from which the rider dismounts and salutes the captain of the club, who has been watching the arrival of his bugler with undisguised approval. In the matter of uniform, the club evidently aims at the useful, for there is not a single item of glare or glitter in its composition. Shoes with elastic sides, and rather thick soles; thick dark gray stockings, covering calves of greater or less development, join just below the knee, and disappear under ordinary riding breeches of drab cord; the shoulders are clothed in the usual manner, but the vest and jacket are each gray, and match the stockings, and the latter is of the "reefer" pattern, made to button up close round the neck at will, provided with multitudinous pockets, and not long enough to sit on. The cap, like the clothes, is gray, of the ordinary Scotch pattern, excepting that the monogram of the club, in silver, takes the place usually occupied by the thistle. Simple and unpretending as this uniform is, it is admirably adapted to bicycling requirements, and when the men are mounted looks far superior to the semi-military and somewhat gaudy clothing with which certain other of the metropolitan clubs are wont to

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adorn themselves. But it is now striking 3, and, with truly British punctuality, the latest of the arrivals is just dismounting—the bugler, standing with one hand upon the saddle, blows a most melodious and prolonged blast which, it requires no interpreter to explain, is a command to "fall in." Each man, now, with the saddle under his right hand, faces the captain, who first calls them to attention and then gives the command to "tell off by fours. This, commencing at the left, is soon done, and the result proves that there are exactly 48 machines in line. Very handsome, too, do they look, graded from the largest wheel, perhaps 58 inches, on the left, the smallest, perhaps 46 inches, on the right. Most of the machines are finished partly bright, and, with their silvered spokes flashing in the sun, seem to be the reatization of

PERFECT MECHANICAL STRENGTH AND BEAUTY.

But now the captain has mounted his machine, and is slowly proceeding along the line on a tour of inspection; the trusty bugler, mounted, too, close behind him. Apparently all is satisfactory, for he gives another word to the bugler, who again raises his instrument and produces a most martial fanfare, the finish of which finds captain and bugler side by side and at the left of the line. As they pass, the left-hand man, followed by the rest of the club, heads his machine after them, places his left foot upon the step, and then, with two hops, in which the Scotch caps seem to rise and fall as though worn by one man, the whole 48 are mounted and noiselessly and gracefully proceeding on their way, while the cheers of the assembled crowd testify their approbation of the whole proceeding. "I tell you what, sir," says a healthy-looking mechanic, who has been standing beside me, "them Allshire boys is hard to lick at that sort of thing;" and he then shoulders his basket of tools and moves off with an air not only suggestive of profound wisdom, but of stern resolve to buy himself a bicycle before he is an hour older. Meantime the club has reached the Broadwalk; a blast from the bugle and they form in twos; then another, and the twos have become fours, in which form they keep their course with as perfect "dress" and steadiness as a regiment of soldiers on parade. Near the end of the Common the bugle sounds again, and the club resolves itself once more into single file, winds gracefully into the highway and disappears from our view. Subsequent conversation with one of the club puts me in possession of the information that as soon as the city has been left behind and the hedge-bordered roads of the country reached, the bugle sounded "Ride at ease," at which pipes and cigars were lighted, and, with the one exception that no one was permitted he rode ahead of the captain, discipline came to an end. Each rode with whom and as he pleased. The good-natured chaff with which the country teamster is always ready to greet the bicyclist, now, instead of dignified silence, is met with a ready and more or less witty reply. The younger men engage in scratch races, the course being to some milestone or other landmark in the rear and back again to the club, which meantime kept steadily on its course. Older hands kept together in twos and threes, pedaling steadily along, and discussing the affairs of the Stock Exchange of the nation, as their interests lay, while as each village was passed the people came to their doors to smile and wave their handkerchiefs, until the noiseless wheels went round some curve in the road or vanished in the distance. Thus, so pleasant is the motion, so lovely the landscape, so smooth and level the road, and so thoroughly enjoyable the weather and all attendant circumstances, that the men almost regret to hear

the familiar bugle sound, the "Single file," which indicates that the

JOURNEY'S END IS NEAR.

Soon, however, the King George's Inn, which is to be the terminal point, merges into view, and almost before I can write it they are at its hospitable doors, the bugle has blown "Dismount" and "Dismiss," and each man has obeyed, and is now engaged in fastening his machine with the small chain and padlock which he carries for that purpose. That done, and the machines all arranged by the doors ready for immediate use when next wanted, the riders, after a refresher in the lavatory, repair to the dining room, where tea awaits them. The bicyclist's tea is a very simple repast, and consists merely of dry toast, deliciously brown and crisp, and served in silver toast racks; home churned butter, boiled eggs, eaten from the shell, and Sou-chong tea. To this healthful repast, so admirably adapted to the bicyclist's needs, he and each, with appetite sharpened by the ride, is doing full justice. And now, Mr. Editor, feeling that I have already intruded on your space more than I am warranted in doing, with your permission we will leave them.

While we have been following the "Allshires" on their little jaunt, the hundred and one other clubs which London boasts of have been having their little jaunt as well. All around the city, like spokes from the hub of a wheel, they have been teeming forth, and becomingly attired, in full flush of healthful enjoyment, harmful to none, pursuing their course with a grace and ease of motion, only secondary in its charm to the speed at which the ground is covered, what wonder is it that the bicyclist and his "light horse mechanical" are esteemed

SUCH UNIVERSAL FAVORITES.

and that through the combined efforts of the bicycle clubs "Merrie England" again takes the lead in a movement, the effects of which on the physique and morals of those who are to come after us, "onrly those," to quote another correspondent, "who have seen and thought, can appreciate." The advice which I promised at the beginning of this must be of the briefest. Two words will give it—form clubs. Organize; put your shoulders together. Don't be discouraged if you meet with opposition. John Bull has gone through it all and come out conqueror—so can we. The nucleus of the Boston Bicycle Club is formed, but don't stop there—form other clubs; let each suburban town and village have its own, and let them all meet once a year in convention and occupy the balance of their spare time in using all good means to promote the adoption of this noble exercise, this glorious mode of locomotion; until Phæton and his winged chariots are where we shall be if we neglect our opportunities and fail to strike while the iron is hot, and that is

NOWHERE.

There are not wanting, among the fossil element in our population, those who characterize the bicycle, and its riders as "boyish." No one can possibly object to their doing so we are sure, and we can call to mind among our riders of to-day, some who will accept the statement as a positive compliment. Prof. William Everett in his ringing lines, delivered awhile ago, aptly described such:

Boys in hope, and men in council,
Boys in action, men in thought;
Boys to breast the world's encounter,
Men to wear the trophies brought.
Take, boys, take each pure enjoyment
From the earth's bright fields of love!
Strike, men, strike each monster, purging,
Lifting earth to heights above!

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FORTY MILES IN FOUR HOURS.

A BICYCLE RUN THROUGH WORCESTER AND MIDDLESEX.

At midnight of the 26th the indications were unfavorable for the run; but at daylight of the 27th the sky was clear. "Old Prob." advertised his provoking "areas of rain"; but he was in error, for not a drop fell, the day was fine throughout. I preferred a brisk northwest to a southwest wind, for with the wind on the back you approach the nearer to flying. It blew gently, however, from the north, thus alternately aiding and retarding; and with the incoming afternoon tide it turned to the east, so was dead ahead.

Mounting at 6:50 A. M., I rode slowly to North Brighton, where the seven o'clock morning train for Leominster made its first regular stop; my bicycle was put in the baggage-car, and Leominster was reached at 9:09. The run down from Leominster is about forty miles, and the route from west to east was chosen because of the descent to the sea. The bicycle used was a 52-inch "Special Challenge" made to order by Singer & Co., Coventry, England. The powerful trailing brake had been removed, the lantern was off for a day run, and no extra weight was carried beyond the spanners and oil can, without which it is a golden rule in bicycling never to venture a rod. But one thing was wanting—a good tachometer to measure the revolutions, for distance and rate.

Before starting I had made so careful a topographical study of the towns, villages, hills, valleys, water-sheds, river basins, nature of the soil, etc., along the route, that my dinner was ordered a day in advance at a particular hour at Stow; and from beginning to end every point on the route was passed on time to the minute. In England this needed information would be in any leading bicycle itinerary; for of late a more detailed account of the roads of England has appeared for bicycle use, than was ever before known in the kingdom. Take these random examples:

"London to Bath—106 miles."

The first 10 miles are thus described:—

"Hyde Park Corner to Hounslow, through Kensington, Hammersmith and Brentford, is macadamized, and generally wet and greasy."

The last 12 1-2 miles thus:—

"Thence to Bath, the macadam continues most of the way; the road goes down Box Hill, which is not steep; there is an ascent into Bath. On the whole this is a splendid road for bicycling; it is much easier coming from Bath than going the reverse way. In wet weather it is very greasy entering Bath, for the road is partly oolite."

"London to Edinburgh—294 3-4 miles."

From the 258th to the 273d mile is thus described:—

"Darlington to Durham, through Aycliffe (five miles), Rushyford (nine miles), is a granite road in capital order, but very hilly, requiring cautious riding; from Scotch Corner there is another road by the way of Pierce bridge and Heighington to Aycliffe, by which Darlington is avoided; it is hilly but a fair cross road; the last stage, from Heighington to Aycliffe, is nearly all down hill; steep descent into Durham which is partly paved."

"London to Cambridge—112 miles."

The last sixteen miles are thus described:—

"Lynn to Hunstanton, through Gaywood, Castle Rising 100, Sandringham (near to) 103 1-4, Dersingham 104 1-4, Snnettisham 106 1-2, and Heacham 108 3-4; after leaving Lynn and passing the railway at Gaywood, turn sharp to the left, the road is hilly and in dry weather loose. At Castle Rising there are some ruins worth seeing; the gardens, grounds and dog kennels at Sandringham can be seen on obtaining an order from Mr. Beck, the prince's agent."

Arrived at Leominster there was a short delay for refreshment, and at 9:40 the run was commenced. It was no part of this trip to affect a racing speed, or to even approach the extraordinary long distance rates accomplished abroad; it was intended to "take a day off" in the country, to ride comfortably through, in the full enjoyment of fine views and changing foliage on a clear October day. My route before dinner was along the great highway to North Lancaster, from there to Bolton Centre and thence to the village of Stow, a distance of sixteen miles at the least. Down the Nashua-river valley the road was undulating and fair; there was no dust, because of the late rains, which had helped so well to pack down the sand. Few sections of the State present more attractive rural scenes than that in the valley of the Nashua, and a bicyclist is at liberty to observe and enjoy as much as the rider or driver of a splendid horse.

With the inspiration of the morning air my pace increased, yet I had no wish to exceed eight miles an hour, though ten and twelve miles are my usual rates. In a few minutes the bridge at Wekepeke brook was passed, and then came the climb of the great Ballard hill. It was intended to walk up the long western ascent, but, with the exception of a few rods near the bottom, this hill was easily ridden up, when the bicycle flew along the smooth plateau on top, managed by a single foot and hand, and down the eastern slope over the Nashua bridge up to the hotel at North Lancaster; the run of six miles, over the hill and all, having occupied 35 minutes. Here there was a five-minute chat with the yeomanry, and then on across Lancaster, where in the river valley you may see, in miniature, the rich bottom lands of the West. On the east side of the Nashua the water-shed is sharply defined. Almost at once the road ascends, and at the top is a brook flowing on toward the Assabet. From this point is the last view of the Nashua valley, and from here to the valley of the Charles, nearly twenty miles to the east, the prospect is more limited, but of a pleasing field and sylvan kind.

It is four miles from Lancaster to Bolton, for which 30 minutes was allowed and the village entered on time. Another stop of five minutes, and then on for six miles over a fine road to Stow, where the wayside inn was reached at 11:30, an hour and fifty minutes from Leominster. The running time for the 16 miles was just an hour and a half, after deducting for stops at villages and for views. So easily was this run made, that upon dismounting at Stow, no increase of pulsation was apparent; there was no discomfort, no chafing, no perspiration even. I may here observe, that the common belief that this exercise is injurious, is without foundation with the modern bicycle. On the contrary, the rational use of this improved mode of locomotion is strengthening, and is recommended and used abroad instead of horseback riding, as cheaper, swifter and less fatiguing. Practising physicians in England are known to do with fewer horses and use the bicycle. One physician writes: "With the utmost delight and comfort, I have done forty miles before dinner and forty after, *without fatigue*." The Rt. Hon. Robert Lowe, ex-chancellor of the English exchequer, is president of the West Kent bicycle club, and, after distributing the prizes at the recent races, he urged the general use of the bicycle, and observed: "I am satisfied that if persons who are not young would addict themselves to the use of the bicycle, they would find it a very good thing, and the best possible antidote against the gout." [Laughter.]

My own experience is, that on our superior roads,—quite

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equal to the average English,—there is little or no fatigue, unless after very rapid running or riding over many hills. The hills try the lungs, and, if moderately taken, are beneficial; but if long, hard hills are pushed over, the effect is like that from rapid efforts with a lifting machine, the whole frame being exerted, arms shoulders and body as well as the legs; and there is rather an increase of pulsation, a deeper heaving of the chest, than strain upon the working muscles.

The art of riding once acquired, what would seem incredible may be accomplished with ease by young and old alike. Thus in June, 1874, thirty-one riders set out to run from Brighton to Horley (England) and back, a distance of sixty-three miles. The eldest was sixty years old, the youngest but thirteen and a half, and yet both these rode the entire distance on bicycles. In June, 1873, four members of the Middlesex bicycle club rode from London to John O'Groats house, eight hundred miles, in fourteen days, and this, too over the wild mountains of Scotland. Not long since, a lad of sixteen years, ran across England for a distance of one hundred and ten miles, in eleven hours and forty-five minutes. I am told of a gentleman eighty years of age, in London, who does his five thousand miles a year on a bicycle. Captain Trevelyn has ridden over 15,000 miles through Great Britain and the continent on his bicycle. In short, over 60,000 of these machines are now said to be in use in Great Britain alone. [The incorrect estimate 60,000 machines were manufactured by one English firm last year. ED. B. J.] But to return to the inn at Stow:—

As ancient is this hostelry
As any in the land may be,
Built in the old Colonial day,
When men lived in a grander way,
With ample hospitality.

My companions at dinner were two gentlemen from the neighboring town of Hudson, one of whom, brother P.—, was a member of the Middlesex bar.

At 1:30, after a stay of two hours, this wayside inn was left. The air was cool, the sky clear, the breeze gentle—it was a rare day—and I went comfortably along, intending to allow two hours for the run to Waltham, and one hour more for the finish, twenty-four miles in all. In a few minutes Maynard was passed on the left. This is a thriving manufacturing town; in area it is one of the smallest in the State, and was incorporated recently, out of involuntary contributions from corners of Sudbury and Stow. Through North Sudbury the scenery was the least interesting; at "Nine Acre Corner," in Concord, were signs of thrifty farms; and now a short, quick spurt brought me to the valley of the Sudbury river, when in a moment more I had dismounted at the bridge to enjoy the river scene, after an easy eight mile run. Here, extending away to the north and the south, were the great Sudbury meadows, forcing to mind Chief Justice Shaw's semi-geographical opinion in *Sudbury Meadows vs. Middlesex Canal*; and Chief Justice Bigelow's little *vade mecum* on the "eminent domain," as found in *Talbot vs. Hudson*.

Once more in the saddle, there was an ascent to be made, up one of the Sudbury vallies, and then the water-shed of the Charles was reached, in the quiet town of Lincoln. The road now improved; I moved swiftly on through a corner of Weston, and at 3:30, just on time, drew up at the hotel in Waltham. A few minutes' delay here, and the final run home was promptly made, though the east wind struck me at Watertown.

The distance from Leominster is understood to be forty

miles by the route taken, and the actual running time was four hours and five minutes. A remarkable feature of this exercise is, that such a complete change, with so much pleasure, can be had with so little effort. In fact, there was no weariness after this ride; but there was a buoyancy, an animation, with a total absence of that dull, heavy feeling had at times after walking, and it required no effort to resume work at once. Not a muscle was strained; there was no stiffness; the trip could have been repeated next day without danger.

In England such a ride would scarce be worth the mention, for there daily runs are taken of 60, 80 and 100 miles, with as little concern as a walk here is of 10 or 20 miles.

Below is the record of some professional and amateur bicycle runs in English:—

QUICKEST PROFESSIONAL TIMES.

- 1 mile, J. Keen, October 2, 1876, Molineaux grounds, 2 minutes 56 1/5 seconds.
10 miles, J. Keen, December 8, 1876, Lillie bridge, 33 minutes.
20 miles, J. Keen, December 8, 1876, Lillie bridge, 1 hour 5 minutes 34 seconds.
50 miles, J. Keen, October 9, 1876, Lillie bridge, 3 hours 6 minutes 45 sec.
106 miles, D. Stanton, Oct. 19, 1874, Lillie bridge, 7 hours 58 minutes 54 1/2 seconds.

QUICKEST AMATEUR TIMES.

- 1 mile, W. Taylerson, August 2, 1875, Molineaux grounds, 3 min. 10 sec.
1 mile, the Hon. I. K. Falconer, April 6, 1876, Lillie bridge, 3 min. 10 sec.
10 miles, W. Taylerson, September 11, 1875, Lillie bridge, 34 min. 40 3/4 sec.
50 miles, the Hon. I. K. Falconer, May 15, 1876, Cambridge University grounds, 3 hours 20 minutes 37 seconds.
203 miles, E. Coston and F. Smythe, September 2, 1876, Turnpike road, 22 1/2 hours.

It may be added that bicycles, when prudently used, do not frighten horses. The face and ears of a horse tell whether your approach is to disturb him; if there is any danger the rule is to dismount at once. Greater care is needed if a lady is driving. Many men are careless drivers, and are to be watched as well as their horses. In the country some read a newspaper while pretending to drive. A mere start or shy is of little moment, it may happen anywhere with any horse. The curiosity of drivers at your machine often leads them to forget their horses. In England, bicyclists give warning with a bugle. A whistle answers the purpose. Bells fastened to the machine are hazardous in the country; it is the silent approach and passage by, that quiets the animal's fear. A driver of an unruly horse runs his own risk. The roads are open to all. In this, as in all else, courtesy smooths the way.

So silently does the bicycle move, that I once nearly crushed a wild rabbit on the road; and on this trip came close upon a full-grown red-tailed hawk (*buteo borealis*) before it moved, while farther on, a covey of partridges by the roadside, was not started till it was nearly within reach of a cane. At Bolton I rode safely through a fine herd of heifers, driven in the same direction, the silent passage preventing commotion.

An amusing feature of such a trip is in the expressions of genuine amazement heard. No acting can surpass these. The bicycle with some, so suddenly and violently upsets all preconceived notions of gravitation and locomotion, that I have been convulsed at the quaintness and force of the wonder expressed. Old men and young, bend over with delight. Occasionally, there is a stampede from a table to catch a glimpse of—"What's that?" A young woman, in the sudden extremity of her emotion, vaulted a fence like an athlete. At Lancaster, a blacksmith came running, hatless and breathless, to measure the height of the machine, over which he had already made a wager.

Altogether, though the Hub is so safe and agreeable, yet it is slow, and an occasional jaunt on the periphery of the wheel gives the view and the tone so needed.

Correspondence Column.

In opening our columns to correspondents, we do so in order that all pros and cons which may be worthy, shall be fully ventilated. We do not, however, identify ourselves with any opinion which may thus appear herein.

ED. AM. BICYCLING JOURNAL:—If you think it would be of any interest to your readers, I should be glad to have you insert a brief account of my first road run. Arthur and I left the O. C. R. R. depot at 3 P. M., on Wednesday, Oct. 29th. Rode with our machines in the baggage car, where they—Arthur's 56 inch especially—attracted much attention and admiration. We arrived at Milton Lower Mills at 3.30, and a large escort of small boys immediately surrounded us. Mounting our machines we crossed the bridge over the Neponset, and proceeded past the hotel at a quiet pace, just enabling the small boys to keep at our heels. At the junction of Washington street we increased our speed, and the small boys had to give up the chase. Dismounted for Codman's Hill, and walked to the top, where we mounted again and kept on at a tolerably rapid, though easy pace, past Dr. Means' church to Bowdoin street, where we turned to the right and proceeded past St. Mary's Episcopal and the new Catholic church, to a friend's house, where we rode up the driveway and dismounted at his front door. After a halt of perhaps ten minutes, we mounted again, proceeded still easily to Upham's Corner, turned down Stoughton street to Savin Hill avenue, and thence round to the east side of Savin Hill, where we dismounted, looked at our watches, and found the time to be 4.15 P. M. Deducting our stop, the actual running time was thirty-five minutes, and by map measurement we find the distance to be a trifle over six miles. By exerting ourselves we could have done it much quicker without doubt. Arthur's machine is a "Paragon," 56 inches in diameter; mine, an "Ariel," only 50, and was, in consequence, compelled to slow up several times to permit me to keep up with him. The roads were in splendid condition, the run most enjoyable in every respect, and at its close we neither of us had the slightest sensation of fatigue. We met numerous horses on the road, but only one condescended to take the slightest notice of us. As a concluding item I may mention, that Arthur had only learned to ride one day, and I a fortnight or so previously. Should this be inserted, we shall assume that it is a token you would be willing to hear again from

ARTHUR AND I.

ED. AM. BICYCLING JOURNAL:—Please favor us by affording in your columns publicity to the fact, that we have opened in our office, as under, a book for signatures of those gentlemen who desire to become members of the "Boston Bicycle Club," when same is formed. We hope our city will be able to claim the first organized Bicycle Club in the U. S., and to that end would ask all interested to call and sign without delay. As soon as a sufficient number of signatures are secured, a meeting for organization will be called, at which a Committee on Membership will be appointed, before whom all of said signatures will be laid for approval. By this method, a select membership in the strictest sense of the word, will doubtless be secured.

We are obediently yours,

CUNNINGHAM HEATH & CO.

ED. AM. B. J.:—Can you kindly inform me in your first issue, in what way the Bicycle tracks, used for racing in England, are built? Some of your readers may be interested in knowing that I have a strong desire to build one as soon as the proper time arrives, and a desirable location is found.

"OBERON."

[Precisely as a macadamized road is built, except that the foundation should be a layer of twigs and sticks, at least two feet thick, and the top a thickness of one foot of small cinders, well watered and rolled hard and smooth.—ED.]

Wheel Talk.

It is said that Yale and Harvard are making certain Bicycicular preparations, results of which are to be more fully developed next year.

Importations of Bicycles are now due by nearly every steamship, so if the weather proves propitious, the meet when it does take place will be much more interesting, on account of the increased number of machines likely to be present.

Our thanks are due to Mr. B. Clegg, of the London Bicycling News; to Mr. Frank Jolly, Hon. Sec. of the London Bicycle Club; to Mr. Wm. R. Ward, Hon. Sec. of the Sunderland Bicycle Club, for favors received.

When ex-Mayor Oakey Hall, in his lecture at Music Hall, the other night, quoted the lines "Time growing old shall all things teach us," he alluded without doubt to the modern Bicycle.

Mr. Wright of New York, whose achievements both here and abroad, place him undeniably at the head of the gentlemen amateurs of the world, is reported to be jubilant at the prospect of his favorite mode of locomotion becoming so speedily and universally adopted in this country.

"Before breakfast bicyclists" should drink a goblet of milk before mounting. To those whose stomachs will not permit of such a habit, a wine-glass of Jamaica or OLD New England rum, mixed with the milk and well shaken before taken, will be found to prevent any evil effects, while to those whose principles forbid the use of rum, a small slice of bread, well sprinkled with salt, and eaten immediately after taking the milk, will be found equally efficacious.

The bicycle race for the *Fifty mile championship of the world*, between Keen and Stanton, has resulted in a victory for the former. The race took place at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, London, and was closely contested throughout. The winner's time was 3 hours 17 minutes and 22 seconds, and his opponent lost the race by 48 seconds only. There is a rumor that an American bicyclist intends to challenge the winner. We shall be glad to hear that such is the case.

In ordinary walking, two steps advance the average man about four feet. The same amount of exertion and the same waste of tissue advances the average Bicycle about fourteen feet. When one fully realizes this, the fact of a mile having been made in two minutes and fifty-two seconds does not appear so very wonderful after all.

The Oxford and Cambridge Bicycling Clubs have adopted the terms, "Tyro," "Timid toddlers," "Wary wobblers" and "Go it gracefus" as descriptive of the stages of skill in the Bicyclists art.

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Communications, News, Querics, Etc., Etc., from our English cousins, are solicited, and shall receive our best attention.

ADVERTISEMENTS. SCALE OF CHARGES.

One page, (outside)	each insertion	\$25.00
One page, (inside)	each insertion	22.50
One column,	" "	13.00
Half "	" "	7.00
1-4 "	" "	4.00
One inch,	" "	2.50

Special terms will be made for continued insertions.

IMPORTANT TO BICYCLISTS.

The Proprietor of the

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Begs to call the attention of Bicycling Clubs, and all who engage in this invigorating exercise, to the short and pleasant "run" from Boston to this

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S. P. HUMPHREY, Proprietor.

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This well-known hotel is close to the Chestnut Hill Reservoirs—the superb roads round which offer the most charming rides to the Bicyclist which can be found in the State. Bicyclists will be afforded every accommodation at moderate charges.

Pratt's Railway Hotel,

EAST MILTON, MASS.

One of the finest runs the Bicyclist can take is to the above house, good roads and beautiful scenery from every direction.

The Accommodations,

Cuisine, etc., of the above house are too well-known to need referring to here—but the proprietor would wish to inform the touring Bicyclist that no effort shall be spared to render this house the most desirable of all stopping places throughout the Boston suburbs.

OLD SQUANTUM HOUSE,

North Quincy, Mass.

WARREN REED, PROPRIETOR.

Bicyclists will find the "run" to this well-known hotel one of the best out of Boston. The roads are uniformly good; and, by way of the numerous routes which can be chosen, the scenery will be found delightful. The

"BICYCLISTS' TEA,"

Consisting, as in England, of Tea, Toast and Eggs,—*ad lib.*, will be supplied to Bicyclists (when in parties of four or more) at fifty cents per head. Dinner, beds, etc., at shortest notice, and at equally reasonable prices.

Lock-up Rooms for Bicycles. Billiard-Room, Bowling Alley, Etc., Etc.

The proprietor will spare no pains to make this well-known house the favorite resort of the riders of the "Iron Steed."

BRADSHAW & WHITNEY,

335 Washington Street, Boston,

HATTERS AND FURRIERS.

Bicycling Caps a Specialty.

The cap proposed to be worn by

The Boston Bicycle Club

Can be obtained only at this store. English pattern Bicycle Caps imported to order.

JOHN F. BANCHOR & CO.

(Established 1841.)

Wine and Spirit Merchants.

Strictly pure Wines and Spirits, domestic and foreign, by the bottle, dozen or gallon. A pocket pistol, charged with our special

LAKE ERIE CATAWBA WINE, Price \$2.00 per gallon,

Will be found by the touring bicyclist most grateful and refreshing.

Branch Retail Store, corner Chauncy and Avon Streets, Boston.

Country orders carefully and promptly filled.

FARWELL & REED,

Importers and Dealers in Wines and Domestic Liquors. Sole agents for

The "Hill" and "Peabody" Whiskies,

7 STATE STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Flasks, Ponies, and Pocket Pistols, for travelers, either by rail, boat, or bicycle. Country orders specially and promptly attended to.

JAS. A. RIEDELL & CO.

Hack, Boarding, Livery and Sale Stable,

129 Eliot Street, Boston.

Only a few minutes from the Asphalte pavement of Columbus Avenue. Bicyclists can leave their machines at this stable with confidence that they will be perfectly secure.

IMPORTED

ENGLISH BICYCLES.



CUNNINGHAM, HEATH & CO.,

Are now prepared to receive orders for

"Duplex Excelsior,"

"Challenge,"

"Tension."

AND ALL OTHER MAKES OF STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS MACHINES.

Intending purchasers are directed to send in their orders at once, the demand in England being so much ahead of the supply that it has been found impossible to get orders for FIRST-CLASS machines, of average sizes, filled in less than from two to four weeks from the date of receipt by manufacturers.

By telegraphing per Atlantic Cable, a fortnight can be saved, and C. H. & Co. are now preparing a special code with the manufacturers for that purpose.

C. H. & Co. intend eventually to keep all the first-class machines in stock, but at present, for reasons stated above, they can only supply purchasers in rotation, as their orders have been, or may be received.

Western, Southern and Canadian purchasers are informed that, pending the establishment of Branch Agencies, their orders should be forwarded to C. H. & Co., direct, who will give their favors special attention.

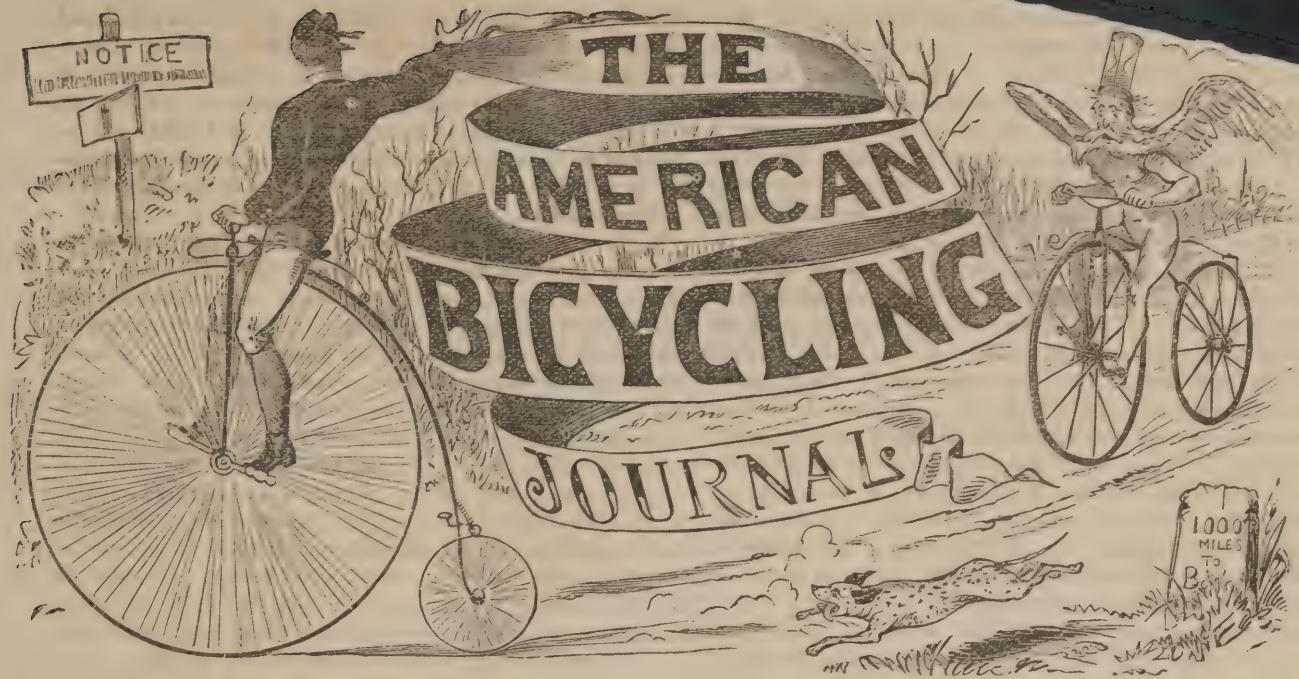
Price lists will be forwarded on receipt of application, with which stamp should be enclosed.

CUNNINGHAM, HEATH & CO.,

IMPORTERS OF ENGLISH BICYCLES,

178 Devonshire Street,

Boston, Mass.



Vol. 1. No. 2. Boston, January 5, 1878. Price 10 Cents.

THE BICYCLE FROM A HEALTH POINT OF VIEW.

What can be done, what can be said, what temptation can be offered strong enough to induce the denizens of our crowded cities to more generally seek the pure air of the country, to partake of its simple enjoyments, to inhale its life-giving breezes, and to gather to themselves all the attendant blessings which a loving Creator has so lavishly scattered abroad, ready for the hands of all who will receive them? The question, with more or less similarity of language, has long afforded a fruitful theme for some of our most celebrated physiologists, but the pale faces, rounded shoulders, and bent figures of the many whom we see daily upon our streets, afford, without other facts which might be easily produced, sad evidence that the question still remains practically unanswered. We fear we must confess that, as a nation, we are not an "out door" people, or at least not to the extent which other nations are. We do not sufficiently love "out door" exercise; exertion for its own sake, effort for the pleasure of making it—and in the absence of any irresistible temptation to do otherwise—we are too apt, after a day's confinement which business necessitates, to immure ourselves—first, in the stifling atmosphere of a horse or steam car,—and then in the equally inactive atmosphere of our own homes, where we read or talk, or otherwise amuse ourselves, until the hour for bed arrives. With little variation, some such routine as this constitutes our mode of existence; and when at last our physical body rebels, and our mental vigor palpably diminishes, we fly in alarm to our medical adviser, with the unreasonable expectation that drugs and nostrums can supply a vitality, the loss of which is the result of our own wilful disregard of the laws of health. It has been charged that our climate is responsible for the lack of enthusiasm in out door exercise; but surely no healthy man can accept such a statement. There is more of truth in the complaint of one of our patients who bewails the fact that so few of our open air amusements are adapted to the tastes or require-

ments of the many, and more particularly to those who have passed the age of vigorous youth. For such, some mode of exercise, which, while sufficiently tempting to induce its employment as a sport, shall combine with the item of *RELAXATION* the element of *UTILITY*, would, if generally adopted, become indeed a blessing beyond price, and we might even hope that sometime in the future, when our immediate posterity share the results of the present blessings of increased appetite, improved digestion, enlarged bodily vigor, sound sleep, and consequent capacity for mental effort, our present proud pre-eminence, as the largest and best patent medicine market in the world, would be wrested from us in favor of some less enlightened community. To what shall we turn, then, to produce this state of things. Shall we walk? To many of us this mode of exercise would be but a continuation of the day's work—a *toil for pleasure*. What we want is to work those muscles which have been idle during the day—to *direct the mind into new channels*—to feed the eye with novel pictures, and the brain with new sensations—to make, in short, our hour of relaxation one of as *complete change* as possible.

Shall we ride, then? Ah! that is better—but, alas! there are two objections: one, we cannot ride; and second, we cannot afford to keep a horse. We are too old for base ball, and if we were not, it takes too much valuable time—and is a sport in which it is impossible to indulge *ALONE*. Rowing is open partly to the same objection, and besides, we cannot swim—and so on through the whole list of recreative exercises, we find none devoid of objectionable features, and we are fain to relinquish the task in despair.

The time which we can afford to devote to purely recreative exercise is so short that we begin to fear after all there is no way in which we can profitably employ it. Out-door exercise, to be really beneficial, must be amusing. Unless the mind can be turned into new channels, and the hour of recreation be made one of *COMPLETE CHANGE*, mere physical work in exercise for health is of very little value.

It has labored to prove that the worn out man changes his mode of life entirely, let us add a small but important addendum. *All this applies to years ago, but will not hold good at the present day.* In this nineteenth century a new star—nay, a constellation, of hope has arisen. There are among us to-day, few in number but constantly increasing and multiplying, a class of men whose business calls for as close attention, whose hours of labor are as long, and of relaxation as short, as any before referred to; despite of which their clear skins, bright eyes, erect carriage, expanded chests and steely muscles betoken the healthy appetite, good digestion and soundly sleepful nights of perfect health. THESE MEN ARE BICYCLISTS. There has been a mode of exercise introduced amongst us to which not one well-founded objection can be made—one which withdraws the mind from the cares of business, produces that exhilaration of spirit which is the surest proof that exercise is beneficial; which, while fatiguing when ardently engaged in, is not exhausting; and which does not develope one set of muscles at the expense of another, but produces equally beneficial results to the whole body. THIS EXERCISE IS BICYCLING.

The machine itself, from the use of which all these good results are to accrue, is introduced into this country with all the charm of novelty to most of us, but its novelty is of the perfected kind. It is no new, untried experiment, but after eight years of constant use and improvement by the English people, it comes to us the realization of mechanical perfection. THIS MACHINE IS THE BICYCLE. With this servant always ready to our hand, what “a change comes o'er the spirit of the scene.” When a man with but slight exertion, and that of the healthiest, can ride ten or twelve miles an hour, to what inconsequence do time and distance sink! Monotony? There is none; for the varying positions which one instinctively assumes in going over levels, up hill and down, rapidly and slowly, constantly calls new muscles into play. Mental abstraction is out of the question, for the machine itself and the varied scenery through which it takes you combine against it. In walking the chest is not unfrequently contracted, the body bent and the shoulders rounded, while on the bicycle such errors of deportment and carriage are almost impossible. Bicycle riding not only trains the eye and exercises the judgment, but its fascinations are so irresistible that the rider devotes more time to it than he would to any other exercise, and in doing so necessarily spends more time in the pure and open air. A well-known physician, in speaking of walking as an exercise, regrets that “of the few who take a daily walk for the maintenance of health, the larger half return to their homes not only tired in body but depressed in spirits.” How different the result to the rider of the iron horse, as after a thirty minute spin of five or six miles he alights at the door—cheeks aglow, head erect and eyes sparkling, and feeling with every inspiration the “luxury of being alive!”

There will not be wanting those who, having read thus far, will inquire whether this exercise is not after all injurious. To such we would promptly reply, “It is not.” In the old days of the clumsy velocipede, with its ungraceful “kick out” method of propulsion, vague ideas that certain injuries resulted from its use were prevalent; but any medical man will tell you that these notions were groundless. The velocipede certainly, by the unnatural action of the leg which was required to propel it, did press the surfaces of the knee joint more closely together than would occur in the act of walking, but even that slight objection is removed in the use of the

bicycle. That injuries from accident may occur no one would pretend to deny, but in what phase of life is liability of accident removed? When once the art of riding the bicycle is acquired, it is as safe a means of locomotion as is riding or driving a horse—and, as a matter of fact, it is safer—for no man can go to sleep when riding a bicycle, and skill and caution in the bicycle rider become developed of necessity in the same proportion.

We look in vain for any medical evidence that there are ill effects of any kind whatever attending this method of locomotion; but in the general adoption of the machine by the profession in the rural parts of England we find the strongest evidence to the contrary. We all know that certain persons are obliged to take special precautions in horse-back riding, and they must of course do the same in bicycle exercise; but any man who can ride a horse can ride a bicycle.

In conclusion, bicycle exercise is adapted to the wants of all. All can acquire the art, and all, whether young or old, robust or weakly, can derive from it exceeding benefit as well as enjoyment. For the vigorous, it offers as violent an exercise as they can wish; for the less robust, as gentle as they can desire. It can be enjoyed with but little cessation throughout the year, and we sincerely trust that it may in this country become so generally adopted that open air exercise may cease to be a deficiency in American life.

Bicycling Itinerary.

Under this heading we propose in each issue to give a description of at least one practical Bicycle route. Riders are invited to contribute to this column, always bearing in mind that their descriptions of the road should be concise and accurate.

ROUTE No. 1.

Boston to Quincy, Mass., via. Milton. Distance Eleven Miles.

Commencing on the asphalt at north end of Columbus Ave.; thence turning to Chester park asphalt, (5-8). To the left, to Albany street, macadam (1 1-8). Dismount for rubble stone pavement to Swett street; Thence to Dorchester St., macadam, (2 1-4.) To the right, and on to Washington St., Dorchester, macadam, and very good road (5). To the left along Washington street, and down Codman's Hill, with care, to Milton Lower Mills, macadam and natural roads, very good, (7). Over the Neponset bridge; dismount for Milton Hill; mount again at top and continue along Milton Ave. to East Milton (8 3-4). Still in same direction through East Milton and continue till you arrive at Quincy. Whole distance to the “Robertson House” being eleven miles. Roads are uniformly good, and the scenery, especially from Mt. Bowdoin and Milton Hills, the most charming in the whole state.

ERRATA.

We have to apologize to our readers for the imperfections of our first number. Besides those of a mechanical or typographical character—such as the misplacement of type in the “notices” on page eight—we notice the omission to credit the *Advertiser* with the communication signed c., the omission of Cunningham, Heath & Co's. address at the foot of their Club notification; and an error in an intended correction of a correspondent. The last mentioned mistake was particularly vexatious and absurd; the sentence was on page thirteen, and should have read as follows: “This is an incorrect estimate,” etc.

ED. AM. BIC. JOUR.

THE AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL

THE WEATHER.

The almost unparalleled weather which we have lately been enjoying must certainly have been sent with special view to the bicyclist's gratification. The absence of snow, the hardness and smoothness of our roads, and the keen, bracing and exhilarating atmosphere, seem to have combined together to usher in the advent of the bicycle under the happiest and most enjoyable auspices. We doubt if ever winter so glorious as this visited us before, and we remain still in our doubt in spite of the *Sunday Herald*, which discourses as follows:

Two very old gentlemen, who lay claim to being the "oldest inhabitants" of their respective towns, were coming in on a Boston & Albany train this morning, and naturally their conversation fell upon the phenomenal weather we are now experiencing. The old men had bragged of their undiminished vitality, their vigorous digestive organs, and their lively livers, they had asked after each other's family, and great grandchildren. Then there came a pause. Uncle Seth of W—— looked out of the car window upon the sunny landscape, all glittering with the thick frost of the winter night, and turning to Uncle John of N——, he threw out his conversational bait: "Remarkable weather, John?"

"A leetle remarkable," said cautious Uncle John.

"Never saw such weather since 1838," again remarked Uncle Seth cautiously.

"Well, I donnō," answered cunning Uncle John.

Uncle Seth saw he must make a bold strike and draw Uncle John out. So he ventured to remark, with an appearance of coolness: "I remember folks was aplowin' in the middle of Jenyuary, in '38."

Uncle John thought he saw his opportunity, and sprang to seize it: "Well, I remember making maple sugar on my place in January, in 1827; the trees was jest as full of sap then as if it was April."

Uncle Seth saw that his trap had been laid successfully, so he "saw" Uncle John and "went him one better." "I guess," he said triumphantly, "that I can do better'n that. My pear trees were full of blossoms New Year's day, 1820, and the bees were out as busy as if it was May. We plowed the garden back of the house, and I had peas from it in March that year."

Uncle John grew red in the face, and plunging into the lowest depths of mendacity, he replied: "Them was purty smart times, but you'd arter seen our garden in January, 1809. That was the most remarkable weather I ever seen. The ground didn't freeze all winter, and we had such hot suns that mush melons ripened, and I had 'em on my table at my daughter 'Liza's weddin' breakfast on Jan. 9. Next March we had Baldwin apples off our trees."

Uncle Seth suppressed a groan, and went on in his reckless endeavor to prove himself the champion oldest inhabitant: "You don't remember, I spose, the winter of 1789; you was young then, too young to remember [Uncle John's face just here was a study]; that was the boss winter, as my great-grand-children would say. There wasn't any snow in New England at all. It was so hot, Christmas eve, that folks slept out o' doors, and on Christmas Day people were sunstruck in Boston. I remember, 'cause my father was into the city on that day—they didn't make a holiday of it then—selling green corn just picked out of our garden. Everybody thought the world was a-comin' to an end, and Parson Drew preached on the signs of the times and the day o' judgment. In January, the cholera broke out from people eatin' green encumbers, and"—[Here Uncle John broke in: "Say, Uncle

Seth, don't talk so; folks won't believe us if we talk much. You'n I have got reputations to keep up."]

Here the "oldest inhabitants" picked themselves up, and, finding themselves almost into the Boston depot, went out on the platform, nobody the wiser for their reckless exposure of themselves but ye telephonic chronicler.

A BICYCLICAL TEMPEST.

Our valued neighbor, "*The Boston Transcript*," has lately delighted its bicycling readers by finding room in its columns for a correspondence, which we think will be found sufficiently interesting to warrant its reproduction here.

The ball opened on Dec. 17, with the following:—

To the Editor of the Transcript:—May I say something about these high-wheeled travellers which have, in a very greatly improved form, again begun to fly over our highways? Velocipedes is perhaps a more familiar name for these curious machines, for thus they were called when there was such a fever for their use many years ago. I am an enthusiast upon the matter of all kinds of out-door sports, and most gladly welcome any addition to the existing list of opportunities for people of all ages and all classes to amuse themselves in the open air. And now the question is whether or not we may hope to get a permanent amusement out of the bicycle; and more, whether or not the bicycle may be made of service in a business way as a machine to bear its rider upon errands which call him to points more or less distant. The reading public and the observing public are pretty familiar with the points that have been made in favor of the bicycle. I shall, therefore, content myself with bringing out such objections to them as are evident to me, for the purpose of helping towards a thorough discussion of a subject which is absorbing the attention of some of our most vigorous young men.

In the first place, are they not a very dangerous sort of wagon? The few that go careering over our roads are quite frequently seen sending their high-flying, nobbily arrayed riders heels over head through the air. When these somewhat startling movements are alluded to by the contemplating observer, who has had serious thoughts of getting a machine, as being a trifling discouragement, he is gayly assured, as the grounded bicyclist scrambles up from the dust, that such mishaps amount to nothing—that they wont occur when a fellow gets well acquainted with his machine—that such things do not happen to the skilled bicyclists of England and France. But I happen to know that bicycle accidents are common among skilled riders the other side the water, where the machines are extensively used. As bearing upon this point, let me state that two of my acquaintances who, during a recent sojourn in France, became enamored with the bicycle to such an extent as to purchase a pair of the most elegant and perfect machines, of which in due time they became what was termed expert riders, taking long daily runs, finally threw them by in disgust, for the following reasons:—one of the young men while riding on his bicycle, or, perhaps, it might more properly be said, while suddenly and unwillingly dismounting, broke his ankle at one time, and at another time his arm. His friend and companion upon the bicycle fared better. He escaped from the fascinating toils of the machine with simply a broken leg. In addition to these injuries, one of the young men reports that he has never recovered from a weakness of the kidneys

(Continued on the Sixth Page.)

Correspondence Column.

In opening our columns to correspondents, we do so in order that all pros and cons which may be worthy, shall be fully ventilated. We do not, however, identify ourselves with any opinion which may thus appear herein.

EDITOR AMERICAN BICYCLE JOURNAL:—

On Tuesday last (Dec. 4th), C. and self took the 1.30 P. M. train to Natick, Mass., first seeing that our machines were securely bestowed in the baggage car. We arrived at Natick at 2.30 P. M.; took our machines from the baggage car and "oiled up" on the platform. C. being ready first, mounted his 52-in. "Challenge" and indulged in a series of gyrations around the smooth open space in front of the station, coolly drawing on his gloves while describing figures of eight, &c., with his rubber tyres, to the intense gratification of nearly two hundred people, who had assembled as if by magic. The assemblage, by the bye, was not only the largest, but at the same time the most respectful, orderly and good-natured that I have yet had the good fortune to meet on my bicycle journeys. At 2.40 I mounted my 50 inch "Ariel," joined C., and favored with a parting cheer from the crowd, and the fluttering of numerous handkerchiefs from the windows, we rolled merrily through the principal street on our way to Boston. The day was all that could have been desired, and the roads, with very few exceptions, hard and smooth as a floor. We soon left Natick behind, and keeping parallel with the railroad, passed Wellesley and Grantville in quick succession, with only one dismount. Passing along the outskirts of the Newtons, we dismounted more frequently to enjoy the beautiful views, and keeping a course toward the right hand, we soon struck the country end of Beacon Street, which, though beautifully smooth and even at first, soon began to develop inequalities of surface. We kept, however, the even tenor of our way, dismounting for one or two of the hills leading to Chestnut Hill Reservoir, which we soon reached, and found the roads so hard and smooth that the temptation to ride round them could not be resisted. After half an hour or so spent in this manner, C. and I separated; he being bound for Brookline and I for Boston, which I reached in good order, riding very slowly along Beacon St., in order not to provoke a desire to race in the minds of the drivers of various fast teams which were on the road.

At a few minutes after five o'clock I dismounted at the corner of Arlington and Boylston streets, having been two hours and twenty minutes covering a distance of a little over twenty miles. Our average pace, while in motion, was probably from ten to twelve miles an hour, but the delightful scenery demanded an occasional dismount and pause to enjoy it. To any of your readers who contemplate a short ride, I can recommend the route I have here described, and I intend to repeat the run myself at the first opportunity. IXION.

BEFORE THE PUBLIC, BUT BEHIND THE AGE.

EDITOR AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL:—A sign not far from the Boylston Market in this city, with "Bicycle Club" and machines of the old rattle-and-thump kind depicted in full operation, at a considerable expense for paint, has been visible for some time. Inquiry develops the fact that one

man constitutes the concern, who has been a champion rider somewhere in England, and exhibits a gold medal to that effect. Our friend is all right in spirit, and may make a hit by calling himself a club, but he should abandon the rusty relics of the olden time, and procure a modern mount.

It is too supremely absurd, however, to find, after the English bicycle has had a conspicuous publicity here of some two months, that the velocipede track at the skating rink just opened should be provided with those ancient relics! If many can be induced to trundle them about on the boards over the heads of the skaters, it will hardly be a pleasant accompaniment to that exercise, or to the music. We never heard of a skating party driven home by a thunder-storm, but the visitors there are likely to be somewhat in that predicament. The rubber-shod bicycles, on the contrary, are noiseless. Some rather small machines would suit the place, and the probable riders, and can be had at no great expense. They would attract by their novelty and beauty, and at once make that part of the enterprise an assured success. In view of the fact that the riding, unlike the skating, will not depend upon the weather, and that there is a great and growing interest felt in the new machines, the proprietors should realize the importance of making their velocipede department worthy of patronage by having it properly equipped. A few of the old machines would do well enough for boys and some others to make their first attempts with, and would help by the very contrast.

VULCANITE.

Answers to Correspondents.

"DODO."—We think you would find it a most enjoyable thing to do. The distance, by direct road from Liverpool to London is a little over two hundred miles; but if, when arriving at Liverpool, you will take the train to Holyhead and commence your Bicycle journey there (two hundred and sixty miles to London), you will pass through some of the most interesting parts of England and Wales. You should not miss Bangor, Llangollen, Birmingham and Wolverhampton, when on the journey. 2. When you go on the continent, by all means, take your Bicycle with you. Its use will not only benefit your health, but it will save your pocket.

"PUZZLED."—The word is of Greek derivation, and should be pronounced BI-CY-CLING, with equal length of accent on the first two syllables.

AMHERST, N. H.—You are quite correct, but your inclosure was six instead of ten. Hence our postal. Thanks.

MILFORD.—Thanks. See that your local newsdealer has us on hand and oblige.

The Bicycle is used in Australia now, and the experiences of some few in India have been reported. The pioneer Bicycle has appeared in the streets of Cape Town, Africa, and a consignment of a number of machines has probably reached there before now. Thus the whole world, America, Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia have adopted the new mode of locomotion.

You have here Miss De Glace on a bicycle,
Most frequently calm as an icicle;
But on wheels of thin steel
She will ride like the devil—
O, this latter nineteenth is a nice cycle! [Lampoon.]

Who is the first man mentioned in the Bible?—CHAP. 1. London Bicycle Journal.

"Transatlantic."

Communications, News, Queries, Etc., Etc., from our English cousins, are solicited, and shall receive our best attention.

A RAID ON ETTBICKDALE.

One day in July, last year, I left Musselburgh, a small town of some seven thousand inhabitants, situated on the Esk, six miles from Edinburgh, and famous for its salubrity of climate, as well as for the geese which there abound in great numbers. Leaving behind me the town and the adjacent suburb called Inveresk, I crossed the battle-field of Pinkie, where in 1547 the Duke of Somerset defeated the Scots, and, turning to my right at a toll-bar, was soon in the vicinity of the market-town of Dalkeith, near which is situated the princely residence of the Duke of Buccleuch. Then passing through the streets of the town on foot, I arrived at Eskbank Station (5 miles), where I had arranged to meet W. F., a friend of mine, who was living at Edinburgh. I had to wait some time before he came up, but at last he appeared mounted on a forty-eight inch "Gentleman," and having a knapsack fitted on a frame placed above the back wheel. Starting off immediately, we quickly left Newbottle (6), Arniston (8), and Fushie-bridge (10 1-2) behind, and soon came in sight of Middleton Hall gate. At this point, we turned up a country lane to the right, and then, after many inquiries, proceeded by the road on our left, which we soon found to be a dangerous cart road. However we reached in safety the post-road which runs from Currie Inn to Innerleithen over the Muirfoot-hills, and then we had to dismount and walk two or three miles up a hill which always seemed to be topped, but was very long in being so. At last we did reach the top and began a dangerous descent, at the foot of which we found a big gate considerably placed across the road for us to run our heads against, and on the other side of it were a party of "professional tourists," who had come from "ould Ireland" to ply the reaping-hook. These agreeable people having kindly helped us to pass the gate, we toiled on over a wretched road through a narrow gorge till at last we emerged into a pretty little valley where the road became splendid, and the scenery, as a cockney tourist would sagely remark — "tooral looral." Running on, we soon arrived at a farm house, by the side of which a clear stream flowed. The water looked so tempting, that we were induced to dismount, and with the aid of a basin, a piece of soap, and a towel to wash our oily hands and faces, with the water of the burn. Greatly refreshed, we mounted, and, setting off at a brisk pace soon crossed the river Leithen and not long after entered the village of Innerleithen (28), a favorite resort of the people of Edinburgh, who are lovers of the "gentle art." Here we stopped at a small lodging-house, where the landlady (whose comfortable quarters W. F. had previously enjoyed) kindly undertook to provide dinner for us, which she did very cheaply and altogether to our satisfaction. Inwardly refreshed, and in high spirits we set off for Yarrowdale. Passing Traquair, we ascended a long hill of some four miles in length, and then descended the other side quickly to the "Gordon Arms," on the Yarrow, where we stopped to enjoy a draught of beer. Once more in the pigskin, we crossed the Yarrow, and, having descended slowly, but steadily, the long hill beyond, we at last reached the top, and began to ascend the other side. But before I had gone down

a quarter of a mile, and just as I was approaching a sharp corner, my brake cord snapped, and at sixteen miles an hour, I swiftly approached an unfenced precipice with my toes in the rests — I rose in the "stirrups" of my 54-in. "Radder Excelsior," and with a desperate jump backwards, landed safely on the ground very little the worse of the mishap. I remounted and soon overtook W. F., who, ignorant of what had happened, had left me far behind, and together, we a few minutes later, dismounted at the hospitable portal of "Tushielaw Inn" (44). W. F. was expected at Eskdalemuir (60) that same night, and so he had sixteen miles further to go, I, on the other hand only accompanied him for pleasure and as there was no inn in the district so suitable as Tushielaw, I determined to spend the night there. We ordered and partook of a good tea with eggs for which we paid the extremely moderate charge of fifteen pence, and, after proper digestion, (an important point with W. F.) he left me behind and set off along the good road which leads to Eskdalemuir. When he had disappeared, I stowed my machine in the coach-house of the inn, and taking the book which I happened to be then engaged in reading and had brought with me in my bag, the "Scottish chiefs" by Miss Jane Porter, I betook myself to the bank of the placid river Ettrick, and there I read till about seven o'clock, when, after witnessing a beautiful sunset, I returned to the inn, and, having got hold of a good fishing-rod and line, tried a cast in the river, but with no success, and so about nine o'clock, I turned in and was soon riding my hobby in the land of dreams. Next morning, I awoke at the proper moment 6:30 and rising at once went out and oiled my bicycle, which, when furnished with a new brake-cord, was in perfect order, and stood outside the door shining in the morning sun, while I partook of a comfortable breakfast. At 7:22, I was ready to start and walking to the top of a sharp hill on the north of the inn, I mounted and rode off upon my journey. Riding at a uniform pace of twelve miles an hour, and stopping occasionally to admire the scenery, which is one of truly pastoral beauty, I arrived in Selkirk about 8:45. On reaching the beginning of the town, I dismounted and walked up the steep street, till at last I reached the market place, and then I laid my machine against the railings of Sir Walter Scott's monument, where it was quickly surrounded by an interested and admiring crowd, while I, leaving it under the protection of a policeman provided myself with food for the rest of my journey. With pockets filled, I mounted and set off for Galashiels. From the market place of Selkirk, a hill a mile and a half long descends to a bridge over the Ettrick, in the vicinity of which the scenery is very beautiful. The road undulates more or less all the way to Galashiels, which town I reached in 27 minutes after leaving Selkirk. Here I indulged in some strawberries and lemonade, and then set off for Stowe (26 miles from Tushielaw) where I arrived after ascending a continuous slope for nearly eight miles. After about half an hour's stoppage, I proceeded on my journey and passed successively Crunkstane Castle Gate (35 1-2), Hangingshaw (37 1-2), Tynehead station (36 1-2), and "Currie Inn" (41 1-2), soon arrived in Dalkeith, (46 1-2) and stopped for a cup of coffee which refreshed me greatly, for I had been riding against a head wind all the way from Stowe. Once more mounting, I did not stop till I found myself again in the "honest toon" of Musselburgh.

P. C. ROBERTSON.

The London *Daily Telegraph*, in a recent issue, says that bicycling is a "healthy and manly pursuit, with much to recommend it." Thank you!

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brought on by hard and long use of the bicycle. So are we not justified in not asking the question if bicycles are not dangerous? Their limb-breaking points are developed when the rider attempts to make a short turn with them; when he suddenly plunges into rutty travel; when he collides with other "teams;" when from any cause he suddenly tips over, and the more than fifty pounds of steel and iron bicycle goes hard onto him.

Are these bicycles an economical and easy help in the way of transportation of the male biped? Let us consider some of the objections that come under this heading. They cannot be forced up anything of a hill with the rider on them. He must, when he comes to an ascent worthy the name of a hill, dismount and push his machine slowly before him. This process is tedious enough. Their successful use demands level roads. They cannot be used upon frozen, rutty roads—a sort of road very common in New England many months in the year. Snow and ice, of which we here know something, render bicycle travel utterly impossible. Any good bicycle rider will tell you he cannot, with any degree of success and pleasure, drive along upon his machine in the face of a hard head wind. In very cold weather a seat upon a bicycle cannot be a very attractive place. In extremely hot weather, under a burning sun, a hard drive upon a bicycle would be a dangerous feat.

There are some minor objections to them which we can only briefly mention. To ride upon a bicycle properly you must don a uniform about the same as that of a baseball player, and as you cannot well carry any baggage, you must find yourself at your journey's end in a very unrepresentable and uncomfortable condition, especially on a cold day. My friend Syphax, who is now going crazy over his new bicycle, generally employs a special messenger over the railroad, or a man in a buggy, to put his overcoat or other necessary apparel at the right points to meet him when he stables his bicycle and casts off his monkey jacket and fancy leggings. The bicycle is a frail, delicate and complicated machine, quite easy to break and hard to repair.

I have noticed that my same friend Syphax, who is frequently transporting his machine by rail to some distant meet on some selected roads, is about as often found transporting his fractured horse to some blacksmith or machine shop. In both cases his bicycle is severely frowned upon by the baggage-master, into whose little den he is obliged to crowd his unwieldy machine. But I have, perhaps, written enough upon the bicycle question. My only object in the discussion is the public good. If it can be demonstrated that the bicycle is a good thing, then let us have them in any quantity. If the contrary is the fact, let us discard them entirely. I have said nothing about the objection to them on the ground that they frighten horses; for if it can be demonstrated that they are as good as, or better than horses, then they have just as much right upon the road as horses, or even more.

"YOUNG MAN AFRAID OF HIS BICYCLE."

For two or three days the subject of this letter provoked no comment, but after awhile we received from a valued contributor the following:

ED. AM. BICYCLING JOURNAL:—The enclosed letter I wrote before your enjoyable and most welcome paper appeared. I send it to you because I did not send it to the *Transcript*, for after writing it I came to the conclusion that, after all, "Young man afraid of his Bicycle" might just as well continue in his fear as far as I was concerned. Since then, however, quite a correspondence has been carried on in the *Transcript*, at which I doubt not you have been much amused. It may be that in your next issue you will make some reference to it, and if my letter is of any assistance to you I shall be very glad.

JUPITER.

Boston, Dec. 18th, 1877.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRANSCRIPT:—I was much gratified, on opening my paper last night, to find that *at last* there was something afoot "Bicycling" therein. Of all papers, the old *Transcript* is the most desirable one for the pros and cons of bicycling, and I trust that now the ice is broken, many matters of interest to the bicyclist may appear in its well read columns.

It may be that some abler pen than mine will take up the gauntlet thrown down by "Young Man afraid of his Bicycle," and I shall be glad if such proves to be the case. There is nothing that the bicyclist will more cordially welcome than a full inquiry into the merits and demerits of himself, his costume and his machine, and he is unworthy to partake of the glorious enjoyment of his pastime, if he be unwilling to meet with perfect good temper the genially sarcastic tone of inquiry adopted by your last evening's correspondent.

It would take too much of your space were I to reply to the inquiries of "Young Man," &c., in detail, and I will therefore endeavor, in as concise form as possible, to make a series of counter statements which shall convey the information he professes to seek.

When a non-rider terms our machine a "velocipede" he conveys a false impression to the minds of those of your readers who have not had an opportunity of seeing the ancient machine of that name and the modern "bicycle" side by side. The fact is, there is hardly a point of resemblance between them. Somebody has said that Geo. Stephenson's first effort at a locomotive, and the perfected result in that line of to-day, were not more dissimilar than the velocipede and the bicycle, and the statement will be endorsed by all riders.

Bicyclists have had, and will continue to have, accidents more or less serious; so do, and so will, travelers by any other mode of conveyance, be it by road, rail or water. The experience, however, of the two young men whom your correspondent mentions, is so wonderful, so unexampled in the history of bicyclic art, that I must be pardoned if I refuse to believe its truth. My experience has been that NO BICYCLE RIDER "throws by" his machine, either in "disgust" or any other feeling. On the contrary, the longer riding is practised the more devoted adherent to that mode of locomotion does the rider become.

Kidney disease is NOT brought on by the use of the bicycle, and I have the authority of my doctor behind me, in support of this statement.

Bicycles ARE an economical and an easy mode of locomotion. I say this on my own authority, for I have tried them and *know*, which your correspondent evidently has and does not.

Ordinary hills are mounted by the bicycle with less exertion and more speed than by walking. When a hill is so steep that it is harder and slower work to ride up than it would be to walk up, the rider would be indeed foolish to expend his strength in the attempt.

The process of pushing a bicycle before you, either up hill or on a level, is not tedious.

Bicycling, for its fullest enjoyment, demands, not "level" but slightly undulating roads; and, as will apply to every other vehicle, the smoother the roads the more perfect the enjoyment.

The bicyclist must clothe himself, not like a "base ball player," but in manly and sensible garments, and in such he is always presentable. Every pursuit in life, be it dinner, dancing or business, demands its suitable costume.

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The bicycle is neither "frail" nor "delicate"; it is hard to break and easy to repair. The very few repairs which I have needed have been satisfactorily accomplished by a machinist who never saw a bicycle until I took mine to him.

The frowning baggage-master I have not yet met; on the contrary, all men, baggage-masters included, are interested in the machine, and never tire in seeking information as to its capabilities and uses.

In short, in spite of the fairly worded commencement and finish of your correspondent's letter, I think I can detect in the general tone of his letter an undercurrent of malice. His objections are void of foundation in fact, many of his statements are, whether he knows it or not, absolutely false, and where not so, they betray such lamentable ignorance of his subject, that we who know cease to wonder that the young man should be afraid of his bicycle, although we do wonder at his hardihood in making his lack of knowledge public property.

JUPITER.

Comparisons between the foregoing and the reply of "Duplex Excelsior," which appeared in the *Transcript* of Dec. 20th, serve to show that if "Young Man Afraid" &c., did nothing else, he puzzled his readers.

To the Editor of the *Transcript*:—Will you kindly allow me the privilege of replying to the "Young Man Afraid of His Bicycle?" His letter is made up of objections which are entirely groundless, and instead of contradicting one by one, I will do no so *in toto*, with the intention of explaining the source of his error and the cause of his timidity.

He speaks of the velocipede, its might, etc., and evidently has in mind the old-fashioned affair, popularly known among modern bicyclists as the "bone shaker."

The modern machine, which is now becoming so popular, bears the same relation to that which he speaks of as the palatial Cunard steamship bears to Fulton's first steam-boat, and the French machine is but a step between the two.

His assertion, that it is necessary to dismount in going up hill, is abundant proof that he has reference to the old machine, since there are few hills which are insurmountable to the modern bicyclist, even in this hilly neighborhood. The old machine weighs about twice as much as the modern bicycle, and this is the cause of the bruises he alludes to. I am sure that a glance at the two machines will convince him of the cause of his error; but if he remains implacable, I advise him to exchange his machine for a "Safety bicycle" or a tricicle.

DUPLEX EXCELSIOR.

As a kind of "side show," a different issue on the same general subject, then came "Pro Bono" to the fore as follows:—

To the Editor of the *Transcript*:—"Young Man Afraid of His Bicycle," in Monday's *Transcript* omits the most serious objection to bicycle-riding, and that is the great danger of rupture caused by the unnatural strain to delicate parts, not only from tips and tumbles but from the apparently harmless act of mounting and dismounting; and, also, by bringing into constant and fatiguing action muscles which were never designed for hard work. On this point, at least, doctors do not disagree.

PRO BONO.

"P. B." however, was not suffered to remain unnoticed so long as his "afraid" composer, for we soon find him receiving the following quietus:—

To the Editor of the *Transcript*:—The letter which appeared in your issue the other evening, can by the exercise of a little charity, be construed into an attempt to obtain

information on a subject of which the "Young Man Afraid of His Bicycle" was evidently ignorant. "Pro Bono," in your last night's issue, is evidently equally ignorant, but must be obtuse in addition; or he would not have made a statement so utterly at variance with the truth. Doctors certainly "do not disagree" on the matter, but so far from taking "Pro Bono's" view, the medical profession in the rural districts of England have adopted the bicycle almost to a man, and constantly use it in visiting their patients, preferring it, as all who have used the bicycle do, to all other modes of locomotion.

This statement is not, like "Pro Bono's," made hap-hazard, but abundant proof is easily obtainable by all who desire to prove its correctness, and will put themselves to the trouble of doing so.

The almost marvellous rapidity with which the bicycle is being adopted here, needs a much stronger argument than "Pro Bono's," to check it.

IRON HORSE.

Then comes another "afraid" young man; more frightened, if we may judge by the length of his signature, than was his predecessor:

To the Editor of the *Transcript*:—Thanks for the use of your crowded columns for the discussion of this bicycle question. In my last communication, a fear of encroaching too much upon your space was my only reason for not dwelling somewhat at length upon the very important part of the matter of which I shall now speak. Is what may be termed the philosophy of the machine under discussion of a character to entitle it to favor as a "carriage"? I think one of your correspondents hits the nail on the head when he says "all doctors agree that the bicycle brings an unnatural strain upon delicate parts by bringing into constant and fatiguing action muscles which were never intended for hard work." I believe that it may be clearly proved that the most improved bicycle now in use calls for what may be termed a vicious expenditure of vital force.

The machine is in this regard a fraud. It seems at first trial to be easy to work, but in the end it proves most wearisome and exhausting to the flesh. The "locomotary" results obtained from the bicycle are not at all commensurate with the amount of vital energy expended.

The writer considers himself only a fair pedestrian, but he will guarantee that he can walk across country a hundred miles, taking for a line of march an average New England route—say from Concord, N. H., to the Connecticut River, and on into Vermont—in about the same time, and with less expenditure of vital force, than the journey can be performed by the most expert bicyclist, mounted upon his "Special Challenge," "Ordinary Challenge," "Duplex Excelsior," "Paragon," or any other of the numerously named and much vaunted high-flyers.

I make no allusion at the present time to the upsetting and besetting dangers of bicycling, for the simple reason that they were fully explained and proved in my former letter, to which I respectfully refer any gentleman who has serious thoughts of investing a hundred or a hundred and twenty-five dollars in one of these impracticable machines. I speak from the standpoint of a practical acquaintance with the last and best of them—the fittest which have for a while survived the general wreck which will finally overtake the whole species. The leading promoters of the present bicycle fever are a set of fine young men of vigorous out-of-door taste, who have but

(Continued on the Tenth Page.)

American Bicycling Journal.

The American Bicycling Journal will be published every other Saturday, at noon. Our country readers will much oblige by reporting any failures in delivery.

All communications should be addressed, and all moneys should be sent to, Editor American Bicycling Journal, 178 Devonshire Street, Boston, Mass. To ensure priority of insertion, all communications should reach us not later than noon on Tuesday preceding publication.

We will forward single copies of this Journal, postage free, on receipt of price—Ten cents.

As soon as the demand will warrant it, we propose publishing an edition each week, and will then make our subscription rates known. In the meantime we shall be glad to hear from those who intend so to patronize us when the time arrives.

All communications must be accompanied by the real name and address of the author—not necessarily for publication—but as a guaranty of good faith. We cannot undertake to read anonymous letters, or to return rejected contributions. Write on one side of the paper, only.

BOSTON, JANUARY 5, 1878.

THE DRESS FOR BICYCLING

Is a topic of such importance that we propose, ere long, to go more fully into the matter than time and space will now permit. There are obvious reasons why the Bicyclists' costume should be designed and made specially for wear when in the saddle. There must be no long coat tails flapping in the breeze and catching in the spokes. No trouser-leg to get foul in the crank, and no brimmed hat to be raised by the passing gust, and swept away whither bicycle cannot follow.

In the Bicyclists' costume, comfort, simplicity and usefulness should be the main characteristics. Anything approaching to "gaudy" in its appearance should be rigidly eschewed. The whole uniform should be of one color. Drabs or greys are the most suitable, as they do not show the dust. It is rumored that the "Boston Bicycle Club" intends to adopt blue black for the color of its uniform; we think such a choice would be a mistake. The Club would look well, doubtless, when starting for a "run," but the return,—after say twenty miles over dusty roads,—how would the Club look then?

In the matter of *cut*:—The jacket should not be long enough to sit upon, should be made to button close round the throat, and should be liberally supplied with pockets.

The legs should be encased in either Knickerbockers or breeches (we prefer the latter), and long thick stockings of same color as the uniform, should cover the calves. Gaiters may be worn over the stockings in cold weather, but in warm weather the stockings alone will be found amply sufficient.

The shoes should have moderately thick soles, and it is important that they fit well. For the cap,—in England the "Polo" pattern has been almost universally adopted, but to our thinking, the "Glengarry" Scotch cap is certainly as desirable, and at the same time infinitely more becoming. If the material from which the jacket and breeches are made, is waterproof (not air proof), a great deal of bother in car-

rying a Mackintosh can be dispensed with. A flannel shirt with turn down collar and a black silk neck tie, will appropriately finish the costume, except in winter, when a double breasted vest will be found desirable. The foregoing is for ordinary wear when bicycling; for racing, a much lighter costume will of course be needed.

In conclusion, for long journeys have your drawers smoothly lined with chamois skin, and never omit to change your underclothing and indulge in a thorough rubbing down after a spin; unless you would forego one of the greatest of the many luxuries attached to being a bicyclist.

A WORD TO LEARNERS.

Dr. O. W. Holmes, in an article some years ago portraying and analyzing the movements of the legs and feet in walking, says:—"Walking is a perpetual falling with a perpetual self-recovery. It is a most complex, violent, and perilous operation, which we divest of its extreme danger, only by continual practice from a very early period of life." This we call a pretty close description of the act of riding a bicycle, only much too strongly expressed. It being true enough of walking, those learning to ride should be fortified by reflecting that they have already overcome very similar difficulties and dangers, and that, too, when they had far less strength and activity than they have now. Cautious and intelligent beginning, and perseverance without haste, must be the practice, and must succeed in all cases.

A NEW DEFINITION.

When they put our principal word into the dictionaries, which has not been done as yet, we would suggest this definition of it: Bicycle,—A two-wheeled bird without feathers.

BENEFITS OF THE BICYCLE:—Every young man who wishes to live long without growing old, let him ride the bicycle; and every elderly man, let him ride the bicycle if he wishes to grow younger with each revolving year. We know of one who was forty-nine when he began, about twelve months since, to disport "on the light *bicyclic toe*," and now he is (in spite of the lying almanac), only thirty-five, and still shedding his years! If he cannot carry the process so far as to be "born again," and so be saved; he is confident, at least, of finally dying young, which, according to the proverb would prove him to be one whom the gods love, and therefore sure of heaven. Moral,—go and do likewise.

Bicycle riding, at the rate of sixty miles a day, must have a fascination of its own. You command the most varied scenes. From town to country, from country to town, you skim along freely, easily, quickly. You are not dependent upon coach, rail or steamer. No horrid nightmare haunts you in bed of early trains to be caught, hurried breakfasts to be eaten, and possible mishaps in waking and in starting. You are a self-contained man, with all your resources under your own control. You are your own coachman, and your coach is probably all night in your bedroom, sure not to start until it pleases you to mount and apply the motive power.

A Bicycling Club, the members of which are all lawyers, flourishes in London; but why the cockneys should term that club "The Devil's own," is beyond our comprehension. Nevertheless, they do.

It is pleasant to read that the ventilation of the Senate chamber at Washington is to be improved. If we could only hope that improved ventilation meant improved politics, there would indeed be cause for rejoicing. Fresh air may mollify Conkling's temper, give Edmunds a better digestion, and cure Thurman's catarrh. The physiologists insist that a large part of our mental infirmities arise from bodily ailments; and that bad air is a prolific cause of bodily ills. They insist that pure air promotes good health, and that good health promotes sound thinking, sweetness of disposition and good morals.—*Sunday Herald*.

[The inference, then, is—that healthy legislators will bring healthy legislation. Now, who will head a subscription list to supply to each of our legislators a modern Bicycle?—ED.]

Bicycle races, will, of course, become as popular and interesting here as in the "old country," but it is not to this phase of the movement that we look for its chief hold upon our people. As a mere sport or method of exercise it is undoubtedly valuable; but as a new, agreeable, and practicable means of locomotion it is infinitely more so. We know of one gentleman in this city who rides from his suburban home to a railroad station, midway to his office in Boston, and back again at night, each fine day, and by so doing, he not only obtains healthful exercise and economizes to an unknown extent in the item of Doctor's bills, but he reduces his travelling expenses nearly forty dollars per annum. So much for the utilitarian and economical.

The "Singer Co." of Coventry Eng., are reported to be turning out three times as many Bicycles as sewing machines. Another large company manufactured and sold sixty thousand during their last financial year. There is not less than an aggregate capital of one million invested in the manufacture of Bicycles, and in spite of all this, the supply still falls short of the demand. In some of the more favorite makes, it is not unusual for a customer for an averaged sized machine, say from forty-eight to fifty-two inches, to be compelled to wait a fortnight before his order can be filled.

We have received letters from nearly every state in the Union asking for a copy of our first number. In some the price—ten cents—we have found enclosed; in some a smaller sum; and in others no money at all. Although we have, so far, honored all demands for copies of our paper, we must insist in the future that the price be enclosed, IN FULL. When it is not, we shall feel compelled to take no notice of the request.

Don't put off buying your Bicycle till spring. The winter may be an open one, and even if it is not, there are many days, during every winter, when a run over the hard ground, through the keen bracing frosty air, is as near perfect bliss as is ever vouchsafed to us mortals while here below.

There is some talk of a Bicycle Cinder Track for races. We don't think that there is any real need of one just yet. When there is, a second track properly laid with cinders, could be made, round the inside ring of almost any of our large trotting parks.

Bicycling is now passing through that difficult era of its existence when vulgar prejudice must give way to sound reason, and its wondrous merits—as a powerful aid to locomotion—be fairly recognized.—*London Bicycle Journal*.

Professional Bicycling.

It is not generally known, says the *Sunday Herald*, that the champion velocipede rider of the world, Mr. Chas. A. Booth, is located permanently in this city, and is prepared to defend his title against all comers. He was born in England, and first took to velocipede riding in Paris by giving exhibitions of trick riding at the Cirque Napoleon, where from skilful tricks and fancy riding, he was called the great velocipedian Duerow, after which he returned to England, to Agricultural Hall, London, which is one of the largest halls in the world, the racing track being an eighth of a mile in length. While there he beat all the celebrated riders, French and English, including Johnson, Mayo, Hood, Mischaux, Palmer and Wright. He rode one match for £200 a side from London to Brighton against time. The bet was that he could not ride 52 miles in eight hours with a 65-pound velocipede. He won, with 40 minutes to spare, and performed at Astley's Theatre, London, the same night. He has given exhibitions of fancy and trick riding at all the principal theatres in England and some of the first in America. He arrived in New York in 1870, and traveled throughout the country and Canada giving exhibitions. At last he settled in Boston, and has been a constable in this city four years. Booth is reported to be enthusiastic as a rider, and most anxious to see the "tyred steed" in general use in this country. He has not, to our knowledge, issued any specific challenge as yet, but it is said that he is ready to race any man in the world, any distance, and for any amount of money and the championship of the world. He naturally prefers to use the modern bicycle, but will consent to a trial of speed on the ancient velocipede, should his opponent prefer that antiquated machine. Mr. B. has in his possession a number of valuable trophies of his prowess. They include a massive gold medal, presented to him at Agricultural Hall, London; a silver and gold box, with Scotch crown, presented by Hon. John Cox, Lord Provost of Edinburgh; and a Maltese cross, gold, presented to him by the late James Day of Day's Crystal Palace, Birmingham, England.

We should be glad to hear that Keen, who so lately won the championship in London, would meet Mr. B. An international match would be interesting.

Prof. de Koiell of New York city, is reported to have issued a challenge to ride any man for \$250 a side and the championship. The championship of what, is not stated, and in the challenge a "velocipede" is the vehicle named; so that after all it is not certain whether bicyclists are interested in the matter.

We have no information in regard to the proposed length of the race, but we learn from the *Globe* that a Mr. Booth of this city is ready to ride any man in the country, a distance of five miles for \$500, or \$1000 a side; the race to take place in two months from the signing of articles. Mr. B. also uses the word "velocipede," and we should be glad to hear from both of the above parties, which machine they refer to,—the Velocipede or the Bicycle.

On dit—that a Bicycling party will be formed next summer for a trip to Denver, Colorado, using their machines only, for locomotion. The Denver Roads are magnificent for this purpose, and we anticipate that the Bicycle will soon become generally adopted in that vicinity.

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superficial acquaintance with the "horse" they are recommending. In fact, it is a most curious circumstance that these young enthusiasts are so little skilled in the use of their new favorite, that in their attempts at riding they seem to spend a large portion of their time in mounting, tumbling off, or performing the most startling, meteor-like flights through the air. The perils of getting on are only equalled by those of getting off, and stopping is fully as hazardous as going ahead. The other day one poor fellow was pulled out from under his grounded velocipede with a broken leg, and sent to the hospital; and in another case a fine young man, while flying along upon his "Duplex Excelsior," performed a dangerous and surprising flight through the air to avoid the more dangerous and more surprising feat of running down his sister, who suddenly loomed in his pathway.

YOUNG MAN AFRAID OF HIS DUPLEX EXCELSIOR BICYCLE.

This capped the climax,—and the tenor of the two replies which at once appeared, show that two, at least, of the bicycling readers of the *Transcript*, were in earnest. Here they are:—

A TEST OFFERED.

To the Editor of the Transcript:—Bicycles are not meant for young men who are "afraid." Such persons, without intending it, are apt to magnify dangers. A fall, a bruise, or even the report of one, frightens them. Bicycles are dangerous, of course, and they will tip over, and tire the rider. But this is only when they are used with indiscretion or carelessness. So of all the manly exercises; enough is good, excess is bad. It is even dangerous to eat and drink, unless we regulate quantity and quality.

The bicycle may be put to a rational use. For those who are confined most of the day, it affords an exhilarating change. The machine is not a toy; it is a wicked thing unless under control; it has more life, so to speak, than a horse, for when a horse drops from fatigue, the bicycle is as lively as ever. The machine must be mastered, and then it gives pleasure and health.

Bicycles do not take the place of horses, at least no more than horse cars supersede carriages. The bicycle is a new mode of locomotion; like other sports, it requires certain conditions for its full enjoyment; and it supplies a want long felt, because it is cheaper, swifter and less fatiguing than horseback riding. Hence its general use in Great Britain, and on the continent, among all classes and ages. Now your correspondent, the "Young Man Afraid," etc., "guarantees" that he can walk across country a hundred miles taking * * * an average New England route * * * in about the same time, and with less expenditure of vital force than the journey can be performed by the most expert bicyclist; and he confidently assures us that he speaks from a "practical acquaintance," etc.

Let us put "Young Afraid" to the test.

I am not an expert rider, and my time is limited. I will engage with him, however, to make the run from Fitchburg to Boston on a bicycle, between the hours of breakfast and lunch of the same day, resuming my duties as usual in the afternoon. The course shall be from the depot in Fitchburg, thence along the great highroad all the way to the crossing of Charles and Beacon streets in Boston, where I will be due precisely at noon. "Young Afraid" shall pass over the same course on foot, taking his own pace, tramping along all day. Physicians may examine us before and after, and decide which of the two has accomplished the journey with the keenest delight and the least fatigue.

The preposterous route suggested by "Young Afraid" from Concord, N. H., to somewhere in the Green Mountains of Vermont, is not selected for this trial, because we all know that bicycles are no more intended for pleasurable use in the wilds of New Hampshire and Vermont than racing gigs in cornfields, or wherries in the North Atlantic Ocean. The route from Fitchburg to Boston is a fair one for both pedestrian and bicyclist.

Should any gentleman wish to drive his horse or horses over the route at the same time, to be due at Charles street at noon, he will, out of sympathy for the animals, be allowed a start of a quarter of an hour. The animals to be examined by veterinary surgeons at the close.

A change in the weather may delay this for an entire season. Let "Young Afraid," then (the weather permitting), be ready to start for Fitchburg by train tomorrow (Thursday) evening, and make the trial next day, thus promptly putting at rest the uncertainty afloat about bicycles.

The one who refuses or fails, shall ever after spare the *Transcript* from articles on bicycles; and the editor will kindly co-operate in enforcing this.

C.

Address, *Transcript* Office.

Dec. 26, 1877.

To the Editor of the Transcript:—It might be well for some of the *badly frightened* young men who have been lately *effusing* in your columns on the bicycle question, to adopt a somewhat briefer style of signature. The mental and physical effort needed to "wind up" their extraordinary statements would, if applied in the right direction, and in a worthy cause, surely produce beneficial results. I think I shall truthfully present to you the feelings of my brother bicyclists, when I say that we have found the letters from the "afraid" young men very amusing. True, we regret that the public should have our new mode of locomotion introduced to their notice, through your ever-welcome paper, in so false a light; but we are so far conscious of our strength, of the stability of *raison d'être*, that we feel we can well afford to laugh at mis-statements, whether they result from ignorance or malice. We *know* that the "afraid" young men who have made them, have done so more from the former than the latter cause, although the public might easily think otherwise; but the public may be assured that no man who had succeeded in subjugating the iron steed would ever commit to paper the absurd queries or the glaring mis-statements which have lately appeared in your columns over the *pusillanimous noms de plume* I have referred to. We have a saying to the effect that "talk is cheap." Allow me, Mr. Editor, to reproduce some of the "cheap" kind in which the "afraid" young man with the long signature has indulged in your issue of this evening. Here it is, verbatim:

"The writer considers himself only a fair pedestrian, but he will guarantee that he can walk across country a hundred miles, taking for a line of march an average New England route—say from Concord, N. H., to the Connecticut river, and on into Vermont—in about the same time, and with less expenditure of vital force than the journey can be performed by the most expert bicyclist mounted upon his 'Special Challenge,' 'Ordinary Challenge,' 'Duplex Excelsior,' 'Paragon' or any other of the numerously named and much vaunted high-flyers."

Now, that, Mr. Editor, sounds like a fair challenge, but I fear it is not; for I cannot believe that even "Young Man Afraid," etc., would be such an absolute maniac as to really mean what he says. If he does, however, I will cut a long

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story short, by briefly saying, *I accept the challenge*. I have, of course, some conditions; here they are:

First—The race to commence anywhere in the state of Massachusetts, and to *finish in Boston*; preferably at some point where the people could see the finish without interfering with travel.

Second—The distance to be traversed to be *not less than one hundred miles*.

Third—For every mile of distance which may be chosen as the length of the course the loser is to forfeit the sum of ten dollars, and to pay the same into the "Old South" fund *immediately the race is decided*.

Fourth—Before the race is commenced each contestant is to lodge in your hands the money required for the foregoing; the *winner only* to have his deposit returned in full.

If the "afraid" young man would prefer it, and the city fathers be willing, I would agree to have the race take place round Boston Common—where 100 miles, or any longer distance (the longer the better for the Old South), could be easily measured off. The people of Boston could thus have the satisfaction of seeing the whole of the interesting event, instead of the finish only.

In conclusion, Mr. Editor, I would say that I am not the "expert" bicyclist who the afraid young man would appear to wish to meet. Though nearly forty years old, I am a young rider, for I never bestrode a bicycle till last month, and my longest ride since that time is very little over twenty miles. I may be too confident in supposing that I could ride 100 miles, but for the sake of the bicycle and the Old South, I am willing to try. If "Young Man Afraid of his Duplex Excelsior Bicycle" does not respond to this, surely Mr. Editor, you will be justified in letting us—the Old South Committee especially—see who it is that has concealed his identity behind a *nom de plume* so timorous and so long.

"BUSINESS."

In the next letter "Duplex Excelsior" puts his knife into both the "afraid" young man, and "pro bono" at the same time:—

To the Editor of the Transcript:—As the Western farmer said it wrenches a man terribly to kick at nothing; but with your kind permission, I should be glad to give the "Young-Man-Afraid-of-his-Duplex-Excelsior" a parting salute before retiring from the bicycle conflict. In reference to the straining of the delicate parts, I would say that the *brain* is the most delicate part of the human organism, and the young man seems to be straining his to such disadvantage, that fear he is rather over-taxing his "weak joint" in his correspondence in your columns.

His vaunt that he can walk one hundred miles more quickly than a bicyclist can accomplish the same distance, is absurd.

Weston, the pedestrian, walked that distance in twenty-four hours; while an amateur bicyclist in England has ridden his hundred miles in one half the time. His argument, that the bicycle is dangerous because one man has broken his leg in using it, is fallacious. During the same week, on the same avenue, a man with the same surname was thrown from a carriage, and his leg broken, and yet, I am sure that the young man would not argue that one must never drive a horse on that account. The matter of rupture, and injuries peculiar to bicycle riding, is more worthy of reply than any of the young man's vague assertions, since it is capable of doing more harm.

I have carefully searched for opinions and statistics on this subject, but can find no testimony saying that bicycle riding is injurious. On the contrary, as "Iron Horse" remarks, doctors in England are among its enthusiastic supporters. I have also taken the trouble to ask several of our leading physicians their opinion on the subject, and they have invariably replied "that they knew of no case in which injury had been caused by bicycle riding which was not equally likely to occur in all athletic exercises. Rupture is, in a great measure, due to weakness of the abdominal muscles, and since bicycle riding exercises these muscles, and therefore strengthens them, it must act as a preventive of rupture rather than as a cause.

The young man who is afraid of his bicycle may say in his next letter that the moon is made of green cheese, but even that will extort no reply from DUPLEX EXCELSIOR.

But the "young man afraid" had evidently had enough of it. The "Old South fund" remained as before "C." vented his feelings in

ONE LAST SHOT.

To the Editor of the Transcript:—"Young Afraid" has not been heard from; so, under the stipulation, he is, of course, debarred from the use of your columns.* We will assume, however, that he apologizes to the community for his timidity, and admits that, while in truth he was aching to enjoy the bicycle as others do, yet he needed encouragement, which he gratefully accepts, even at the expense of publicity. He has already turned over a new leaf, and the Transcript may prove to be the happy medium of having made a man of him.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men."

Of course the physicians, veterinary surgeons, and horses are now excused.

C.

*This we never promised.

[ED. TRANSCRIPT.]

There is much complaint about the delay of English manufacturers in filling orders from this country. Be patient. As we have shown elsewhere, they cannot keep ahead of the orders in their own territory, and that state of things, if it continues, will hasten the day when our own manufacturer will take the business in hand.

Country Hotel and Innkeepers will find it to their advantage to keep maps of their counties always on hand, and to acquaint themselves with the state of the roads in their vicinity as much as possible. Information of this kind is always welcome to the touring Bicyclist, who invariably prefers a long way around, if smooth,—to a short, if rough, way across.

No bicyclist should venture out without an oil can filled with best sperm oil—a spanner, or pocket monkey wrench—and a small nickel plated chain, padlock and key. This rule should be adhered to whether your proposed run is intended to last an hour or a fortnight.

If every bicyclist will carry his note book and pencil with him, and jot down the STATE OF THE ROADS over which he travels, he will soon accumulate a fund of information of exceeding value; and any such information properly authenticated, which may be forwarded to this Journal, we shall be glad to use for the benefit of the bicycling interest at large.

A SEA YARN.

We had agreed to reach Fowey that night if it was a possible thing to do so; but when we left Bodmin in the morning we had placed too much faith in our host's assertion that the roads were "splendid." Not but what he was correct enough from a non-bicycling point of view, for the roads were really in very good condition; but the hills! Well, Cornish hills are proverbial, and acting on the advice of a genial country land surveyor whom we had met the previous evening, we had taken a route which caused some eighty miles of the most charming scenery in England to intervene between our starting point and our destination. It was well on towards twilight when the blue, sail-dotted waters of Fowey harbor met our gaze, and in a very few moments after we had dismounted at the doors of the "Blue Lion."

After a thorough clean up, both of our bicycles and ourselves, we sat down to a splendid Cornish dinner, and the way that "Leekey pasty," apple pie, clotted cream and old cider disappeared was, as our Yankee cousins might term it, "a caution to snakes." Then our pipes were lit, and we disposed ourselves in attitudes which, if not graceful, were certainly comfortable, and turned our attention to—as George termed it—"doing the *dolce* right up to the handle."

In the midst of this agreeable occupation a new comer appeared upon the scene. We had dined in the public parlor, and although in the fullness of our hearts we should have preferred remaining alone, still, when the new comer appeared, and made his way without hesitation to a seat by the easement, giving us a pleasant "Good evening, gents," as he crossed the room, we returned his greeting with cordiality. Of course the *dolce* was all over now, and a very few minutes found us all engaged in cheerful conversation. Our companion proved to be a retired sea captain, who, after a vain attempt to live in one of the midland counties, had brought a widowed sister with him to Fowey, where he had bought him a small estate in full view of the ocean, and where he intended to remain until "summoned aloft." Of course we had to go through the details of our run from London, the distance we had made it, and the time we had taken to do it; and having exhausted our store of information on this matter, what more natural than that we poor landsmen should combine our forces, and warily seek to inveigle the old salt into a yarn? It was not, however, until about the third mug of cider that we succeeded; and although my experience as a short-hand reporter dates back to some years ago, I acknowledge that this job—done, as it was, on the sly—taxed my skill severely, and I can't hope to reproduce it as I heard it;—however, as well as I am able to, here it is:

"His name were Askim," the old sailor began, "and he were jist the finest Newfoundland dog I ever seen. Many times when gentlemen were aboard they would ask the old man what his name were, and when he would tell 'em they'd sometimes get quite mad, 'cause they'd think he were a codin' of 'em, and a tellin' of 'em for to ask the dog what his name were. It was in a ship called the John Joy, of Newburyport, that I were shipmates with Askim, and the captain's name were Butler, and he owned the dog."

"There was quick relief aboard that ship at y hour, 'cause no sooner would it strike eight bells than that there dog would be for'ard to the forecastle door a barkin' and arter waitin' about five minutes in he'd come, and any chap that hadn't got on deck were sure to get a bite in the calf of the leg from Askim. He were such a big dog that nobody didn't dare to do anythin' to him. And then he bein' the old man's dog, there would

have been all sorts of a row if anythin' had a happened to him, and besides, he were sich a favorite ginerally with all hands that nobody didn't like to shy anythin' at him, and ginerally when he come in, sich of us that wasn't out, would fist our Dunnage and get on deck, finishin' our dressin' there. Then the dog, arter pokin' his nose into every bunk to see that all hands had turned out, would trot quietly aft to the officer of the deck, as much as to report that the watch was relieved.

"We was bound from New York to San Francisco, and we came aboard in the river, twelve of us. It were along in the latter part of the arternoon, and we all turned to a gittin' things to rights about the deck—jib-boom out, stunsail booms aloft, blocks hooked in and moused, stunsails bent, and all the thousand and one things that has for to be done arter the stevedores go ashore and the crew takes hold to git her ready for sea. It had been the intention to go to sea that night, but it got along for to be late afore the old man got everythin' settled up ashore, and so he thought as he were goin' away on so long a v'yage he be jist as well to go over to Brooklyn and have one more night with the old woman. Jist as soon as ever we come aboard this here dog went around from one to the other of us a-smellin' and a-takin' a good severe look at us, and this he did at odd times all the arternoon, and when the mate, whose name were White, sent us below for the chalk for anchor watches he says: 'Now, I don't suppose that any of you wants to run away from this here ship, 'cause I know you wants to go to the diggins and make your everlastin' fortins in gold, but I jist wants to say to you that there dog knows every one of you, and he'll be on the lookoit all night long, and will nab any of you as tries to bolt.' The last time a chap tried to desert, Askim had to go overboard after him, and he bring him back, but not bein' careful for to keep his head above water, the man were stone dead afore we got him aboard. I jist wants to tell you in case any of you should get sich a foolish idee as to suppose you could get ashore agin for a little more spree."

"Well, sir, it were curious for to see that dog all that live-long night. Whenever the watch would be relieved he'd come along and smell of the men that had come on deck, as much as to say, 'Halloo, Bill, or Dick, or Tom, or what not, it's your watch, is it, my lad? well, keep your weather eye open and strike the bells regular, my bo,' and this is no doubt jist what the dog said, only we couldn't understand him."

"Next mornin' at daylight we towed down, and went to sea, and, as I told you, at eight bells in the night watches, that there dog would continually take a hand in at callin' the watch and makin' em turn out. But the funniest thing was to see him go up aloft. You wouldn't think as how a dog could go aloft, would you, sir? And however he larnt I don't know; but one arternoon in the dog-watch, when we was down about the latitude of 30 deg, and it was nearly calm, the old man says to the dog, 'Go aloft there and take a dive,' and immediately he runs along the rail to the main riggin', and up he goes. The futtocks, however, bothered him, and he couldn't git over the top rim no how, but there was jist room for him to squeeze through the lubber's hole, and he'd git in the top that way. Then he'd scramble down over the for'ard top rim, hangin' on with his teeth to the main buntlines, and weavin' his legs round the slings, and so git down on to the main yard, on which he'd walk chock out to the lift band. Then he'd giv' a bark and wait for the word. The old man he'd stand up in the quarter boat and sing out 'Watch One, two, three,' and no sooner would the word 'three' be out of

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his mouth than Askim would dive off the yard overboard. Then he would come alongside and the mate would put the bight of a line down, and he'd put his fore-paws through it and we'd haul him up on deck. Well, most dogs would have jumped right aft to where their master were, and a shakin' the water all over the quarter deck, but this here dog had been larned better, and he goes chock for'ard to the windlass end, and shakes himself thoroughly, and then he goes aft and reports to the old man, as if he'd said, 'Come on board, sir.'

"But the way that dog know'd about the weather were the most singlerest thing. There weren't no need of a barometer aboard of that ship, for whenever there were goin' for to be bad weather, that there dog would howl regularly as often as the bell struck the half hours, and soon as ever he left off howlin' and went to his house to sleep, you might know that the gale had broke. No matter how bad the weather looked, the old man wouldn't never reef her down jist so long as the dog kep' quiet, and no matter how fine it looked, if Askim said it were goin' for to be bad weather he kep' her under short sail. When the officer of the deck would go down and report at the end of the watch, the old man would say:

"What sort of weather have you?"

"Looks pretty squally to windward, sir."

"What sail have you on her?"

"Jist took in the fore and mizen to'gallan' sails, and flyin' jib, sir."

"Has the dog said anythin'?"

"No, sir, haint heard nothin' of him."

"Very well; pass the word to give me a call if the dog howls;" and the old man would roll over and go to sleep, 'cause you see he had trusted the dog so much and he never hadn't deceived him. However the dog know'd I can't tell, but he had been many years to sea, and of course he know'd a heap more than any dog what had stayed ashore all his life, and he were a reg'lar old sailor, and liked fine weather better than foul as a matter of course.

"Everybody as knows anythin' about it, knows that up with the latitude of Cape Horn a barometer ain't of no 'arthly use as a guide to the weather. It will go up very high durin' the hardest of the sou'west gales, and you will have sometimes very fine weather with the barometer very low, and so we was all very curious to know if Askim would be reliable as a weather guide roundin' the Cape. He foretellel a pumpero' beautifully off the River Plate, and probably saved us our sticks, as we brung her down snug in consequence of his howlin', long afore the appearance of the weatier showed any indications of a gale, and when it did come it come very sudden and very strong. All we had onto her when it struck us was three close-reefed topsails and a foretopmast staysail, and we had to up helm and let her run afore it till we got this canvas off of her, it come so very savage; and only but for that dog I guess we'd a lost somethin' sure. Well, arter that we has a spell of good weather till we got about up with the Falkland Islands. We passed down inside of 'em, a-shapin' our course for to go through the Straits of Le Maire, and one night, at dark, we was a-runnin' along with three to'gallan' sails set, the wind ou' the starboard quarter and beautiful lookin' weather. It were along in October, which were spring in them latitudes, and it were dark about six o'clock, and we was all very much astonished, when the bell struck eight, to hear that dog give a prolonged howl. 'Whatever is the matter with that brute now?' says the old man; "there's sartainly no look of bad weather to-night. Come here, sir,

says he to the dog; 'what ails you to-night? You'd a thought he were a human, sir, if you could have seen the way that dog set himself down on his western side and looked the old man in the face and howled.

"Oh that be blowed for a yarn," said the skipper; you ain't no good in these latitudes, no more than the barometer. However, says he to the mate, 'keep a good lookout and call me if you sees any indication of a change.'

"So the old man goes below and we keeps her a-goin'. The night were starlit, but there weren't no moon, and we was a-goin' between ten and eleven knots. Just as soon as one bell struck the dog howfed agin', and the same at two bells and at three, and yet with the exception of a little bank of double-headed clouds on the horizon at the south'ard and West'ard, there weren't a thing to indicate a breeze. At five bells the dog giv' a most tremendous howl, and jist about twenty minutes to eleven we heerd o' roarin' like breakers on the weather bow."

"By the eternal!" says the mate, 'that dog was right arter all; hard a starboard the helm! Let go the to'gallan' halliards fore and aft! Let go the topsail halliards! Lay aft here and crawl the spanker up! Call all hands there, one of you, to shorten sail!"

"As she swing off it hit her about amidbeam, and took the flyin' jib-boom out of her before you could say 'Jack Robinson.' We got the spanker off her in time, and she went afore the wind flyin'; and that were all that saved the spars. Jumpin' from the spanker brails, we manned the gear of the crochick and run that up snug, and as the watch came out of the forecastle they jumped to the main clew garnets and buntlines and run up the mainsail; some of us meanwhile clappin' onto the topsail reef-tackles and gatherin' in the slack of 'em, so as to keep the sails from slattin' to pieces. The to'gallan' sails didn't trouble us any, cause there weren't any of 'em left. They'd blowed out of the roaps, as if they were so much brown paper. We got the jib down and got it stowed, and three or four of us went to work and got the wreck out of the flyin' jib-boom in board and the sail down. The rest clewed the foretopsail right up, and furled it without reefin': then they done the same by the mizzen' topsail, furlin' the crochick as they came down. Then we braced up the fore-yard, hauled the lifts and weather-brace well taut, put on a per'enter back and sheet, fended in the mainyard square, manned the gear of the main topsail strong, and let her come to, hauling out the gear as she lifted, and then laid aloft and close reefed him. We worked quick as ever we could, but she'd run off to the north'ard and east'ard a full hour afore we dared bring her to the wind, and had gone fully twelve miles, a dead loss, which we was days a makin' up agin' for we was never able to show more than double reefs to it for the next two weeks. So you can see what the old man got for not mindin' his dog."

"And now gents, as it are nearly ten o'clock, I must get back to that sister of mine, and to Askim. Why didn't I bring him with me? Lord love you! That dog would no more leave that sister o' mine than you would leave one o' them machines o' yourn a-standin' 'gainst the lamp-post when you go to bed. Thank ye kindly gents, but no more—well, if you must, jist one mug—ye're health, gents all—and gents, if you will give me a call to-morrer, and taste my cider, you can show my sister an' Askim them machines o' yourn, an' I'll show you my sister an' Askim."—Adapted from Hunt's Yachting Magazine.

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THE COURTESIES OF THE ROAD.

It should be a matter of congratulation to our American bicycling readers, that, in the experiences of our English cousins in the introduction and use of the bicycle as a means of locomotion, we have, so to speak, a series of guide boards, not only pointing the way we should go, but in many cases teaching what to avoid. If we refer to English bicycling publications, we find, from time to time, mention made of facts, and lessons taught from circumstances of which as yet we can find no parallel on this side of the Atlantic. In bicycling, as in many other things,—a "government by the people," for instance,—it would seem to be our manifest destiny to improve upon established forms; to subjugate established principles to correct application; and, being both guided and cautioned by co-existent circumstances, to erect our own structures, solid and secure, from base to pinnacle. Like our fathers in matters national, we in matters bicyclic, must not hesitate to avail ourselves of the experiences of those who have traveled before us the paths we are now treading; and those experiences, while sparing us the necessity of "trying all things," will most certainly teach us to "hold fast that which is good."

The observance by bicyclists of what are known as the courtesies of the road becomes of more and more importance as riders of the tyred steed increase in numbers. Roads are intended, established, and kept in repair for the convenience of travelers, all of whom have free choice of the means of locomotion. By common custom it is understood that practically there are three degrees or rates of speed at which it is allowable to travel, none of which is more closely defined than, that the speediest is assigned to the centre of the road, the less speedy to either side of the former, and the slowest of all—pedestrian travel—to each margin, which thus by common consent becomes a sidewalk. With the latter we have nothing to do, for, being set apart for pedestrian travel, and not for wheeled vehicles, it is only under exceptional circumstances that the bicyclist has, upon a sidewalk, any rights which the pedestrian is bound to respect. We will deduce

from this, as one of the "courtesies of the road" which under ordinary circumstances the bicyclist is expected to observe, this rule:—*Keep off the sidewalk.*

In that part of the road set apart for wheeled traffic, our fathers, unfortunately, as we think, adopted the rule of keeping to the right. However defective this rule may be as applied to drivers of horses, the bicyclist fortunately experiences from it no inconvenience, and he should, under all circumstances observe the rule most strictly. He should never be tempted by smooth places and good going to pass opposing travel except upon the side which the law directs, and as a result, it will be found, that as bicycle riders increase in number, and as drivers and horses become more and more accustomed to meeting them, there will never be that uncertainty on the driver's part, as to which side of the road to keep, which in the first years of bicycling in England, resulted in so many accidents.

The position of the bicyclist in the road should be governed by the rate of speed at which he is traveling. If his pace be slow, he should take his place at the side of the road, in line with other slow traffic; and if his pace be rapid, the centre half of the road is his proper position. Fully as important as the rule of keeping to the right of opposing traffic, is the obverse of that rule, viz: keeping to the left of all travel which you may overtake. Horses are accustomed to being so overtaken, and the noiseless approach from the rear and the rapid passing of a bicycle on that side will not alarm them. To overtake a horse on the wrong side will startle him, make him nervous whenever a bicycle appears in sight, and should be avoided by all good riders. We never approach and overtake a horse from the rear without speaking to him kindly and cheerily as we pass, and we recommend our rule to riders, as an unpublished courtesy of the road which it will pay to observe.

Riders should be very cautious when meeting skittish or nervous horses. To dismount in such cases is very little trouble, and may often prevent accident. When the horse re-

alizes that it is only a man after all, his fears quickly subside; the machine may be taken up to him to be smelt and inspected, and after a few kind words and a pat or two, he will proceed on his way, in most cases, thoroughly cured of any dislike either to bicycle or rider. Some few horses have an unconquerable aversion to bicycles, and cannot be cured of it. Drivers of such have only to hold up their hand upon the approach of a bicycle, and the rider will dismount at once and walk his machine past. The unsurpassed enjoyments which bicycling affords to its devotees will, or should be, found to render them careful in the extreme of the enjoyments and safety of other travelers.

The noiselessness of the bicycle should never be forgotten by its rider. The use of a bell or whistle will be found occasionally desirable, but only when occasion calls for it. Pedestrians crossing the street, absorbed in thought perhaps, drivers of express teams and the like, asleep on their seats, and ladies driving and talking, say social economy, entirely oblivious of the fact that they are upon the wrong side of the road, may be the better for a bell or whistle reminder that the bicyclist is at hand; but he should be careful not to allow his very necessary method of alarm to become a nuisance.

In bicycling, as in every other mode of travel, mutual concessions and forbearance are needed. The observance of the courtesies of the road should not be less in the spirit than in the letter; and all riders, while enjoying the delights which their mode of locomotion affords them, should endeavor not to infringe, in the slightest degree, upon the rights and enjoyments of other wayfarers, not so blest as they.

ANOTHER SEA YARN.

All good things must have an end some time or other, but it was not without a feeling of sadness that we contemplated the run for to-morrow, as the last of our pleasant fortnight's companionship. We had arranged to leave Southampton at early dawn; run to Winchester (twelve miles); breakfast there; then on to Alton (eighteen miles), where we were to spend a few hours with some friends; after which we were to run on to London (fifty miles more), and be at our "Club Head Quarters" in time for the regular monthly meeting, which commenced at 8 p. m. I may remark here that this programme was carried out to the letter.

Having, as all good bicyclists should, first removed the dust of the day's journey from our trusty machines, not one of which appeared a whit the worse for the six hundred and eighty miles over which they had carried us during the past thirteen days, we proceeded to array ourselves in a change of clothes; after which we adjourned to the coffee room to await the arrival of Bangs, on board whose yacht we had engaged to dine.

At 5.30, Bangs, usually so prompt, had not appeared, and we commenced to exchange conjectures as to what had delayed him. Five minutes more, and the waiter came in with a letter, which I opened, and found that Bangs was unavoidably detained in London until the next train, which was not due until eight o'clock. He besought us, however, not to let the good dinner which awaited us on board, spoil on account of his absence; but to accompany his skipper, who would be the bearer of this letter, on board the "Eva," and there to dine and wine, and to consider the yacht and everything on board our private and collective property for the time being. Bangs himself would be on board before grog-time, and if we could only "draw his skipper out," we should find him a very

entertaining fellow, and as chock full of sea yarns as an egg is full of meat.

Of course there was only one thing for us to do, and that was to obey; so we joined the skipper below, and a very few minutes found us at the steps, where the captain's gig, manned by two sailors in very wide trowsers, very blue shirts, and with very gold "Evas" on their jaunty tarpaulin hats, awaited us. About twenty minutes' pull down brought us alongside a trim-looking cutter of about forty tons, lying quietly at her moorings, and looking in every respect what we all pronounced her, "a perfect beauty." As this is for a bicyclist's journal, and as all bicyclists are not yachtsmen, I will not linger to describe the "on deck" or the "below deck" accommodations; suffice it to say, all our vocabulary of admiration was completely used up before we took our places at the dinner table. Of the repast,—what satisfaction can there be in making some hungry bicyclist's mouth water? We dined as only healthy bicyclists, fresh from a forty-eight mile run, can dine; and then the skipper came in, dived into some mysterious locker, and produced a box of cigars, with an air as mysterious as the locker itself, and handed it round. This filled our sum-total of happiness, and reclining on the transoms,—such cushions!—each with a corner to himself, and smoking our cigars—such cigars!—with the comfortable feeling which dining well,—but not too well,—affords to good digestions, we each continued for a while in contented silence.

I was not unmindful, however, of our host's suggestion; and as we were all of us always ready for a story, we summoned the skipper, and proceeded, after making the steward bring another glass, to endeavor to "draw him out." In this, for a while, I feared we should not be successful, for the skipper, though very agreeable, very respectful, and at times even jovial, seemed to have some idea of what we were after, and was very guarded in what he said. Happening, however, to refer to our visit to Fowey, and the tale about Askim (see No. 2 AM. BICYCLING JOUR.) which we had heard there, we were much surprised to find that our skipper knew the "old salt" intimately; had sailed with him on many a long voyage, and that before the season closed, it was intended to run the "Eva" into Fowey harbor, and pay Askim's master, and Askim's master's sister, a visit. With regard to Askim himself, our skipper was well acquainted with him, to which fact we were indebted for the following, for, with "Dogs is the curiosest things sometimes," by way of preface, he suddenly turned, and addressing me personally, as though his remarks were of interest to me alone, he thus began:

"We picked up a dog, sir, on't; it ain't much of a yarn, but still I'll reel it off to you jist to show how very accidentally we may sometimes git accounts of ships as is lost, and also to show how sensible these here animals is. We call 'em dumb animals, jist 'cause we don't understand their lin-go, but if the truth was know'd, sir, I think in many cases it's us as is the dumb animals, and them as is the sensible ones."

"I were in the Delhi Clinton, afore the mast, and bound from Liverpool to New York, in the month of July, and, if I don't disremember, in the year 1848. Nothin' very particular happened to us till we got down jist to the west'ard of Cape Clear, when we got a most tremendous gale of wind from the west'ard, bringin' us down to three close-reefed topsails. Like all summer gales, however, it didn't last long, and arter blowin' heavy for forty-eight hours, it moderated, and from that time on, for the rest of the v'yage, we had good weather. As frequently happens with gales in the Atlantic, we had

very heavy sea for two days afore we got the wind, showin' that it had begun far to the west'ard of us, and that it had been more heavy where it begun than it had been with us; or, at any rate, that it had been quite as heavy, and as we went on to the west'ard we had further proof of this, by meetin' with several 'lame ducks,' as we calls 'em; that is, vessels, with loss of spars, standin' in to the east'ard. We seen one big ship with all the three to'gallan' masts gone, and another with no sails on the main, 'cause the main yard were gone; and a brig with loss of main topmast, and so on; so we know'd they must have catched it heavy further out in the ocean.

"We was somewhere along in the longitude of thirty degrees, goin' along on a wind upon the port tack, carryin' all sail, when I were sent up to releather the parrel of the main royal yard. So I lets go the halliard and clews the yard down, and arter steadyin' taut the braces, I takes my palm and needle and my leather, and lays aloft. Of course, as soon as I gits up onto the yard, I takes a good look round, as all good sailors always does, for to see if so be anythin' were in sight, and I seen a sail on the weather bow and one onto the lee beam, and I reported 'em. Then I takes off the old leather, which was all chafed through, and I sews on the new one. Then, afore I lays down, I takes another severe look around, and I sees somethin' a floatin' away onto the weather beam, and I reports this to the deck.

"'What do you make of it?' says the mate, which I were in his watch, his name bein' Williams.

"'It looks like a spar, or leastwise some kind of wreck stuff,' says I.

"'All right,' says he; 'stop up there and keep your eye on it,' says he.

"'Aye, aye, sir,' says I, and then I seen him go into the cabin for to report to the old man, whose name were Funk, and pretty soon he comes out and sings out for to call all hands for to tack ship.

"'Look out for yourself, aloft there,' he sings out, as she comes up in the wind, and the next minute the after yards swung round by the run. Arter we got everythin' trimmed, and the ship onto her course, the mate hailed me again.

"'How do it bear now?' says he.

"'About a p'int on the weather bow,' says I.

"'Very well,' says he; 'come down with it, and see how far you can bring it down.'

"I come down as far as the topsail yard, and could there jist see it; and as we come along up with it, I kep' a comin' down, bringin' it down with me, till at last I could see it from the lower yard, and arterwards it were sighted from the deck. We fetched within about a mile of it, and when it got broad on the starboard beam, it were made out for to be a spar with the riggin' attached, and them as had glasses said as how there were somethin' as looked like a man a-clingin' to it. We stood on till we had it well onto the quarter, and then put her head to the west'ard and headed for it. We passed closealong to wind'ard of it, and there sure enough were somethin' clingin' to it, but whether it were a man or not we couldn't make out. Hows'ever, we hauled up the courses, hauled the flyin' jib down, let the jib sheet flow, and backed the head-yards. Then we lowers a boat and pulls for it. I didn't go in the boat, but when she comes back what did we see in the starn-sheets but a big Newfoundland dog. We hooks onto the boat and hysts her up and then he were lifted out on deck. He were but jist alive, and so weak that he couldn't stand. The steward got some condensed milk and mixed it with a little lukewarm water, and jist fed him

with a spoon, as if he were a infant, and we filled away and went on.

"Arter feedin' him in this here way all through the day and night, giving him jist a little to a time, and carin' for him continually, by the next mornin' he were brought round, so he could stand on his legs and wag his tail, but they had to be mighty careful of him for three or four days afore he got all right. The provokin' part of the business were to find out where he come from. He had a collar onto him, and fastened to the collar were a piece of canvas, which had been writ onto, but all of the writin' were washed out of it, except a part of the fust line, which had onto it, so they said, 'on,' as the two last letters of some word, and then there had evident been the month and the figgers '15.' It were the 21st when we picked him up, and it were the 16th when we had the gale of wind I told you about, and so they made it out that he had belonged to some ship that had been in the gale, and that bein' in great danger they had made this here canvas fast to the dog's collar, thinkin' that maybe he would swim longer than any human on board; but what ship it were, or whether she had gone, or whether the crew had all been lost or had took to the boats, this here dog know'd, but we couldn't understand him. All that could be done we done. We kep' men at the mast-head up to dark of the day we picked him up and again the next day, but we seen nothin' more. All we know'd were that we'd picked him up, and that he'd probably been six days overboard, and were near dead beat. Only but for some riggin' bein' fast to the spar—it were a spare to'gallan' yard, with the foot-ropes onto it, and his paws had got jammed over the Flemish horse, where it crossed the foot-rope—he couldn't have held on, for he were too weak, but he were jammed in sich a way that if we hadn't a picked him up he would have drifted with this spar till a gale of wind come and washed him clear with the sea.

"In a week he were all right, and got to be a great favorite with all hands, but he never seemed rightly at home aboard of us, and I've seen him stand with his fore paws upon the taffrail for hours, lookin' out at our wake.

"We called him 'Bosen,' that's a name dogs ginerally gits at sea, and he were a great pet fore and aft, the cabin passengers bein' especially fond of him, but he were a sedate and a melancholy dog, and never wouldn't romp and go on as some dogs will. It seemed as though he'd got a big scare comin' so nigh drowndin', and that it had sobered him for the rest of his nateral life.

"It were along in August afore we got in, and I took my bag and hammock that time up to a house in Franklin Square. Two days arter arrival, I goes down aboard for to be paid off, though I didn't have much comin' to me; still every little helps, and I went down arter it. In course, I asks arter 'Bosen,' and the second mate told me they'd lost him.

"It seems no sooner had they got a gangway up than the dog walks ashore and goes off with hisself.

"Well, sir, here comes in the strange part of this yarn, and you kin believe it or not, just as you likes, but it's true as gospel. About three days arter that the second mate were up to our house one night, and says he, 'Bosen's come back!' And then he went on to tell me as how, arter bein' away a couple of days, all of a suddint the dog appeared and brung with him a young man, which said as how he were the son of the skipper what had owned the dog, and that his father were Captain Cruickshank, as were captain of the ship Marathon, then overdue from Cardiff, Wales, with railroad iron;

(Continued on Seventh Page.)

"Transatlantic."

Communications, News, Queries, Etc., Etc., from our English cousins, are solicited, and shall receive our best attention.

LONDON TO SCARBOROUGH.

Having heard a great deal about Yorkshire country and roads, I determined to pay it a visit. Accordingly, taking a change of linen in my knapsack, one fine Monday at 11.15, I mounted at the "Brecknock Arms," Camden-road, and made tracks for the land of the "merry millers." After leaving Highgate Archway some little way behind, I came upon the excavators in active operation, and at short distances along the road evident signs of a recent visit of the road-menders, the hill up to Barnet, and most part of the road through the town, being composed of rough stones, and of course unrideable. After great delay on this account, I left Barnet at 12.05; about one mile this side of Hatfield there is a branch of the road to the right to Hertford, and as I did not know which to take, I had to wait until a carter (whom I left about a mile behind) came up. I dined at 1.45 at an inn the other side of Hatfield. Remounted at 2.45, and rode on to Welwyn (25) and arrived at Stevenage (31 1-2) at 4.15, and dismounted to ask my way; was told that I should have to return five miles, but afterwards ascertained that I was right. After having pushed up one or two stiff hills, I passed through Baldock (37 1-4) at 5.20. I had a race with a dog-cart for about a mile and a half, but finally reached Biggleswade (45) before it at 6.10. On riding over the bridge at the other end of the town, I was saluted with a shower of hats, one of which caught in my driving wheel, but being a soft one, it did no damage. I dismounted and took it out, and rode off with it, notwithstanding the terrible threats with which the youngsters hailed me. I afterwards threw it into a ditch, which I think is the best way of punishing these young nuisances to bicyclists, as they lose their hats, and most likely get thrashings from their mothers when they go home hatless. My next dismount was at Girtford, to inquire my way. At a little distance past the 49th milestone at 6.30, as it was dark and began to rain, I put up for the night at the new inn, which I can heartily recommend to any bicyclists who may find themselves in that quarter. The roads, with the exceptions I have mentioned, were very good; the wind west.

Tuesday: After having paid my bill, which was very moderate, I mounted at 8 a.m. and rode through Tempsford (51) where, as in almost every other village through which I passed, I was enthusiastically greeted by the juvenile portion of the community, who were greatly delighted if my wheel passed over their hats, which they would lay in rows for that purpose. At Eaton Socon (55) I dismounted at 8.35, and took shelter from the rain; this delayed me for a quarter of an hour. I then rode through Diddington (59 3-4), Buckden (61) where the Bishop of Lincoln's Palace is situated, Sawtry and St. Andrews (71 1-4). About a mile further on the rain recommenced, and after standing under the trees until they afforded me no shelter at all, I was forced to ride through the storm, and after walking in some places where the road was unrideable I passed through Stilton (75) at 11.30 a.m., and arrived at the inn at Wansford (83 1-2)—which from an old legend is called "Wansford in England"—at 1.25, and whilst dining, partly dried my clothes, as, in consequence of leaving my waterproof behind, I was thoroughly soaked. Remounted at 2.25, and rode into Stamford (89 1-4) at 3.25 p.m., and

was again detained for about half an hour by the rain. After leaving Stamford I was frequently obliged to dismount and walk, as the thickness of the mud and the number of ruts made riding dangerous and sometimes impossible. About the only advantage I derived from this day's ride was, that through the ruts making me so often drop off, I was able from practice to recover myself, when, if I had taken my foot off the treadles, I could nearly have touched the ground with it, and I think that it made me firm seated. I arrived at the "Red Lion Inn," at a village called Colsterworth (102) at 6 p.m., where I had tea, and afterwards spent the evening in the tap-room, this being the only room in the house in which there was a fire. The conversation between the countrymen as to bicyclists, was very amusing—one asking if I could beat a racehorse, and another making a bet with a friend, without asking my permission, that he would ride my machine down a hill without falling off; and upon my declining to assent to the proposition, the would-be rider was very much surprised. The roads, on account of the rain, were in a fearful state, but I heard they were very good in dry weather; they are chiefly composed of limestone, with a little macadam here and there; very few hills worth speaking of are to be met with.

Wednesday: Mounted at 9.15, passed through Grantham (110) at 10.15, and after riding sometimes on a footpath about a foot wide, and (where there was no footpath) upon the grass by the side of the road, as the road was for some distance unrideable, I arrived at Newark (124 1-4) at 12.45, it being fair-day, and the cattle and horses exposed for sale in the middle of the roads through which I passed, I was obliged to walk through the town. After riding along a tolerable road, I dined at Tuxford (137 1-2) at 2.15. Upon remounting at the top of the hill leading out of the town, at 3.15, I met the first bicyclist I had seen since leaving London. I passed through Retford (144 3-4) at 4.05 p.m., and had some refreshment at Barnby Moor (147 3-4) at 4.20. After a delay of ten minutes to oil, at Bawtry (153) at 6 p.m., with a splendid road, and most beautiful views of the surrounding country, I rode on to Doncaster (162). At the race-course the good road ceases, and it is very rough through the town. I left Doncaster at 6.15, and after a ride in the dark, over a road which had just been repaired, arrived at the "Coach Horse Inn," Wentbridge (172 1-2) at 7.45. The roads are as follows:—Colsterworth to Grantham (limestone) rather hilly but tolerable. Grantham to Newark (macadam) under repair for the first five miles, for the remainder good with few hills. Newark to Bawtry (limestone), pretty good. Bawtry to Doncaster almost as good as a cinder path. Doncaster to Wentbridge, very rough and rather hilly. The charges at the inn were very moderate, and the accommodations excellent.

Thursday: Breakfast at 8, gave my horse a rub down and some oil; mounted at 9.30. There had been a heavy fall of rain during the night, and the road being rather hilly, occasioned a great deal of plodding work. I passed over Ferry Bridge (177 1-4) at 10.10, and after leaving Brotherton (178 1-4), on riding down a hill, on what I suppose was meant for a footpath, I ran over one of those ditches which are so common in Yorkshire, and though I did not take a header, yet I broke one of my spokes; and after a great deal of trouble and delay I succeeded, with the help of hammer, pincers and string, in fastening it in, in which state it remained until I returned to London. Tadcaster (190 1-4) was passed at 12.30, and a little further on I was upset by an officious constable for riding on the footpath; I took his number, and he my card, and as I have never heard from him since, I presume he thinks he had better let good alone, as I threatened to summon him

for assault. I dined at the "Fox Inn," 2 miles this side of York, at 1.40, and then rode on to the "White Swan" Inn, York (199 3-4), near Monk Gate, which is one of the old coaching inns, and which I can strongly recommend to bicyclists. For the remainder of the day I occupied myself with going over the city. I was informed that there are not more than six or seven bicyclists in the city, which, considering the size of the place, greatly surprised me. The road from Wentbridge was hilly and bad, but in fine weather would be pretty good.

Friday: Mounted at 10, put up for shelter at the 14th milestone at 11.45, and finally reached Malton (217 3-4) at 12.45. At Rillington (221 1-2) I dined at 1.25, and dried my coat. Just before I reached Heslington (225) it came down in torrents. In the inn at which I took shelter I met two ladies and two gentlemen, one of the former riding and the others driving to London; *they were going to ride about 30 miles per day, and were greatly astonished to hear that I had come from London on a bicycle.* I left Heslington at 4.20, and passed the Duke of Cambridge's shooting party about two miles this side of Scarborough, where I arrived at 6.10, and put up at the "White Horse Inn" (240). The road from York to Malton (macadam) is pretty good, with few hills. Malton to Scarborough (macadam) very hilly and has just been repaired, loose stones being scattered over it.

I stayed at Scarborough for three days, and then rode back to Grantham, where I arrived at 11.45 on Thursday, and came up to London by the 12.59 G. N. R. train, which arrived at King's Cross at 2.05, their charge for the bicycle being 2s. 9d. During this run on account of the bad state of the roads I have been obliged to ride a great deal on the footpaths, but no foot-passenger ever objected to it except the officious constable. I found the drivers whom I met very civil, and if ever upon nearing a risky horse I dismounted, I was invariably thanked for doing so. There is beautiful scenery along the road, and in fine weather the run is one worth making. I rode a 50-inch Ariel, which was afterwards (with the exception of the spoke) none the worse for the fearful jolting and falls it had. The only time I was thrown over the handles was near York, when a horse in a dog-cart bolted straight at me, causing me to run into the footpath, which being about 1 foot high, caused a precipitous dismount, but, as I am usually lucky in bicycling, I came down upon my feet.

FRANK FOWLER.

In London Bicycling News.

The natives of Milton were astonished yesterday by a raid of four bicyclists into that quiet town.—*Transcript.*

Not only astonished, neighbor, but delighted, if we may judge from the remarks of the crowd that gathered round us when we dismounted to bid each other good bye.

One of our number lived at Brookline, another at Jamaica Plain, another at Savin Hill, and another at Quincy. We all left our homes about ten o'clock in the morning, met on Washington St., went for a fifteen-mile run in company, called on those friends who resided along our route, and finished up by eating our Christmas dinners at our respective homes with appetites and capacities for enjoyment and digestion appreciated only by those who ride the iron steed.

If all of our readers will take the trouble to see that the AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL is on sale at their local news stand, the permanency of our issue will soon be assured.

The improvement in the physique of the average American man (an improvement, by the way, which will become more and more noticeable as the practice of bicycle riding increases), is due not only to the growing tendency to athletics, but also to the fuller knowledge which he possesses of the art of living,—the what to eat, what to drink, and what to avoid,—rules which he now puts to daily use.

The American woman of to-day is bravely keeping up in this particular with the sterner sex, and the following, which we quote from the *American Home*, will, we are sure, be read with pleasure by all interested:

Only a few years ago, the traveled American, landing in New York or Boston, looked around in dismay at the pallid faces and slender figures of his countrywomen, and cried out the race was deteriorating in lamentable fashion. The buxom Englishwoman, the large, placid Teuton, and the fair, calm Norlander had accustomed him to a more robust physique, a fuller animal life. Now, however, we have changed all that. The newly arrived tourist makes no comparisons disadvantageous to his own countrywomen. If he has been abroad some years he declares that a marked change for the better has been going on at home, that American girls are statelier, ruddier, handsomer than they were ten or even five years ago. Faces blanched like celery are no longer the standard of beauty. Waists that a pair of tolerably large hands can span are regarded with disfavor. Pigmies and pallor go out, and bloom and *embonpoint* come in.

Diverse causes have been tending to this effect. The old theory that the girl must work her samples while the boys row, and hunt, and fish, has gone down before the assaults of the hygienists, reinforced by what is wisest in human nature.

The national diet, too, has been to a certain degree reformed. The entire abolition of pie impends. Meanwhile, our shopping ladies lunch off oysters and chops, instead of creams and confectionery.

A little more, and we will do away with nerves. A little more ale and a good deal less tea and coffee, and women no longer shriek in hysterics or go into agonies with a trifle of pain.

Out of door exercise—riding, boating, walking—plenty of cold baths, vocal culture, gymnastics, plain beef and bread, loose dress and regular sleep, fewer goodies and ruffles, and less dawdling over the register make up the receipt for perennial youth and persistent bloom.

"I am fifty-four years old," said Fanny Fern, a little while ago, "and I don't feel as if I were a day. But I drink ale—no tea nor slops—and eat beefsteak, and take plenty of exercise."

As showing the hold which bicycling has taken upon the public, not only have all the leading dailies inserted in their columns favorable, and sometimes, even flattering notices of the AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL, but we have in many cases been honored by having our articles quoted at length, and duly credited to our columns.

This is the sort of weather (Jan. 4th, 1878, 6 P. M.) when the "Young Man afraid of his Bicycle" takes "Syphax" by the button-hole, and with fiendish exultation whispers in his ear, "How about that narrow-gauge horse of yours now, eh?" And then Syphax looks at him in the same manner that he regarded that letter in the *Transcript*, and they pass on,

At last, Jan. 4th, 1878, exit bicycles, enter sleighs and double runners. Bicycling rinks are now in order,

Correspondence Column.

(Continued from Twelfth Page.)

ED. AM. BICYCLING JOUR. :—Please allow me a few lines to convey my compliments to “C.” who rode and wrote the “Forty Miles in Four Hours” in your first issue. I envy him particularly his head and eye for locality and topography, which are so useful to a bicycler. Though I come next after him in the alphabet, and am abreast of him in fondness for our pedalian engine, a certain mental defect leaves me far behind in the aforesaid faculty. He takes in the leading features of the landscape and its details at a glance, and no “water-shed” can begin to slope slyly enough to evade him. As for myself, I confess to not being able to tell a water-shed from a whiskey-shop, except by the sequent effects; and topography may be rightly spelt topergraphy for all I know. Nevertheless, do not think me a hard drinker from my way of expressing myself. Quite the contrary; I drink easy.

D.

ED. AM. BICYCLING JOUR. :—I do not approve of the vagaries of the “cheeky” writer in the *Globe* recently, but would note that he omits to allude to one thing that is much to the purpose of his odd manifesto. It is that Dr. Holmes has already sung with great *eclat* about one sort of bicycle, (—and so is a hand-cart!) “The Wonderful One-Horse Shay.” This, and the fact that the doctor has been in and inspected the real things on sale, leads up to the hope that he may respond to the loud though impudent call upon him. Ask him to obey the spirit of his own declaration on a recent occasion :

JAGY.

Answers to Correspondents.

LINDLEY MURRAY :—You may be right. “Bicyclist” may be perhaps considered a slang word in the same sense that “walkist” is. But we do not think that it quite follows, that, because “walker” is correct and “walkist” is not,—therefore “bicycler” is correct and “bicyclist” is not. There is no such word as “bicyclist” in the English language; a new word had to be coined, and we know of no reason why the terminal “ist” should not be preferred to the terminal “er.” We know of no better criterion in making the choice than harmony of sound. We are inclined to think that now that the word “bicyclist” may be considered fully adopted, the word “bicycler” ought to be considered slang.

UNION, N. H. :—(1) Write to EDITOR BICYCLE JOURNAL, or to EDITOR BICYCLING NEWS, London, Eng. (2) We do not think you will find the rules of the English Bicycling Clubs quite suited in all respects to our requirements on this side the Atlantic. You will gain much valuable material from them however, especially from their Road Rules. We hope that before our next issue the Boston Bicycling Club will be formed; and we propose, with its permission, to present to our readers, its Constitution and By-Laws in full.

XERES, N. Y. :—We doubt whether Keen, the champion, could be tempted to leave London, unless on a *certainty* of large remuneration. A match between the two however, would be quite interesting. Why not publish your challenge in our paper, of which Keen sees each issue?

RAPID TRANSIT, VA. :—We have turned your letter over to Cunningham, Heath & Co., who will doubtless attend to it.

OUTDOOR EXERCISES.

A privileged friend, who has the *entree* to our sanctum, glancing over the proof of the extract from the *American Home* on our fifth page, remarks:—“When I first came to America from England, over twenty years ago, the first thing that struck me unfavorably, as I took my first walk on Broadway, New York, was the tall slender figures and pale faces of almost every one I met. The careworn, anxious expression, also, was at the same time indelibly impressed on my memory, and is a painful recollection to this day. I do not think,” he adds, “that this appearance of the people was specifically characteristic of those of New York, as in proceeding west, I noticed the same peculiarity, in other cities. Whether I have become accustomed to the American physique, or whether a marked change for the better has occurred within a few years, I cannot say, but am inclined to think that the latter is the case, and that you are right as to the causes to which you attribute it.”

He adds further:—“But there are reasons peculiar to this country, and especially to the more settled and developed states—Massachusetts, for instance,—which discourage the expectation that the same general love for and practice of out-door sports and exercises will ever be as marked a feature of American life as it is now of English life. One of the chief of these is, the utilitarian and economical arrangement of roads, and the division of the land into small blocks or estates; the dusty, or muddy, or snowy (according to the season) uniformity of our walks and drives; and the almost entire absence of pleasant footpaths across fields and meadows, through shady woods and noble parks, by gentle streams, or over unfenced downs; in all of which the contrast with England, particularly, is so marked; and there are serious drawbacks to American out-door life. In the neighborhood of large cities particularly, the efforts of the past seem to have been to drive nature away, and to make topographical features as artificial as possible.

“It took me a long while,” says our friend, “to get reconciled to being deprived of the beautiful country walks and drives (and particularly walks) I used to enjoy in England. Around my native town an endless variety of such walks were to be found! and almost as great a variety in each walk, and this without trespassing on any one’s rights. Time honored foot-paths in all directions. Paths that were short cuts to avoid roads lying at right angles with each other; others to avoid tiresome hills; or to avoid the roads altogether. And all sanctioned and protected by law, after a few years public usage, no matter how the use of them had been originally acquired.

I remember an ancient park attached to the castle of one of England’s greatest Dukes; a park miles in extent each way, and spreading over hill and dale in the boldly undulating South Down hills; across this park public foot paths extend in every direction, and proper entrances and exits have to be provided in the massive stone wall that encloses the grounds. I know of paths sacred to the public, that cross the lawns in front of aristocratic mansions, and pretty near to them too.

Fierce quarrels and law suits frequently arise out of disputed footpaths, and there is hardly anything about which the people of a rural neighborhood will oppose a wealthy and influential neighbor as the footpaths they have been accustomed to tread.

Talk about the sacredness of Boston Common, of the “Dollar of our fathers,” about which we have been hearing a good deal of late,—the veneration of English people of all classes for the walks and roads of their childhood is beyond the comprehension of an American, and it is genuine.

But our friend was evidently riding a hobby, so we had to cut him short, and perhaps may give him a chance some day to thoroughly ventilate his views, that is, if he is careful to adopt them to our pages.

(Continued from Third Page.)

that his mother, the Captain's wife, were a-livin' out in Flat-bush, and that they had been astonished at seein' 'Bosen' come home two days afore, and had made sure that the Marathon had arrived, fust off, till they got the papers next mornin' and found she hadn't; and that then they didn't know what to make of it, but the dog seemed so uneasy and seemed so much to want some of 'em to come along of him, that at last he had got onto the outside of a horse and started with him, the dog takin' the direct road down through Brooklyn and the ferry, and had brought him right to the ship, as much as to say, 'This here is the ship I come home in, and if you asks them they'll tell you all about it.'

"Accordin' it were all clear, the 'on' onto the canvas which were fast to the dog's collar when he were picked up were the two last letters of the ship's name, and there weren't no doubts but what she had gone down in the gale of wind what we'd had the tail eend on.

"Well, sir, I found out arterwards that they had giv' the dog to our old man, but it weren't no use, they couldn't keep him aboard of the ship, 'cause he would continually run away and go back to his home in Flatbush, evidently determined never to go to sea no more; in which he show'd himself to have more sense than humans has, as will continually keep gittin' nigh onto drownded, and yet will still keep on goin' to sea again, whereas this here dog, havin' got out of one bad scrape, weren't fool enough to try it again."

At this moment we heard alongside a shout of "Aboard the Eva," and, ejaculating "Here's the Cap'n," our skipper disappeared like a flash up the companion.—*Adapted from Hunt's Yachting Magazine.*

POETS AND THE BICYCLE.

Longfellow's Recent Poem on the Potter's Wheel—The Fancy of a Bicycle Enthusiast—Who will write the First Bicycle Poem?

To the Editor of the *Globe*:—SIR: The *Globe* having been the first here in any considerable editorial mention of the present bicycling movement, may allow one of its pioneers, speaking for the rest, too, to touch upon some of its literary bearings. As we expected, much has been written since on both sides of the question; but we were not prepared for the idea that one of our chief poets would take a hand in it. Hence our surprise was great, though brief, upon looking at the poem by Longfellow in a December Monthly to find that it apparently began as if inspired by the modern bicycle. One incongruous line only in the opening stanza was against it; and upon reading further we were disappointed to find that it was all about pots and platters, and jugs and things—quite superfine in its way, but not what we had been led to expect. The expressions in those first lines are so closely and continuously descriptive of the bicycle that it was hard to believe it the result of accident, and we were puzzled for an explanation. A young friend of ours who rides the vehicular horse in the direction of Cambridge, and who happens to be acquainted with Mr. L., volunteered to ask him about it. The poet kindly stated that he had indited certain fragments of verse on bicycling, but, not pursuing the subject, had used them, slightly altered, in his poem on the potter's wheel and its products; and that our friend was welcome to the verses as they originally stood, most of which he would find in the waste-basket. He added the remark that the action of the pedalian Pegasus was rather too much for him. Thus we are enabled to present them to your readers, and if there is any breach of confidence or propriety, that

young man must bear the brunt of it. Firstly, a couplet, now in the body of the poem with a change of only two words:

"Bicycling heart expands and sings,
The pulses leap, the feet have wings."

This, we can tell you, admirably expresses the *labor ipse voluptas* feeling of the *rider*. Then the whole stanza which now, with two lines rewritten, begins the poem Keramos:

"Turn, turn my wheel! Turn round and round,
Without a pause, without a sound;
So spins the flying world away!
This rapid steed that cannot stand
Follows the motions of my hand;
An iron Centaur, we ride the land,
Though partly made of clay."

Now here is a good beginning, by an eminent hand. Who will take hold and complete it, and so produce the first bicyclic poem? No one could do it like Mr. L., and we are really sorry that after getting well started he should have lost confidence and fallen off—and among some crockery, too! He should have tried the literal thing first, before the literary. He once wrote an "Excelsior," (very notable for its hill-mounting quality), and why should he not ride one? His name would seem to indicate an ability to span a glittering diameter of the largest size. A course of gentle practice with the actual thing would probably have toned up his imaginative system to wheel an airy and prolonged flight on the "pedalian Pegasus," instead of skimming the surface of the ceramic enamel.

We venture to affirm that the first-rate bicycle is itself a poem in mechanism—horse and vehicle condensed into one almost sentient creature, and its action the poetry of motion, under a skillful rider; and that its peculiar charms and potencies await their adequate celebration. Who is the bard that will build the lofty rhyme and lay on the language? Something in the manner of Poe in "The Bells" might do. Perhaps Dr. Homes will give us a lift; *nil tetigit*, etc. We would not insist on verse; his prose has poetry enough, and science to boot. About fifteen years ago appeared a magazine article of his, illustrated by cuts, on "The Human Wheel, Its Spokes and Felloes," treating in detail of the muscular movements in the act of walking. In it he says: "Man is a wheel, with two spokes, his legs, and two fragments of a tire, his feet. He rolls successively on each of these fragments from the heel to the toe. If he had spokes enough, he would go round and round as the boys do when they 'make a wheel' with their four limbs for its spokes. But having only two available for ordinary locomotion, each of these has to be taken up as soon as used, and carried forward to be used again, and so alternately with the pair." Thus nature seems to have made man to move as a wheel, so far as was consistent with her other purposes, and left it for art to complete the work by mounting him upon the bicycle, which is essentially but one weel. As the idea which the Doctor then set forth is now so fully embodied, and commends itself to the eye of both science and imagination, we suggest that it would be "in order" for him to give us a second chapter, on "The Human Wheel," etc., or Every Man His Own Locomotive Engine.—J. G. D. in *Boston Globe*.

Now is the winter of our discontent. No yachting, no skating, no sleighing, no coasting, and last, but not least, no bicycling.

The bicycle race which was to have taken place in New York last week, and in which Mr. Booth of this city was to have been a competitor, did not come off.

The American Bicycling Journal.

The American Bicycling Journal will be published every other Saturday, at noon: Our country readers will much oblige by reporting any failures in delivery.

All communications should be addressed, and all moneys should be sent to, Editor American Bicycling Journal, 178 Devonshire Street, Boston, Mass. To ensure priority of insertion, all communications should reach us not later than noon on Tuesday preceding publication.

The American Bicycling Journal will be sent to any address, in the United States, or Canada, Postpaid, for one year, for \$2.50, paid in advance.

We will forward single copies of this Journal, postage free, on receipt of price—Ten cents.

As soon as the demand will warrant it, we propose publishing an edition each week, for first year. A new subscription rate will then be made—which, for the first year—will not affect those whose subscriptions have not expired.

All communications must be accompanied by the real name and address of the author—not necessarily for publication—but as a guaranty of good faith. We cannot undertake to read anonymous letters, or to return rejected contributions. Write on one side of the paper, only.

BOSTON, JANUARY 19, 1878.

NOTICE.

To the Public, and to the Trade.

The AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL can be obtained through the New England News Company, Court street, Boston, Mass., and by all newsdealers throughout the New England States.

The American News Company of New York City, will fill orders as received, from News Dealers, throughout the U. S. and Canada.

The public generally, should find the AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL on sale, at their local news stands.

THE PRACTIBILITY OF BICYCLES.

To our English cousins the notion of any one, in this latter half of the nineteenth century, inquiring whether the modern bicycle is "practicable," would seem extremely ludicrous. In this city, however, the question is even yet often asked, and perhaps when we consider how novel the new aid to locomotion is to most of us, the question is not so surprising after all. A comprehensive answer would be found in a recommendation to the enquirer to subscribe for the AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL, and, by perusing its columns, to ascertain for himself. But even that would possibly, in some cases, fail to carry conviction with it. Where such is the case there is only one way in which we can hope to satisfy the enquirer, and that is, to defer the reply until next spring, and then let facts speak for themselves.

These gentlemen who were bold enough to order, and fortunate enough to obtain, their bicycles last autumn, have no hesitation when answering such queries; and the affirmative-

ness of their replies, is most usually marked by decision and emphasis; for, to the average bicyclist, there is not a little to annoy in an exhibition of what he would term,—such exceeding stupidity.

When we consider that the bicycle, as an aid to locomotion, has been in general use in Europe, for several years and that travellers have been constantly passing to and from each continent during that time, it does seem—to say the least—peculiar; that a greater amount of information, respecting the capabilities of the "light horse mechanical" has not been more widely diffused in this country. It will be, however, but a very short time hence, when such questions will be as rare as an enquiry as to the practibility of—a Goddard buggy, for instance—when, even the rustics will be too knowing to need any such information, but will concentrate their faculties on the much more important problem of how to become owners themselves.

A machine which employs thousands of skilled mechanics; millions of dollars capital; and specially devised, and most costly machinery in its production; which has travelled into the remotest corners of Europe—as well as, more or less, through the remaining quarters of the globe,—must of necessity be "practicable," or these things could not be said of it. For some reason,—most difficult to conceive,—our own country is only just beginning to become awake and alive to the manifest desirability of its adoption here;—but that adoption is becoming each day more and more an accomplished fact, and the time is rapidly approaching when an enquiry as to its practibility will not even be dreamed of. Perhaps one of the most convincing of replies to such enquiries which we could offer, is to be found in the following statement which appeared in the columns of the Boston Advertiser, a few days ago:—we quote verbatim:—

"A gentleman, who has used the bicycle for pleasure and health during the past six months, reports that he has ridden nearly 1000 miles in that time, over *all sorts of roads* in Massachusetts and New Hampshire. His machine has been subjected to severe strains, and has carried him successfully through many a friendly race with horses. According to Thompson's cyclometer, the number of revolutions made by the front wheel of his machine during that time is 388,000, and by the small rear wheel nearly 1,000,000. The machine is apparently in as fine running order now, as when imported; no part of it has at any time been out of repair, and the total running expense has been *thirty cents*, paid for a quart bottle of lubricating oil, had from a wholesale druggist."

Only machines of the finest workmanship and best of steel, will bear such use, and buyers are cautioned to select prudently from the variety of makes in the market."

The gentleman who penned the above is known to us personally. He first began to use the bicycle to repair his health, which had been much impaired by close confinement and attention to his professional duties. After six months he writes the above; his professional duties have been, and are to-day perhaps, more arduous than ever, but thanks to the bicycle, he performs them with ease, and it is extremely doubtful whether, in all New England, a man in more perfect health, or in the more complete enjoyment of what we have before termed "the luxury of living" can be found. We well remember one of the "friendly races" which he refers to, when, on a sweltering day in August, he ran on his bicycle, from New Ipswich to Mason Village, New Hampshire;—beating the four horse coach which runs between those two places, by five minutes. The distance was four miles—about—and the roads hilly, and trying in the ex-

treme. To conclude what some bicyclists may deem an unnecessary expenditure of argument:—

The Bicycle is practicable, innumerable benefits result from its use, and its enjoyments are, in the large majority of instances, unapproached; in all, unsurpassed.

With this number of the AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL we announce our subscription rates as promised. We find this to be desirable in the interests of our readers now that our circulation has assumed proportions to warrant it. The already great, and continually growing interest in the bicycle and its riders, is sufficient evidence to justify us in hoping that we may—in our role of the first permanent periodical publication devoted to bicycling interests in this country—be enabled to enlarge our sphere of usefulness, and to make what of value there may be found in us of more and more importance to those interested. No efforts on our part shall be spared, and we shall esteem highly the encouragement and co-operation of our readers.

A CHALLENGE.

In another column will be found a challenge from Mr. Chas. A. Booth, which will, in all probability, not be allowed to remain long unanswered. We are not in favor of trials of that kind of skill known as "trick riding," which is a species of exercise for which the modern bicycle is not fitted,—and which has in fact not been practiced by professional bicyclists for many years.—But Mr. Booth's challenge for a trial of speed and endurance has in it the ring of the true metal, and we commend it to the notice of those who may consider themselves fitted and reply to it.

The following paragraph was crowded out of our last issue:—

Although the full and complete enjoyment of the modern bicycle requires the open air and change of scene which touring alone can give, and although such enjoyment can only be in part experienced within the confines of a rink, still, for learners always, and for more experienced riders during the snow season, a rink would be doubtless found a great convenience. We understand that Messrs. Cunningham, Heath & Co., the well-known importers of English Bicycles, are making arrangements for a suitable location, and with a well known professor of bicyclic art, and propose shortly to open to learners and the public a commodious rink for the benefit of the riders of the iron steed, and it is said that Prof. W. R. Pitman, of velocipede fame, is to assume the management. From what we have heard of the ability of this gentleman, we should think the undertaking could hardly be placed in better hands.

The Bicycle Riding School, referred to above and in our Advertising Columns has been a great success. Prof. Pitman, not less by his skill than by his gentlemanly and obliging demeanor, has become a great favorite with the riders; and Boston, thanks to his exertions, can boast to-day of quite an army of more or less expert bicyclists, all of whom will doubtless be seen upon the roads next spring. It is no unusual thing to see some of our oldest and most esteemed business men smoking their after-lunch cigars, and looking on with much enjoyment at the efforts of the tyros to master the tyred steeds. Tumbles without number of course occur; but the learners all take them very good naturally, and join in the laugh occasioned by their own inexperience, while, every little while, some of the gentlemen who keep their own machines at the school during

the continuance of snow, indulge in a mount, and gratify the lookers on with their graceful gyrations.

Bicycling Itinerary.

Under this heading we propose in each issue to give a description of at least one practical Bicycle route. Riders are invited to contribute to this column, always bearing in mind that their descriptions of the road should be concise and accurate.

ROUTE NO. 2.

Commencing on the asphalte at north end of Columbus avenue, and thence to Milton Lower Mills (7), as per Route No. 1. (See No. 2 AM. BICYCLING JOUR.)

From Milton Lower Mills bear to the left along Adams St., good natural road, to Codman St.; thence to the right along Codman and Minot Sts. to Neponset (8 3-4); to the right over the Neponset River, wooden bridge, to Atlantic St., down which, to the left, along a capital gravel road, continue to Squantum St. (8 7-8); to the left along Squantum St. to Squantum point. Whole distance to the Old Squantum House being 10 3-4 miles.

The roads of this route are, on the whole, good; but the bicyclist will probably have to dismount two or three times after passing the road leading to Squantum Heights, and also for the hill just before reaching the Old Squantum House. Minot St., except in very good weather, will be found rutty; but the magnificent water view at the journey's end will amply compensate for such slight drawbacks.

Professional Bicycling.

The *London Sportsman*, gives an account of the One Mile Bicycle Handicap,—in which some of the best riders in England competed. The race came off on Thursday, Dec. 27th, at the Molineux Grounds, Wolverhampton, with the following results.—

FIRST HEAT.—Sankey of Wolverhampton (with 170 yards start), beat Webster of Birmingham (160 yards start), by five yards. A grand race, time 3 min., 16 1-2 second.

SECOND HEAT.—Whitehouse of Birmingham (200 yards start), beat Favell of Northampton (160 yards start), very easily;—time not given.

THIRD HEAT.—Agnew of Wolverhampton (140 yards start), beat Smith of Wednesfield (185 yards start), by five yards; with a very pretty finish;—time not given.

FOURTH HEAT.—Patrick of Wolverhampton, (155 yards start), beat Jameson of Birmingham, (115 yards start), by nearly his starting distance;—time not given.

FIFTH HEAT.—Bradley Keen of London (75 yards start), beat Leeming of Wolverhampton (145 yards start), very easily;—time, 3 min., 25 sec,

SIXTH AND SEVENTH HEATS.—(Which were amalgamated), resulted in Phillips of Wolverhampton, (60 yards start), and Best of Willenhall, (170 yards start), beating Gibberd of Darleston, (200 yards start), with ease;—time not given.

EIGHTH HEAT.—A. Patrick of Wolverhampton, (95 yards start), beat I. Patrick of Wolverhampton, (185 yards start), and then,—amid intense excitement,—beat the Champion, John Keen of London, who started from scratch. Keen was beaten by fifteen yards;—time, 3 min., 10 1-4 sec.

IN THE SECOND ROUND.—Phillips beat Agnew after a smart rally, by five yards; time 3 min., 36 sec. R. Patrick beat Whitehouse easily, by twenty yards; time 3 min., 21 sec. Bradley Keen beat Sankey by three quarters of a yard, in 3 min., 24 1-2 sec. Best beat A. Patrick, very easily, and this led to the final heat, in which the following was the result:—

Bradley Keen, of London,	75 yards start,	1
R. Patrick, of Wolverhampton,	155 " "	2
Phillips, of " "	60 " "	3
Best, of Willenhall,	170 " "	4

Keen figured in the rear till about 400 yards from home, when, making one of the most magnificent spurts ever seen, he sailed in the easiest of winners, and secured the first prize, (about \$200), by ten yards;—time 3 min., 20 sec.

Boston, Jan. 12th, 1878.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL:—I noticed in your last issue a notice which stated that I was ready to ride any man in this country a bicycle race for \$500 or \$1000 a side, but that I had not mentioned any distance.

In order that the public and everybody interested in bicycling may more fully understand my challenge, please insert the following in the next number of your journal:

I, Charles A. Booth of Boston, will ride any man in America a Bicycle Match, any distance, from 5 to 50 miles, for the sum of 500 dollars or 1000 dollars, within two months from the day of signing "articles." Each man to be allowed to choose his own style of bicycle, and no restriction in regard to the size of the wheel. The match to be ridden upon any fair road which may be agreed upon, or in a hall if one can be found large enough; and I will allow expenses for any man to ride the match in Boston, and take expenses to ride in any other part of America. Any bicycle rider who wishes to make this match, by forwarding the sum of \$50 forfeit to your journal, can be accommodated.

The second match I want to make is, that:—I, Charles A. Booth, will bet \$1000 to \$800 that I will do more "Tricks" and Fancy Riding upon a Bicycle (no restrictions as to pattern or style) than any other man in the world, within one month from signing "articles," and any trick rider who wishes to accept this challenge may make a match by sending \$50 to your journal, which I will immediately cover.

Signed, CHARLES A. BOOTH,
Champion Bicyclist,
14 Lagrange street,
Boston, U. S.

We extract the following from the *Sunday Globe*, by which it appears that the race in which Booth was to have competed did not come off, but that he was not secured as a competitor. This is to be regretted, for doubtless Booth would have given De Noielle a much harder task, and the match would have been much more interesting. The appended time is not particularly good, but a "clay track" is sufficient reason therefor. New York if it adopts bicycle racing had better establish a cinder path without delay.

A FIVE MILE BICYCLE RACE.

The five-mile bicycle race between William de Noielle, the champion, and Professor William Miller's unknown, which took place at Gilmore's Garden, New York, was for \$300 and the championship of America. At the time Miller made the match he expected to secure the services of Charles Booth of Boston, who claims to be the champion of America. Miller failed to secure Booth and was left in a quandary. A

P. Messenger, Professor William C. McClellan, and the other New York experts refused to meet the champion. Miller finally engaged Charles Dusenbury, who assisted to train O'Leary, the pedestrian, in his recent 500-mile walk. Dusenbury is twenty-one years of age, stands 5 feet 8 inches, and weighs 144 pounds, but had never engaged in a public contest. De Noielle is about 40 years of age, stands 5 feet 10 inches, weighs 160 pounds. De Noielle rode a bicycle made by himself, an exact copy of the "Eclipse" bicycle, manufactured by John Keen, the champion of England. The driving-wheel measured 56 inches, and its weight was thirty-four pounds. Dusenbury rode a similar machine, with a 52-inch wheel. The race was looked upon as a certainty for De Noielle, he having defeated all aspirants for the championship, and there was but little betting. The men went off to a flying start and Dusenbury took the lead, which he maintained under sufferance. The track was soft clay and hard going. De Noielle soon went to the fore. In fact it was plain to those who understand how to drive the new style of bicycle at full speed, that the unknown was not in the race. De Noielle sat perfectly erect and kept alongside his opponent without any apparent exertion. At the finish Dusenbury passed De Noielle, a foul ensued, and the latter received a bad fall. The judges decided De Noielle the winner. Appended is a score of each man's miles and the times thereof:

DE NOIELLE.	M. S.	UNKNOWN.	M. S.
First mile	3 24 1-2	First mile	3 57 1-4
Second mile	8 02 1-2	Second mile	8 03
Third mile	12 21 3-4	Third mile	12 27 1-4
Fourth mile	17 01 1-4	Fourth mile	17 01 1-4
Fifth mile	—	Fifth mile	21 32 3-4

John Keen, the champion bicycle rider of England, issues a challenge to ride a bicycle race against any man in the world, from 1 to 100 miles, for £50 or £500, and the championship of the world.

William De Noielle, the champion bicycle rider, states that he is ready to arrange a match to ride any man in America half-mile or mile heats, or any distance from one to ten miles for \$100 to \$500 and the championship of America. He states if Booth of Boston wants the championship he must win the laurels before he can wear them.

THE Sunday Globe ON BICYCLE RIDING AS A COLLEGE STUDENT'S PASTIME.—The American colleges, more especially Columbia, Harvard, Yale and Princeton, are following in the footsteps of Oxford and Cambridge universities in boating and athletic sports. It is suggested that the colleges should now introduce bicycle riding. The new styles of bicycles in this country are the same as those now used in England. They are not like the old, heavy, wooden machines of ten years ago. The bicycles now in use can be rode on any track or athletic grounds, and experts cover a mile in 3.30. Bicycle riding is not only beneficial, but exciting sport. Oxford and Cambridge have their annual bicycle meeting for the championship. They attract large crowds, and great interest is manifested as to whether the Light Blue or the Dark Blue will win the championship. Sir John Keith Falconer and Sir Henry Wyndham are representatives of these colleges, and classed as the fastest bicycle riders in England, outside of Keen and Stanton, the professional champions. If Harvard, Yale or Columbia would induce bicycle riding, before two years hundreds of collegians would be seen mounted and competing in this branch of athletic sport, and bicycle contests for the championship would create just as much interest as the recent foot-ball match between Princeton and Yale.

"Common folks" will probably greet the foregoing with a grin, while the literati will regard it with feelings of greater or less intensity. The writer seems to presume upon the clemency of Mr. Longfellow, but is careful to treat the Doctor with entire respect, as he is known to carry his case of satirical instruments always about him. We reprint it with

misgivings, and under protest as to some of its features. The stuff is a variegated piece; indeed, that yarn is, as Shakspere calls the web of our life, "a mingled yarn, good and ill together." What is said of the bicycle itself we heartily concur in. The application, too, of the wheel-idea originating with Dr. H. is worthy of being further developed as a fact in nature, and no joke. Also, while we conclude the writer to be, by hand and foot, one of the original promoters here of our movement, we deny his right to speak in such a way for the rest of us. We cannot uphold any one in thus driving his high bicycle in among the magnates on the literary boulevard, smashing their porcelain for his own purposes, and implicating us in it! We hope ere long to excite especial notice and action at Harvard College, but hardly wish their attentions to begin by a mobbing and "hazing" us for supposed outrage on one of the revered heads of the institution. The other danger impending,—the avalanche of verses from bad poets,—as a result of that effusion, we will boldly meet. We have procured a basket of enormous capacity. Paper is something a pound. No MSS. returned.—[ED.]

A MEDICAL OPINION.

The following from Dr. W. M. Whittaker, is in reply to a letter of enquiry, written by one of the medical fraternity of Boston, and has been handed to us, with permission to publish. We welcome it gladly to our columns.—[ED.]

VALENTIA, KERRY, IRELAND, Jan 2d, 1878.

MY DEAR SIR:—I received your letter of the 20th December, this day, and have much pleasure in replying to it.

It is now two years and three months, since I began to ride a bicycle. In that time I have ridden many hundreds of miles, over all sorts of roads. Some of my rides have been very long, and some very rapid, but I have never sustained any injury, beyond slight bruises from occasional falls. I have often been told,—but never by a bicyclist, nor by any one having had experience in bicycling—that it was an exercise apt to cause Hernia, Hemorrhoids, Varicose veins, Vairicocele, Heart disease, Spinal affection, &c., &c., &c., but such has not been my experience, nor have I ever known a case in which any of these diseases has arisen from the exercise of bicycling.

I am satisfied however, that the abuse of this exercise—or of any other—will produce evil consequences; but approached by degrees and taken in moderation, and in some cases with certain necessary precaution, I consider bicycle riding, as an active exercise and manly pastime, to be as safe and as unobjectionable, as any other out-door active sport.

No man should attempt to become a bicyclist, unless he is perfectly sound in every respect, nor should he attempt long and trying rides, until he has thoroughly developed the particular sets of muscles, which are called upon for the greatest exertions. Another precaution is not to ride too long without dismounting and walking a short distance, or otherwise resting, and very long or very steep hills should not be attempted.

In some cases a broad belt will be found of great assistance and support to the abdominal muscles, and above all, *abstinence from Alcohol*—in any shape—while riding, should be strictly enjoined. The larger proportion of bicycle accidents can be traced to the use of alcohol and the consequent unsteadiness of head and limbs. I am also opposed to long runs, and consider thirty to forty miles a day the outside limit of distance for most men.

The bicycle has become quite an institution in this country, and in England, and the demand for machines increases yearly. Every town of note boasts its bicycle club.

I do not consider the mounting and dismounting to be more apt to cause Hernia, than the same acts of mounting and dismounting from a horse. The motions are almost identical.

No one should ride soon after a meal, nor on an empty stomach, "*immedio tutissimus ibsi.*"

I think this covers the points you raise in your letter; if there is any other points on which I can afford you any information. I shall be glad to do so to the best of my ability.

I am decidedly of opinion that bicycling—in moderation—and judicially practised, is,—for a healthy man, one of the pleasantest, most exhilarating, and healthiest of exercises or amusements; as safe as any, and safer than some which are neither so manly nor so beneficial.

It is only where it is undertaken by men physically unfit for it, or by those who abuse it, that it becomes detrimental to health. I have done a good deal in encouraging the art among my friends, and all express with me, the same opinion. You may make what use you please of this letter, and pray do not hesitate to command me again if there is anything in which I can be of further service. I remain, my dear sir, Yours faithfully.

W. M. WHITTAKER, M. D.

A DEBATE UPON BICYCLING.

On Thursday evening, the 26th ult., a debate took place at the "St. Mary's Institute and Reading Room," Woolwich, on the subject "That Bicycling is the best form of Recreation." The Hon. and Rev. A. Anson, rector of Woolwich, presided.

Mr. C. Hartley, of the Kent Bicycle Club, opened the discussion in the affirmative. He said that bicycling was not, perhaps, as a bodily exercise superior to walking, and as a mental recreation it might be inferior to chess; but as an employment embracing both mental and bodily exercise, it was superior to walking, football, chess, cricket, and all other pastimes. Bicycling was innocently exciting without being unduly dangerous, and hence a good deal of its popularity. It also brought the whole of the human frame into play, for in good bicycling, both arms, legs, head and back were employed to a greater extent than in any other form of recreation. Mental activity was also compelled. One great advantage of bicycling was that it rendered a person thoroughly independent, and in this respect it was only equalled by walking, over which it however possessed the advantage of enabling one to travel at three times the speed with as little muscular exertion. Bicycling was not, as sometimes thought, difficult to learn, for he rode to Greenwich and back at the third day's practice. It was also stated that it was dangerous, but he had only met with one accident since he had learnt to ride, and even that might have been avoided with ordinary care. Then the speed and the distance which might be ridden on a bicycle could only be equalled by steam power. A bicycle cost nothing to keep, and there was no danger of its running away if left outside whilst the rider called on a friend. Kent was probably the most beautiful county in England, and its delightful scenery might be viewed to better advantage and with greater ease by means of a bicycle than by any other method of locomotion. A correspondent of the *Times* advised spending a holiday with a phaeton and ponies, and declared that he had travelled 350 miles in a month's tour. On a bicycle one might go all round England in a month, and also have time to pay a visit to France. The last point which he would urge in favor of bicycling was, that it afforded recreation to the body and mind, and also enabled one to see a good deal of the country, and learn something of what may be seen in different parts of England. To illustrate this he described a tour which he had lately made through Kent, and said that he learnt more in the four days thus spent, than a person would by playing at cricket and football in a lifetime.

Messrs. Browne, Lockwood, Martindale, Newton, Henderson and Willoughby took part in the discussion, and opposed the motion on behalf of other pastimes. The Rev. R. T. Lowe said he thought Mr. Hartley had made good his case, and after the latter had replied, the votes were taken, when six voted for the motion and seventeen against, Mr. Hartley being the only bicyclist present.—*London Bicycling Journal.*

Correspondence Column.

In opening our columns to correspondents, we do so in order that all pros and cons which may be worthy, shall be fully ventilated. We do not, however, identify ourselves with any opinion which may thus appear herein.

The Murder out at Last; Why the "Young Man" is "Afraid of his Duplex Excelsior Bicycle."

EDITOR AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL.—The experience of your various correspondents has been so interesting to me, that I am tempted to write you of one of the diversities of a bicycle run in regions "distant, secluded and still" with the hope of repaying some of your contributors for the pleasure they have given me. On the occasion of which I am about to speak, I was taking a spin along a solitary road, not more than a thousand miles from the "great American centre of civilization," when I chanced to observe a buggy ahead, which was taking such an erratic course, that I feared something had happened to the driver. I therefore quickened the motion of my extremities, as our rustics are wont to say, and started to overtake the vehicle in front of me.

Being forgetful of the fact that my machine was perfectly noiseless, I neglected to signal to the driver of my approach, and judge my astonishment when I found I had ridden, without warning, alongside of a pair of lovers, in the Fejee Island position of "rubbing noses," which I do not say was *not* the occupation of these young people. I also noticed that the young man's left arm seemed disabled, since he drove with the right, and having in mind the parable of the good Samaritan I immediately said, "Sir, is your left arm injured?" The occupants of the buggy started as if they had been shot; the young man disengaged his left arm, which I now saw was protecting the young lady from some imaginary danger, seized the whip, and belabored the unconscious horse; and the young lady held her pocket handkerchief over her face, evidently to protect her eyes from the glare of the sun, which I noticed had reddened her face considerably. I quicked my speed, and still kept at their side, anxiously questioning them as to the cause of their strange, not to say impolite, behavior; but received no reply to my queries.

Then it occurred to me that perhaps these young people would prefer to be left alone, and acting upon this idea, I wished them a pleasant drive, passed them, and soon left them far behind.

Perhaps, Mr. Editor, I should have acted more wisely, if I had not mentioned this occurrence, since an evil example is said to be contagious; but I have since thought that the driver of the buggy aforesaid, *may have been*, the "Young man afraid of his Duplex Excelsior Bicycle," and it therefore seems only a charitable course for me to show that there is, at least *one* valid reason for his timidity, and that it may be possible that the young man is not so wrong-headed as some of us may have supposed.

ROMANCE.

EDITOR AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL:—I regret to take issue with you so soon, but your remarks in No. 2, under the head of "The Weather," compel me. You there say, "We doubt if ever winter so glorious as this visited us before." I too doubt,—but my doubt is of a different kind: I doubt

whether a winter more unseasonable visited us before. I doubt whether the medical fraternity ever experienced such a *profitable* season; and whether colds, sore throats, diphtheria, influenza, catarrh, and the whole host of like diseases, ever ravaged among our soft-muscled, furnace-riden, and indoor-enervated population with greater severity. Of course the habits of the people are even more the cause of this state of things than the weather; but then, it is the people to whom the weather is sent. It is the people who, no matter whether through ignorance or not, have to suffer; and therefore, no matter if they are soft-muscled; no matter if they are furnace-riden; no matter if, from breathing vitiated air in their places of business all day, and equally vitiated air in their homes all night long, they are enervated; it is the *people* who will bear me out when I say that the winter of 1877 was NOT "glorious," and that when you say so, you,—well, you palpably pervert the truth; or at least what nine-tenths of the people regard as such.

In this connection I may perhaps as well remark that I am constitutionally subject to sore throat and colds, and that hitherto I have had to succumb to one of them at least once during the winter. I must acknowledge, too, that I have not had the slightest symptom of any of the above complaints during all the trying weather through which we have been passing; but what, Mr. Editor, is the reason? The reason is, that as I write this I feel that my muscles are of the consistency of leather, that my lungs are sound as "nuts," that my whole mental and bodily capacity is as fifty to five in comparison with what they were a year ago to-day. Though not so fat as I was, I weigh more; and it is all due, as I tell my friends, to my being a bicyclist. Were it not for that happy fact, I should now be coughing, and groaning, and growling with the best—or worst—of them; but since last September there has not been a day but I have ridden my bicycle from one to thirty miles, mostly in the open air, and also, as I tell my friends, look at me now!

I tell you, Mr. Editor, the winter *has not* been glorious, except for the bicyclist; and to him, provided roads are decently smooth, all kinds of weather, all seasons, all times and conditions, partake of the glory which He who sends, fitted us to recognize and enjoy.

When you (speaking in the abstract, and as of the people) style the weather we have passed through "glorious," you deprive me of one of the strongest arguments which I can bring to bear upon those who know me, to join me in the practice of the bicycling art, and, aided by its healthful and invigorating exercise, to become as I am, which is not, though perhaps you won't believe me,

A GROWLER.

[Really, Mr. Growler, we are very sorry, and it shall not occur again.—ED.]

(Continued on Sixth Page.)

Our thanks are due to Mr. Alfred Howard, editor of the *London Bicycle Journal*, and to the Honorary Secretaries of the following English clubs, for copies of club rules and various other favors received:

Worcester Bicycle Club;	Brixton Bicycle Club;
Buckingham " "	Sunderland " "
Sussex " "	Canonbury " "
Temple, London " "	Richmond " "
St. George's " "	Blackheath " "
Tower Hamlets " "	Kent " "
Redditch Bicycle "	

GULF OF GENOA AND THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

I arrived at Avignon on Monday, Dec. 18, after a long railway journey, which I had broken, however, by a ride from Paris to Provins by a road which I have described before (Sept. 15th), and then to Montereau, 22 miles further. The road was muddy to Provins, but much drier afterwards. From Montereau to Avignon I went by train, and on Tuesday, 19th, left that town for Marseilles.

The first five miles as far as Bonpas, where the Durance is crossed, was very stony and muddy. Then the road became better, and after a few more miles, very good, until Aix was reached, when it again became muddy and sticky. From Port Royal to some distance beyond Aix it was hilly, then the country became very stony, and a number of quarries were passed. From here to Marseilles the road was very muddy, and paved for the last 2 1-2 miles. The distance from Avignon to Marseilles is 60 miles.

I spent the night at the "Hotel de Marseilles," and the next day started for Toulon, 40 miles. The road was level, but very muddy, to Aubagne; then came a long ascent through a narrow gorge, after which a long downfall, followed by a slight ascent, to Guges, where I stopped for luncheon. After leaving Guges the road went up-hill again, and then followed a fine descent most of the way to Toulon, the latter part of the road being up and down a little.

Thursday, 21st—I left the "Hotel Victoria" at Toulon in the rain, and went to Hyeres. On leaving Toulon there is a long hill, but then it is level most of the way to Hyeres, 11 miles, fairly good road. After Hyeres the road was a mere lane, very narrow, with two ruts about 8 inches deep, filled with mud and water, the whole road being ankle deep in mud. After spending 1 1-2 hours in trying to get along this road, I returned to Hyeres in 1 1-2 hours more, had luncheon there, and then rode back to where the road to Cuers joins the Hyeres road, about 4 miles from Toulon. Then I rode on to Cuers in a storm of hail, which came on most unexpectedly—the last two miles having to be walked, as the road was completely covered with new stones, which made riding impossible. At Cuers, 13 miles from Toulon, there was only a very dirty little inn, where I had my clothes dried and then went on in the train to Cannes, as it was getting dark and I had been told by a carter that the road to Cannes was almost all the way covered with stones. Although this was probably an exaggeration, I had no wish to prove it by riding along the road in the dark.

Friday, 22d—I stopped all the morning in Cannes, and in the afternoon left there ("Hotel de la Place") for Monaco; the weather having changed and there being a bright sun, the journey of 35 miles was very different to the 35 miles that had employed me all the day before. The road is neither flat nor very hilly to Nice. Then comes a very long ascent to Turbia, and then a long descent to where the Monaco road turns off to the right, then a few ups and downs lead to Monaco. This last bit from Turbia had to be ridden slowly in the dark, as the road was very stony.

Saturday, 23d—in the morning I rode to San Remo, 30 miles. The road is hilly except at Bordighera, and all the way the new stones were very troublesome. The road from here to Genoa was mended with round pebbles. Next day I rode to Alassio, 30 miles. The road is rather flat to Onelia, half way; then comes a long ascent and descent, then a flat piece, followed by a long uphill, and then down most of the way to Alassio.

Monday, 25th—Alassio to Genoa (60) a good road and free from stones to Finale (15), then 15 more miles to Savona, also good. After luncheon at the "Hotel Suisse," I started for Genoa (30), the first 25 being bad, and the next 5 perfectly unrideable from mud and stones. In places wide streams, swollen by the late rains, crossed the road, and to avoid them it was necessary to carry the bicycle over small plank bridges which were intended for people on foot, a difficult thing in places, as there were often steps at both ends of the bridges.

On Tuesday, 26th, I left Genoa ("Hotel Feder") and went along a very bad and hilly road; at Recco there was a long ascent, then down to Rapallo, where I had luncheon. Then to Chiavari it was hilly, but a better surface. From Chiavari to Sesstri Levante flat but stony. Distance 35 miles on this day. Here the "Hotel Europa" was shut up, and as there was no other I went on to Spezzia by train.

On Wednesday I rode in the afternoon to Areola, and then caught the train again at Sarzana. The only drawbacks were the enormous quantities of new stones, the rain on two days, and the mud which was to be found about half the way, the rest of the road being generally good, except as regards new stones, but as these were waterworn and round they did the tyres no great harm.

When in the train I saw that the road from Montereau toward Lyons was good, except 15 miles to Sens, which was paved; the latter part I did not see beyond Dijon, as it was dark. From Lyons to Avignon it seemed a fair road.

Here I saw, in a Lyons paper, that a certain M. Marius Ferdinand, of Marseilles, had ridden from Marseilles to Lyons, a distance of 225 English miles, in 12 hours, riding throughout at the rate of 30 kilometres (18 3-4 miles) an hour. A Frenchman who showed it to me was perfectly certain that it was true, so it was useless to try to convince him to the contrary. I could only say that M. Ferdinand would make his fortune if he would repeat his performance in London.

From Pisa to Civita Vecchia the road would have been fair before the stones were put down, but the country is thinly inhabited.

From Rome to Florence appeared rather a rough road, from Turin to Mont Cenis, fair. On the French side it was promising, but looked stony in places; on the upper part near the tunnel it had a good deal of snow on it, and probably at the top would have been scarcely passable.

I found a bag fitted in the front wheel a capital way to carry luggage, the only objection to it being the necessity of packing it while in the wheel.

The machine itself was one made by Sparrow, and carried me as well as it did in the summer, when I took it to Pontresina. It has a large spring, with a bag fitted inside it for clothes. The weight of these two bags, together with a shoulder bag, lamp, &c., made some difference to my pace.

The country, especially between Nice and Savona, is very fine. Finer weather than I met with may be expected, as this winter has been an unusually wet one.

T. WILKINSON.

In London Bicycling News.

Bicycling clubs are projected in several places in the suburbs, and "meets" promise to be popular and numerous next spring.—*Transcript.*

"Young-Man-Afraid," etc., must "put up or shut up."—*Transcript.*

That's so! Both times.

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1-4 "	"	" "	4.00
One inch,	"	" "	2.50

Special terms will be made for continued insertions.

CUNNINGHAM, HEATH & CO.

Have opened for the accommodation of their customers and for learners, a

BICYCLE RIDING SCHOOL!**22 PEARL STREET, BOSTON.**

Open from 9 till dusk, each day. ☎

Ample space and competent instructors. Lessons—50 cents each; or 12 for \$5. Admission, without lesson, ten cents, or ten admission tickets for \$1. Gentlemen owning bicycles can keep and use them in this school during snow season. Terms moderate.

Teacher and Manager,

Prof. W. R. PITMAN,

CHAMPION OF MAINE.

OLD QUANTUM HOUSE,**North Quincy, Mass.****WARREN REED, - - - PROPRIETOR.**

Bicyclists will find the "run" to this well-known hotel one of the best out of Boston. The roads are uniformly good; and, by way of the numerous routes which can be chosen, the scenery will be found delightful. The

"BICYCLISTS' TEA,"

Consisting, as in England, of Tea, Toast and Eggs,—ad lib., will be supplied to Bicyclists (when in parties of four or more) at fifty cents per head. Dinner, beds, etc., at shortest notice, and at equally reasonable prices.

Lock-up Rooms for Bicycles. Billiard-Room, Bowling Alley, Etc., Etc.

The proprietor will spare no pains to make this well-known house the favorite resort of the riders of the "Iron Steed."

**Pratt's Railway Hotel,
EAST MILTON, MASS.**

One of the finest runs the Bicyclist can take is to the above house, good roads and beautiful scenery from every direction.

The Accommodations,

Cuisine, etc., of the above house are too well-known to need referring to here—but the proprietor would wish to inform the touring Bicyclist that no effort shall be spared to render this house the most desirable of all stopping places throughout the Boston suburbs.

THE RESERVOIR HOTEL,**BEACON ST., BROOKLINE.**

(Three minutes walk from Reservoir Station on the Woonsocket Division of the B. & A. R. R.)

S. P. HUMPHREY, Proprietor.**B. F. BURGESS, Clerk.**

This well-known hotel is close to the Chestnut Hill Reservoirs—the superb roads round which offer the most charming rides to the Bicyclist which can be found in the State. Bicyclists will be afforded every accommodation at moderate charges.



IMPORTED ENGLISH BICYCLES.

CUNNINGHAM, HEATH & CO.,

Are now prepared to receive orders for
DUPLEX EXCELSIOR,
CHALLENGE,
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CENTAUR, **COVENTRY CHAMPION,** **ALBERT,** **SUSPENSION,**
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AND ALL OTHER MAKES OF STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS MACHINES.

Intending purchasers are directed to send in their orders at once, the demand in England being so much ahead of the supply that it has been found impossible to get orders for **FIRST-CLASS** machines, of average sizes, filled in less than from two to four weeks from the date of receipt by manufacturers.

By telegraphing per Atlantic Cable, a fortnight can be saved, and C. H. & Co. are now preparing a special code with the manufacturers for that purpose.

C. H. & Co. intend eventually to keep all the first-class machines in stock, but at present, for reasons stated above, they can only supply purchasers in rotation, as their orders have been, or may be received.

Western, Southern and Canadian purchasers are informed that, pending the establishment of Branch Agencies; their orders should be forwarded to C. H. & Co., direct, who will give their favors special attention.

Price lists will be forwarded on receipt of application, with which stamp should be enclosed.

CUNNINGHAM, HEATH & CO.,

IMPORTERS OF ENGLISH BICYCLES,

178 Devonshire Street,

Boston, Mass.



Vol. 1. No. 4.

Boston, February 2, 1878.

Price 10 Cts.

BICYCLE CLUBS.

One of the most enjoyable features of bicycling is the Club system. Almost all our athletic sports have, in some form or other, availed themselves of the many advantages which are attached to such a system, and to it is due, to no inconsiderable extent, the great increase of interest in athletics of every description, which has grown upon us of late years, and which still continues to grow, until at last we are not without hope that, as a nation, we are not after all so far behind our more ancient relatives in this particular.

A federation of individuals for the purpose of extracting from some particular sport or mode of exercise, a greater amount of benefit or enjoyment than could be otherwise obtained, is a practical example of the old adage that "Union is strength." Without such federations many of our national pastimes would merely languish, instead of being as they now are, in the heyday of strength and usefulness; and in some cases they would not even languish, but would inevitably cease to exist. What eminence (not to say pre-eminence) should we have attained as a Yachting nation, had it not been for the influence of the Yacht Club system?

The existence of a pleasure fleet which in itself represents an expenditure of millions of dollars, which plows the waters not only of our most secluded bays, inlets and rivers, but frequently of the remoter seas, which gives its thousands of men more or less constant and remunerative employment, and furnishes the wherewithal for many a modest home, is one of the facts which in itself demonstrates certain of the advantages of the Club system.

There are few indeed of our pastimes, or of those of them which are entitled to the term "national," in which the same system has not been adopted, and in which its good results are not readily seen. Our national existence in fact, our strength, standing, and influence as a nation, what are they all but results of the Club system, gigantically applied. This great American nation, in all its pride and power, is simply an immense Club, and the "declaration" on which

its constitution is founded, distinctly sets forth one of its objects to be, "the pursuit of happiness."

In a variety of ways the other and lesser clubs strive for leadership in the same pursuit, and we are glad to add, in the majority of cases with reasonable success.

When our English cousins adopted bicycling as a national pastime, they were not slow to avail themselves of the club system as a means of procuring for their new exercise the largest influence, and widest adoption, and for themselves individually, enhanced enjoyments. The success they met with is sufficiently indicated by the fact, that in England to day, there are upwards of two hundred bicycle clubs, fifty of which have their headquarters in the city of London.

With such an example before us of the successful working of the club system, as applied to bicycling, the formation of a club in this city, became with the adoption of the bicycle, a foregone conclusion. All that was needed was a sufficient number of machines, and of gentlemen to own and ride them.

These conditions are now amply satisfied, and in another part of our paper we publish the proposed By-Laws, Rules and Regulations of the "Boston Bicycle" Club, which will be submitted for adoption at the organization meeting, shortly to be held in this city.

Of the rules themselves it is not our intention now to speak. The gentlemen who compiled them, had the advantage of copies of most of the principal English club rules to work from, and the document which they have produced is certainly the result of careful and painstaking labor. Whether its provisions cover the whole ground, or not, can only be ascertained by practical test.

Having received from our trans-Atlantic friends so much of guidance and support, it is certainly becoming in us to endeavor to return the compliment; this we opine will not prove difficult.

The weakest point in the English club system, is its lack of cohesion in the clubs which form it. The *esprit du corps*, admirable as it doubtless is, has appeared to develop in the

English clubs so much of rivalry, and to have checked so much neighborly feeling, that, when occasions have arisen where the best interests of the pastime demanded that the clubs should act in unison, this lack of cohesion has become painfully apparent, and has operated certainly not to the good of the cause. Of all pastimes to which the club system is applicable, that of bicycling the most urgently demands perfect harmony in the relations which one club bears to another. The attainment of this in England, is now beset by many difficulties,—in our own case by none at all.

The Boston bicycle club may possibly be in existence before this meets the reader's eye, and once the ball is set rolling, the formation of clubs throughout the country, wherever bicycling is practicable, is only a matter of time.

In all probability the colleges will be the first to follow. New York City will not be far behind; and then, by degrees, other clubs will be formed, until finally, even a village without its bicycle club, will be the exception, and not the rule.

Now, in the formation of all these individual clubs, let their ultimate federation be kept steadily in view. While the uniform of each club may be as distinct as possible, the by-laws should be—if not fac-similes of each other—at all events framed with the same general intent and meaning. In the matter of bugle calls or whistle signals, no club should differ in the least from the others, and as the bicyclist is essentially and emphatically a tourist, every club should be at all times ready to receive duly authenticated members of other clubs, to make them welcome, furnish them with advice, and to render practical assistance should such be required.

With such a club federation as this, operating harmoniously, and developed perfectly, it would not be improbable that our cousins across the water, might not only admire, but by taking a leaf out of our book, reimburse themselves to some extent, for the many leaves we have—with their cordial permission certainly,—stolen from them.

WE SUPPOSE THERE IS NO ROYAL ROAD to experience, any more than to learning, and editing a bicycling paper like riding the bicycle itself, can only be properly and satisfactorily accomplished after more or less of trial and tribulation. Our last issue, (No. 3) represents for us a sufficiency of both. The sickness of our publisher, and his consequent inability to examine the forms before they were locked up, may account for the various misplacements, omissions, and errors, which that most unfortunate number contained, but we feel keenly that we have no right to expect our readers to accept any such excuse. Our printer has urged that the devil is more or less to blame. We hope he is, and that our readers will give that devil his due, and forgive us for that which we were unable to avoid, and which, we shall hope, will not occur again.

We will pass over such errors as would naturally be corrected by the reader in perusal, and ask him, or her, to supplement the article on page seven, "Poets and the Bicycle," with the remarks beginning "Common folks," &c., on page ten.

Very tall men are not unfrequently loose of joint, and slack in fibre; bicycle riding will strengthen their joints, and harden up every muscle in their bodies; but to get the best effects from their exercise they should be careful not to choose too high a machine at first.

A PREMIUM.

When we first published our subscription rates, we had not contemplated any such supplement as the offer of a premium for subscribers. We have, however, received from readers so many letters of advice on this matter, backed by more or less sound reasoning, that we are induced to look at the subject from their point of view, and to endeavor to meet their wishes, in a way which we hope will not only be satisfactory, as far as they are concerned, but will tend to advance the cause we have at heart, viz.: the introduction of the bicycle and its adoption as a means of locomotion throughout the land.

We do not propose to offer any chromos, nor do we seek to make any great display in words; we simply seek to enlarge the circulation of our paper, and to that end:—

For every one hundred prepaid subscriptions which may be brought to us, by any one individual, on or before the first day of May next, we will present

AN IMPORTED ENGLISH BICYCLE

of any make or description which may be chosen, the cost of same not to exceed

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS,

as per January price list of Cunningham, Heath & Co. To those who may bring a less number of subscriptions—providing such subscriptions exceed twenty in number—we will present a draft on C., H. & Co., for one-fourth of the whole amount, to be allowed in the purchase of a Bicycle. This offer to stand till May the 1st, only.

These remarks, had they been printed in their proper place, on page seven, would have sufficiently indicated the misgivings with which we inserted the article itself, and were intended to stand as an excuse therefor.

The commencement of our "Correspondence Column" on page twelve, and its *continuation* on page six, was most provoking; but, as though it was not sufficiently so, that "devil" (we suppose it was he), brought the communication signed "Iagy" to a most lame and impotent conclusion by omitting altogether its concluding sentences. Had not its "hind wheel," so to speak, *come off*—bringing it to a most untimely and unseemly stop—the couplet from Dr. O. W. Holmes' poem at the Maga Whittier's banquet would have closed the paragraph thus:

"I'm a florist in verse, and what *would* people say
If I came to a banquet without my bouquet?"

Apropos to this is the following squib from the *Globe* of Jan. 15th, which we insert, although we venture to doubt the authorship suggested by the initials:

THE YOUTH AND THE BICYCLE.

A certain young man, for his physical,
Has been out and bought him a bicycle;
He is careless and rash,
And its treating him "hash,"
This hasty young man on his bicycle,

Says he, you acephalous bicycle,
I shall fling you away for a tricycle,
Have a *tertium quid*,
Or it cannot be rid,
Says hasty young man off his bicycle.

O. W. H.

CROWDED OUT.—Owing to the large amount of space occupied by the By-Laws, Rules and Regulations of the Boston Bicycle Club, we have been compelled to omit several interesting articles, and other matter intended for this number. Included in this is an amusing and graphically written narrative, entitled "A bicycle ride on the Great Wall of China," which will appear in our next.

While earnestly recommending our metal-some horse as a means of exercise, we would remark particularly that he carries in himself his own physical, moral, so to speak, in the notable fact that the bicycle is itself a standing—no, a *running* example of the benefits of activity. He is constitutionally liable to fits, has “the falling sickness” unless kept continually moving,—but then is ever and over-full of life and iron energy. Unlike the horse on legs, he is not a *stable* horse except when on the go. This line from Virgil expresses it as aptly as if written for the purpose: *Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit cundo.* That is, he lives by motion, and gathers strength as he goes; and the same would apply nearly as well to the rider. For the rider however, the following quotation is the one that condenses into four words the whole gradation of his experience with the machine: *difficilis, facilis, gracilis, jucundus!*—which we need not translate. We would also remark upon the *shape* of our favorite “animal,” that it is certainly very deficient in the hindquarters as compared with any of nature’s own, except the giraffe, which it much resembles in contour up to the point where the immensely elongated neck begins its towering course toward the zenith. We confess our inability to draw any moral, physical or otherwise, from this; but there is the fact, and “Facts are stubborn things.” We merely advise our readers always to ride the bicycle in preference to the giraffe, as far cheaper and safer.

The sympathy of all bicyclists has been freely accorded to Mr. Brown, whose unfortunate accident will be remembered. Some would-be riders were exceedingly sympathetic also after their fashion; and the energy with which Mr. Brown, even while suffering intense pain, replied to them, “*No sir! that* bicycle is NOT FOR SALE!” must have astonished them. Many of our readers will be glad to hear that Mr. Brown is progressing favorably, and looks forward to soon bestriding the tyred steed again. His broken leg he considers entirely due to his own carelessness, and to no other reason.

A statement appeared in several of the Boston dailies, to the effect that a “bicycle meet” would take place at Chesnut Hill Reservoir, in the afternoon of Tuesday, Jan. 22d, and quite a number of our citizens assembled there to witness the event.

No meet took place nor had such an event been contemplated by the gentlemen whose names (much to their astonishment), had been mentioned, and those who went to Chestnut Hill to witness the event, returned home disappointed. Our daily contemporaries cannot be too careful in admitting announcements of this nature into their columns, nor in verifying the authority on which they are made.

On Christmas day last, four riders agreed to take a morning run together. Two lived in the southern and two in the western suburbs of Boston, each one’s residence being at least two miles from that of the other; the rendezvous was Washington street, Dorchester. Now, as Washington street is four miles long, such an appointment must seem to the non-bicycling reader, somewhat indefinite. To the interested, however, there was nothing indefinite about it; each rider left his house and mounted his iron steed at the stroke of ten, and the result was that the quartette met about midway on Washington street,—each one arriving there almost precisely at the same moment,—and at once proceeded for their run as arranged. We mention this incident as an instance of how the use of the modern bicycle revolutionizes some of our ideas. A rendezvous four miles long is certainly, to say the least, a novelty.

Correspondence Column.

In opening our columns to correspondents, we do so in order that all pros and cons which may be worthy, shall be fully ventilated. We do not, however, identify ourselves with any opinion which may thus appear herein.

MR. EDDITOR OF THE BISICKLY PAPER.—I was jist from sea, bein round Bosting to the sites, I was to the divil fish, the Seafollopod, sich folly to fech divils from the sea, wich is too menny on land afor, an I ax yr pardon to say you be one of em, seein as one of yr mates, bluddy son of a land-lubber, is bin and inviggled me. He hocust an shanghide me above one of them for-an-after’s o’yourn, them bisickly floppercedes, there wussen enny sea monstirs, nor the land sharks! There two cranky craft for me, she hove on her beem ends evry tack, an it goz agin all my notions the lines of em, and the way there rigd—an the hellum up aloft on the mane truck! I’d ruther the job o’reeving signal halyds to the masted or double reef topsls in a hurrykin, or lay outen the jiboom a picchin under billers as runs “mounting hi.”—Shakespar. To make a short story long to cum to a end, the flopperseat she run onto a cobble stone reef which I was piched outer the mane top, an feched up inter the Hosspiddle. The docters mate he says it is a common minoot fraction of me leg, I call it a uncommon and big un—dam meddical up-pinyuns, he says me trubble was all along o’treating the bisuckle to be a wussel, wich he says it is more like a animil and very xlent xercise—a animil! sich a creetur, so garnt, his stummicks in his back bone, an allus emte, so fant he carnt stannup! says I mussent rite enny more, from

JACK SALTY.

Answers to Correspondents.

“FELLOW BICYCLIST,” London, Eng.—(1) The bicycle movement is as yet in its infancy here,—but is growing rapidly. Boston suburban roads are, as a rule, quite equal, and in some cases, superior to London suburban roads—IN GOOD WEATHER—in bad weather they are not so good. We are in midst of our bad season now, and it is only semi-occasionally that a run is enjoyable or even practicable.

(2) There is not, at present, any opening for a bicycle maker here. Eventually there will doubtless be a better chance! We should not recommend you to come over here with a view to engaging in the bicycle business, unless your means are sufficient to render you independent of work for at least one year.

Will keep your communication on file, and if opportunity offers, will give you further information in a future number.

C. W. L. New York.—We do not quite agree with you. For exercise, Central Park offers great advantages, while for “runs,” such reads as the coach route to Pelham Manor and several others we have travelled over, would be, in good weather, not only well adapted, but very pleasant.

T. C. W., Norfolk, Va.—All roadsters have breaks and rubber tyres. The average life of the tyre is said to be four years. When worn out they can be replaced with new ones at small expense. For touring, foot rests and leg guards are necessary, and nearly all machines are fitted with them, without necessity of special order. Cunningham, Heath & Co., though in this building, have no connection with this paper.

"Transatlantic."

Communications, News, Queries, Etc., Etc., from our English cousins, are solicited, and shall receive our best attention.

GOING TO THE DERBY.

I had never been to the Derby; never seen a horse race at all, in fact, and must confess I did not feel overburdened with curiosity about the subject, notwithstanding the tempting and glowing descriptions of sundry friends of mine, who would as soon think of missing the Derby as—as—Bother! Somebody suggest a suitable *simile*, please, as I am at an utter loss for one adequate to express such an awful departure from the ordinary course of nature, as certain people seem to consider non-attendance at the Derby. I do believe they consider me a heathen and a reprobate, because I had never taken any interest in the matter. However, last Derby day having nothing better to do with my time, I determined to go, merely for the sake of saying that I had been, and looked of course to my machine to convey me to the field of action, otherwise this narrative would be very much out of place in these pages.

By dint of severe cogitation over the map of Surrey, I succeeded in striking out a new route likely to avoid the traffic. At 9 o'clock on the morning of the eventful day I wheeled out and mounted my 56 inch bicycle.

My place of abode is Richmond, Surrey, so striking direct for Kingston, I was shortly in the thick of the fun of the road. At first, riding was rendered rather perilous and extreme caution necessary, owing to the excitement of some of the drivers of the vehicles of every sort, kind and description, from the lordly drag to the humble coster's barrow, all gay alike with bright dresses and flaunting veils, to say nothing of bright eyes.

Of course I had to run the gauntlet of an enormous amount of chaff, which I repaid in similar coin as best I could. Certain people, determined, I suppose, by any means, by hook or crook, not to be left behind, resorted to the most amusing and ingenious shifts and expedients. One party in particular stamped itself on my memory, and makes me laugh to think of it to this day. It was an Irish family; the lord and master in a battered white hat, decorated with the regulation dhudeen, whip in one hand, and a bottle of the "crittur" in the other, sat with wide-spread gaitered legs on a gigantic hamper, which formed the box-seat of an extra smart coster's barrow, in the shafts of which strode an ancient and ragged pony, while a frisky young donkey in front, harnessed tandem fashion, capered along to the tune of half a dozen sleigh bells. On the back seat sat Pat's better half, with a swarm of orange-sucking children, waving aloft in triumph an old temperance banner, which contrasted ludicrously with Pat and his bottle. They were escorted by a troop of yelling tatter-demalions on donkeys, some of them riding side-saddle, others perched on the roots of their animals' tails. The most comical part, however, of the picture was the broad, good-humored grin, which was, as it were, stereotyped on the broad and beaming countenances of the whole tribe, from Pat's own red face even down to the long visages of the poor belabored mokes; as for the pony, I am certain he must have been borrowed for the occasion from the worthy Mr. Punch, of No. 85 Fleet street.

Once past Kingston I was out of the traffic, and bowling along a splendid undulating road at 18 miles an hour, a pace

which brought me to Leatherhead (12 miles) at 10 o'clock. After manifold enquiries I succeeded in finding the right road to Walton-on-the-Hill. It follows the Dorking road for about one hundred yards or so, then turning to the left by the church, takes the right hand branch, where the road forks. It is five or six miles from Leatherhead, very nearly all against the collar, and in parts rather stiff. After going uphill for over a mile out of Leatherhead, there is a short descent, rather steep, which must be taken with care, as round a bend at the bottom is a gate across the road, which runs (the road, not the gate) through the field. I got about half-way across, when I had to beat a hurried retreat, pursued by a warlike bull, which I just managed to escape by slamming the gate at the other end of the field in his face. Afterwards the track becomes very narrow, barely broad enough for a single cart; winding between green fields and cultivated grounds, now and again through a corner of coppices and woods, and anon skirting a scattered farm, but nearly always ascending. The surface was very good indeed, and in spite of the hard uphill work, I had had such an enjoyable ride that I was sorry when I arrived at Walton, which, though barely five or six miles from Leatherhead, took me nearly 50 minutes.

I put up at the first inn on the left; I forgot the name, but was made very comfortable. There is a large clean yard behind convenient for bicycles. Walton was very quiet. Indeed, no one would have guessed it to be but two miles from the grand stand, if it had not been for an occasional dust stained pedestrian passing through on his way from Dorking or Betchworth.

A very pretty walk across country, partly over the Downs, took me to the course. After all, the Derby is worth a visit, if it is only for a glimpse of the varied emotions to be seen, as the eventful moment draws near, depicted on the anxious countenances of all around. Avarice, fear, rage, suspense, disappointment, triumph, they were all there, they and a thousand others; sometimes one predominating, sometimes blended together like the ingredients in a good old Christmas pudding. As for the race itself.—A distant shout "They're off?" a murmur like low thunder swelling nearer and nearer; a hurtling rush round the corner, like a party of wild huntsmen in some marrow freezing tale told in the dim twilight; a tear up the straight, and the Derby of 1876, and some millions of money were won and lost.

As I was strolling Walton-wards across the enclosure, after the great race, whom should I come upon but my acquaintances of the morning, the Irish family and their donkeys, seated around their hamper, while on their broad good-tempered faces was depicted such intense appreciation of the good things that hamper contained, as did one's heart good to witness. After seeing all there was to be seen, I walked back to Walton, made a first-rate dinner, for which I paid a moderate price, and set off for home. It was easy going down the hills to Leatherhead. A cautious inspection having convinced me that the pugnacious bull, who in the morning had objected to my intrusion, had departed, I passed across the field in safety, and was soon in Leatherhead; 50 minutes afterwards I arrived safely in Richmond, no incident of note occurring to break the journey.—T. H. L. (W.B.C.) in *London Bicycle Journal*.

The "Excelsior" Bicycle which has been on exhibition in the store window of Farwell & Reed of No. 7 State St., has proved such an attraction to the passers-by, that the efficient and courteous police officer, whose beat is there located, has had his hands full to preserve a thoroughfare for the use of those whose engagements would not permit of a stop. Mr. Reed's sketches of the various phases of mounting, etc., have proved only second in attractiveness to the machine itself.

TWO HUNDRED MILES WITHIN 24 HOURS.

Having determined on attempting the above I thought I should be favored in two respects in the past week by having long days, and a moon at night. From Monday I anxiously watched the "glass" and wind, but did not find the two favorable until the 23d ult., when both obliged me, the former by rising and the latter by dropping, so I immediately resolved to start for Norwich, and get as far back as possible within the time. Precisely at midnight I mounted my 52 ncher outside my friend's at Stratford, and making a *detour* for good roads through Forest Gate and Wanstead, reached Buckhurst Hill, 7 1-2 miles, at 12.30, where I saw my old fellow-traveller, Mr. J. Bonnick, who had walked out to see me, and promised to ride some 50 miles down to meet me coming homewards, for which I felt very thankful, as I had no prospect of company otherwise. Without stopping I rode over the loose road through Loughton, and just managed Golder's and another stiff hill on towards Epping (15-mile time, 1.17), where I ran suddenly into a wet and heavy fog, which continued more or less to Harlow, 21.

Passing several sleepy carters I made Bishop's Stortford, 37 miles at 2.15, and here at an unreadable sign-post near the railway turned to the left (which was right), but seeming to enter the town thought myself wrong, retraced my way, and as I afterwards found rode about 2 1-2 miles towards Dunmow, but not seeing Stanstead as I expected returned to the cause of my mistake, the sign-post, near which I fortunately saw a lamplighter extinguishing the gas, and he directed me along the road I had first taken, so after a few seconds for oil I pelted on to Newport (42) with the extra caused by my error, passing here at 3.25. Now getting quite light I amused myself by chasing the rabbits which would race along the road in front of me, but I found they were a little too good for me at half a mile, though I might have beaten them at anything over. So racing rabbits and observing birds and milestones I arrived at Newmarket (my 65th mile) at 5.15. Here the only beings observable were some dozen or so of jockeys exercising their racers—not Keen's or Stanley—and I dismounted next to a cottage by the 60th stone, and fed for 10 minutes on biscuits which I had brought, and washed them down with half a pint of tea and milk, my first drink. At 5.25 I remounted for Barton Mills and Thetford over a very loose and monotonous road, reaching the last named place, 83 miles, at 6.55, and thinking it time for breakfast carefully scrutinized the chimneys of every inn for any sign of smoke, and at last found the people up at the Angel in the Market place, and they most obligingly lit their fire at once, and in 20 minutes, while I was oiling up and washing got me a good breakfast, which so pleased me that I promised to be back to dinner at 1.30, as they said it would be ready then. Riding off at 7.55 with a light N. W. wind for Norwich, I passed Larling Ford (91) and found the road on to Norwich very wet and soft from recent rain. I also saw two bicycle tracks hereabouts, which were evidently made since the rain. On I went through Attleborough (98) and Wymondham (104) and near Hethersett passed the only riders I saw on my journey, a middle aged stout man, accompanied by a younger one; saluting them I passed on to Norwich (112), reaching there at 10.15, and after a little search put up at the Bull Inn, St. Stephens, drank soda and milk, and had a cold bath, this occupying 45 minutes. At 11 I said good day to the very attentive and obliging landlord and his wife, and hastened towards Thetford, thinking of my dinner, but found the wind rather ahead and freshening, however, I

disposed of 13 more miles by noon, thus completing 125 miles in my first 12 hours, but after passing Attleboro' I could not make such good progress, owing to the wind, and the road being so besprinkled with flints up one or two rises that I often rode on the turf in preference, so reached Thetford (141) at 1.35, 5 minutes late, and found the market square alive with inhabitance, who since I left had heard of me, and awaited my return apparently with great interest. After washing I polished off a good dinner, and at 2.50 left the town and some dozens of well-wishers, but found with the sun and wind almost dead ahead, the latter being rather troublesome, and the road covered with loose sand and small flints an inch or two deep; I could not manage 13 miles an hour, and it was 3.55 when I reached Barton Mills (152). Soon after passing the "Bull" here I took a turn too soon for a hill I knew I had to climb, until I met three women, who directed me back to the road I had first tried, so considerably annoyed at doing this extra distance, I turned in the narrow road, struck the right one and soon after was toiling up the stiff and rough hill I had before expected. Thence it was a 7 miles spell of real hard work against wind and loose road into Newmarket, 161. Riding through without a stop at 4.50 I proceeded to Six Mile Bottom, and on asking for tea at the only inn there I was positively refused, the churlish landlady giving the excuse that they were having tea themselves. However it turned out for the best, as after riding a few miles further, my spirits were revived by the sight of a wheel in the distance, and in a few moments I was with the rider, my friend J. B. before mentioned, who had just tea'd at a roadside cot, and as I found I could do likewise, I dismounted at my 170th mile, time 5.40, and made a hearty, though simple meal, and in an hour we sped on at a better pace, but a slight misfortune now happened—my socket 'bound,' and in spite of good doses of grease it continued its pranks about every mile, so on reaching Littlebury, 180, at 8 p. m., I stopped at an inn, and finding the socket worse than ever (in fact scored all round the inside) I had to get a file and smooth it, which I ought to have done at first, as it never troubled me after. Here I had some soda and milk, and at 8.35 went on to Bishop's Stortford, which we entered at 9.50, 192 miles. Staying here 20 minutes we had another turn at the wheels, and reached Potter street, my 200th mile, at 11 p. m. to the minute. Here we alighted, and held a consultation, at which we decided, that as I felt rather "done," had 17 miles of very loose and rough road to do home, 200 miles being already done, and no more refreshments obtainable, we would stay here until morning, so got accommodation at the inn just at the foot of the long hill, and as I suffered from want of sleep, having had none the night before, was hardly in bed when I might have defied an earthquake to wake me, and it seemed 6 minutes instead of hours when I was aroused, and resisting my sleepiness dressed, and rode home the 17 miles before breakfast, finding the top of Buckhurst Hill just a little too steep and rough, although I had ridden every hill on the journey.—G. T. CLOUGH, in *London Bicycle Journal*.

The Fool in "King Lear," speaks on one occasion as if he had had some personal experience with a big bicycle without a brake, and applies it as a lesson of general prudence to chide his betters with. He says: "Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after." The sentiment is selfish and time serving enough to be a fit maxim for our politicians and office-seekers.

Professional Bicycling.

The Boston *Globe* of January 21st, publishes the following :—
A BICYCLE RACE COMING OFF.—The recent challenge of William de Noielle, the champion bicycle rider of America, to ride any man in the country a bicycle race from one to ten miles for \$100 to \$500 was recently accepted by William E. Harding, the ex-champion bicycle rider and well-known pedestrian. The parties met to-day and arranged a match to ride two races, three and five miles, for \$200 each and the championship of America. The first event is to take place on the 25th inst. at Gilmore's Garden. Harding has not been on a bicycle since August, 1876, when he was defeated in a contest for \$500 and the championship of Troy, N. Y., by De Noielle. The contest is, nevertheless, looked forward to with great interest, and the winner will go on to Boston and meet Charles Booth, the latest claimant for the championship.

ONE BICYCLE AGAINST TWO TROTTING HORSES.—John Keen, Champion of England, has made a match with Mr. C. Bastien, to ride a bicycle twenty miles, against any two London trotting horses, which Mr. Bastien can produce. The match is to take place at the Lillie Bridge grounds, London, on the 21st of January, and Keen wagers \$150 against Mr. Bastien's \$100 on the result.

A ONE THOUSAND MILE BICYCLE RIDE.—(Per Atlantic Cable.) London, January 23.—David Stanton, the long-distance bicycle rider, has completed arrangements to ride a bicycle, 1000 miles in 144 hours for a wager of £500 a side. Stanton is to commence the wonderful feat on February 10. Outside the stakes Stanton's backers have laid £200 to £100 that he will accomplish the feat.

JOHN KEEN offers any man in the world five miles start in a race of one hundred miles.

Wheel Talk.

No house should be without at least one bicycle.

A bicycle in the house is a constant temptation to indulge in muscular, outdoor, healthful exercise.

The wooden bicycle at the Riding school is certainly a very ingenious affair, and attracts much attention.

"Young man," it is said, is not so much "afraid of his bicycle" as he used to be.

No reply, so far, to Booth's challenge, so the "Champion" is entitled to his prefix.

When all selectmen are bicycle riders, shan't we have smooth roads then?

January, '78, thirty-one days, of which six gave us good bicycling. Smallest favors thankfully received.

The ancient town of Quincy has within it some of the most beautiful scenery in the state; all of which the touring bicyclist would be glad to enjoy, but why, oh why! do not the selectmen give us smoother roads to approach them on?

The artist who is responsible for the sketch in *Harper's Weekly*, of the bicycle race, had better buy himself a machine before he again attempts to draw one; not that we wish to decry his efforts, but there is a comical side to his sketch, which, were he a rider, he would appreciate.

First the "Boston Bicycle Club," then Harvard College (if report be true) follows suit. Well, this is as it should be, for the first named is largely made up of those who graduated at the latter.

It has been said that Italians have a bird-like appetite, that a string of macaroni and a glass of sunlight constitutes for them a hearty meal. If this is so, let us lose no time in persuading them to adopt the modern bicycle, and, in so doing, to open up another market for American beef.

In June, 1874, a party of riders, thirty-one in number, rode from Brighton to Horley, England, and back, a distance of 63 miles, in one day. The occasion of the trip was the celebration of the sixtieth birthday of one of the riders, Mr. Bucknell, who rode the entire distance. The youngest of the party was thirteen and a quarter years old.

To those of our readers who suppose they are too old to ride, or who have friends who hold that opinion, we commend the above item as being not only interesting but instructive.

The "Boston Transcript," in its "Jottings" of the 17th of January, propounded the query whether the bicycle is a machine or a vehicle. If the former; then a duty of forty-five per cent on its cost should be collected by the Custom House authorities. If the latter; it would save importers ten per cent; the duty on "vehicles" being thirty per cent ONLY.

Two days later and the following appeared, which settles the question, and which we here insert for the information of those interested :—

BICYCLES ARE CARRIAGES.

To the Editor of the Transcript: Your query in Thursday's issue as to whether a bicycle is a machine or a vehicle has already been discussed and decided by the Government officials. The duty on articles made of steel is forty-five per cent., but the duty on carriages is thirty-five per cent., though carriages may have steel springs and axles.

When one of the first bicycles was imported here last summer, Collector Simmons imposed a duty on it of forty-five per cent., because the article was made of steel almost throughout. But the importer insisted that the bicycle was a carriage, and so liable to a duty of but thirty-five per cent. Americans at that time were so little acquainted with the bicycle, and were so well acquainted with the velocipede of old, that the custom-house officials scouted the idea of elevating the bicycle to the dignity of a carriage. An appeal from Collector Simmons's decision was promptly taken to Hon. John Sherman, secretary of the treasury at Washington, and in due time word came from the Treasury Department, reversing the decision of the Boston collector, and fixing the duty on bicycles at thirty-five per cent. for the whole nation, thus holding that bicycles are carriages. The reasons for this appeal, which were sent to Washington, were as follows :

"The English bicycle, of which thousands are now in use in Great Britain and France, is what we term a velocipede, but it is of superior workmanship to those in use here, and often larger, ranging from three to seven feet in height.

"All velocipedes are carriages, whether they are made of two, three, four or more wheels.

"Worcester and Webster both define a velocipede as follows :

"'Velocipede—A carriage which is capable of being propelled along a road by the muscular power of the rider acting upon treadles and levers which communicate with a cranked-wheel axle.'

"The same standard authorities define a carriage as follows :

"Carriage—Any vehicle on wheels; especially a vehicle of pleasure, or for the conveyance of passengers."

"A bicycle, or two wheeled velocipede, is a two-wheeled carriage, just as a two-wheeled skeleton gig is a two-wheeled carriage, the difference being that the wheels are placed one before the other instead of parallel, and this difference cannot be alleged for purposes of revenue."

"The bicycle has its wheels, axle, frame and seat complete, just as a two-wheeled gig has."

"It is so with the English tricycles, or three-wheeled velocipedes. These are carriages."

"Imported carriages, containing steel in the springs and axles, are charged thirty-five per cent. duty."

"So imported bicycles or tricycles, containing steel in the springs and axles, should be classed with carriages, and charged but thirty-five per cent., instead of the forty-five per cent. charged in this instance."

The following additional reasons were afterwards alleged:

"The English bicycle of to-day is *not* the toy velocipede used by children in the United States."

"The English bicycle, as now developed, is almost unknown here, and is as superior to the wooden velocipede we recognize, as a coupe or brougham or racing buggy is to a truck or cart."

"The velocipedes in use here are not, as a rule, practical road vehicles. Hence scarce any but children use them."

"But the English bicycle is a practical road vehicle or carriage, of great utility, used by all classes, even by members of Parliament, and the feats performed on it are surprising."

"It is believed that no living thing, saving the swiftest and strongest birds, can accomplish such distances in twenty-four hours as do the English bicyclists; feats utterly impossible on the common velocipede in use here. Two hundred and five miles in 22 hours—17h 17m working time—has been accomplished over the roads in England on a bicycle. No horse can even approach this. Eighteen miles an hour, and one mile in 2m 56 1-5 sec., are recorded in England as bicycle feats."

"All parts of England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland are visited by tourists on bicycles, thus proving the bicycle to be a practical road carriage."

"It is entirely immaterial whether such a vehicle is propelled from before, behind, within or above; it is a carriage still, as defined by Webster and Worcester; the terms 'bicycle,' 'tricycle,' 'perambulator' or 'velocipede' being merely special designations of the kind of carriage, just as we use the more familiar terms 'gig,' 'chaise,' 'buggy,' 'wagon,' 'phaeton' or 'curticle' to denote various kinds of carriages. The number of wheels and their relative position or even size have nothing to do with the matter, further than to help bring the vehicle under the definition of 'carriage.'

"What a carriage is, is fixed by the lexicographers. Webster and Worcester define a carriage as "any vehicle on wheels."

"Then a two-wheel vehicle, complete in itself, and capable of carrying a passenger thousands of miles—in other words a modern English bicycle—is a carriage beyond doubt, for 'carriage' is a generic term, and includes any vehicle on wheels."

"Bicyclists are amenable to the laws of the road which govern carriages."

"The terms 'carriage' and 'vehicle' are synonymous and convertible. But under the decision of the Boston collector, that an English bicycle is not a carriage, I might, on a trip

from Montreal to Boston, ride over the border line on my bicycle, at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, with fifty pounds of forbidden goods strapped on it, and because I was not in a 'carriage,' or 'vehicle' (which are convertible terms) my bicycle would escape being 'stopped, searched and examined.'

"It is clear that the modern English bicycle is a carriage, subject to the duties on carriages, and to all laws, national and state, relating to carriages."

And so it has been decided at Washington.

IMPORTER.

THE WATSONVILLE PAJARONIAN tells how Johnny Sanderson received another terrible scare on Christmas Day, and for a few minutes the respectable house of Sanderson tottered on the verge of a sad and premature ruin. The day before, Jonny wanted to go fishing, and as he could not get money to buy hooks, he made about a dozen by bending large pins something like the required shape. Christmas forenoon he had them in the dining room, and hearing some boy whistling in the shrill way all boys understand, he rushed out, leaving his pin-hooks lying on the table and on the chairs. Johnny never gave another thought to them until two o'clock, when the family, including Miss Giggins and the minister, and Elder Dalton and wife, cordially invited guests, were about to take their seats to an elegant dinner. "Sit right down here," said Mrs. Sanderson to Miss Giggins. "O-u-c-h!" exclaimed the latter lady, in a voice of agony, as she rose from her seat and carefully settled back again. "Parson, take this seat; Brother Dalton, Sister Dalton, this way," and Mr. Sanderson beamed with that noble Christian grace—hospitality. "My Saveyer!" suddenly exclaimed that worthy parson in stentorian tones that fairly shook the windows. "Immortal Zacheriah!" echoed burly Deacon Dalton, and Mr. Sanderson, startled at such an unusual exhibition, actually gasped, as he dropped like a pile-driver into his chair. "Pull 'em out!" he at once howled, as he leaped, with staring eyeballs, half across the room. An immediate investigation divulged the trouble, and quiet and good humor were restored. The only remark made after Johnny gave his explanation was by the parson, who, as he eyed Johnny sharply, quietly said, These pins are bent in a very peculiar shape for fishhooks."

The Golden (Colorado) *Globe* tells a pretty little story that will interest the lovers of the bicycle: "Mr. Johnson, a travelling musician, being in Garland, Colorado, and anxious to depart, manufactured a railroad velocipede with which he proposes to travel into Texas. Having become possessed of two two-wheeled velocipedes such as were in common use a few years ago, he proceeded to fasten them together to run on a railroad. Wooden axles were constructed so that the machine could be adapted to any gauge of track, a broader tread was placed upon the wheels to which were added flanges made of whiskey barrel hoops, levers were fitted to give means for using the hands as well as the feet to gain motive power; the whole arrangement was given a coat of red paint, and it was placed on the track at Garland ready for service. The machine weighs about forty pounds, and is easily handled. The operator sits on a seat resting across what were the two seats of the old velocipedes." Johnson is an old railroad man, and always provides himself with a time card, so that he can keep out of the way of the regular trains. His apparatus is so light that it can be moved from the rails in a moment." At last accounts the novel vehicle and its occupant were speeding on at a great rate towards the Lone Star State.

The American Bicycling Journal.

The American Bicycling Journal will be published every other Saturday, at noon. Our country readers will much oblige by reporting any failures in delivery.

All communications should be addressed, and all moneys should be sent to, Editor American Bicycling Journal, 178 Devonshire Street, Boston, Mass. To ensure priority of insertion, all communications should reach us not later than noon on Tuesday preceding publication.

The American Bicycling Journal will be sent to any address, in the United States, or Canada, Postpaid, for one year, for \$2.50, paid in advance.

We will forward single copies of this Journal, postage free, on receipt of price—Ten cents.

As soon as the demand will warrant it, we propose publishing an edition each week, for first year. A new subscription rate will then be made—which, for the first year—will not affect those whose subscriptions have not expired.

All communications must be accompanied by the real name and address of the author—not necessarily for publication—but as a guaranty of good faith. We cannot undertake to read anonymous letters, or to return rejected contributions. Write on one side of the paper, only.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 2, 1878.

ON CHOICE OF A MACHINE.

It is a well-known tendency of the newly-fledged bicycle rider, to essay a mount larger than he can do justice to. When the tyro sees his first bicycle, a forty-two inch wheel seems to him something immense, but "familiarity breeds contempt," and once past the stages of "timid toddler" and "wary wobbler," his ambition seems to lie in procuring the largest machine, which with shortened cranks, will allow the tip-ends of his toes to reach the treadles. On the smooth floor of a riding school, or on a level asphalte pavement, he rides gaily along: the immense impetus which results from so little exertion, exhilarates and pleases; and his superior speed, as compared with the smaller wheel, is gratifying to his vanity.

Let us now suppose our rider is about to take his first road ride. For the sake of comparison, we will provide him with a companion, and that companion we will assume is mounted upon a machine, the height of which is in proper proportion to the size and muscular development of its rider. We will start them at, say the north end of Columbus Avenue, in our good city of Boston, and now mark the result.

Our hero of the large wheel rides most gracefully, and his very bearing seems to say that he considers himself in every respect, master of the situation. We do not need to be told that. He exults in the fact that the circumference of his wheel advances him from ten to thirty inches further at each revolution, than does that of his more modest, or more knowing companion; and he rather enjoys the sensation of extending each leg to its very fullest with every semi-revolution.

This exultation and this enjoyment will last for a while, and then, having left the asphalte, and perhaps having ridden

eight or ten miles along avarage roads, he begins to notice that his companion on the more moderately sized wheel, is getting into a peculiar habit of taking the lead, whenever hills have to be surmounted. He notices, too, that his own feet seek the foot rests whenever a decline, be it ever so slight, affords the opportunity, and in short, upon arriving at the journey's end, our large wheeled friend is compelled to confess himself exceedingly tired.

His companion on the contrary, although his wheel has revolved six times for every five of the larger one, and although his feet have travelled up and down in the same proportion, does not evince one symptom of fatigue. Even our large wheeled friend appreciates this difference, although he would fain attribute it to harder muscles, more practice, greater skill, or in fact, to any reason but the correct one.

The fact, however, remains the same; his wheel is too large, and after a few runs, especially when heavy roads have to be encountered, or long hills to be surmounted, has at last to acknowledge the fact, finally he sells his machine at a loss, to some more extended friend, and having thus bought his experience, his next machine, if it has any fault at all, will most certainly not have that of being too large for its rider.

There is a medium in all things, and too small a machine is in some respects as bad as one which is too large. The fullest enjoyment of the bicycle is only to be obtained when it is in every respect a *perfect fit*. The tables which are published by the manufacturers are in the main correct; but a seat on the machine is the only way to ascertain beyond adventure, the exact diameter of wheel which is suited to the rider's build. Let the cranks be placed—pedals at full length—so that they are straight up and down. Then let some one hold the machine while the rider mounts. If, when the ball of the extended foot is on the pedal, the heel is naturally and slightly, but not much raised; and if when the other foot is on the "rest," there is just comfortable room and no more, between the knee and the handle, then the machine can be considered—as far as fit goes—perfect; and suited to give to its rider the greatest speed for the least exertion, and to combine with both the largest possible enjoyment. If, however, it requires any unnatural stretch of leg, or pointing downwards of the foot to reach the pedal, the rider may be assured that the machine is too large for him, and that he would not be able to ride it over ordinary New England roads with comfort, or without fatigue. These remarks of course, apply to the selection of a machine for ordinary every day use for touring purposes.

For racing, unless it be road racing, a different choice can be made. The pedals can now be shortened as much as the cranks will allow, and that having been done, the same *modus operandi* will result in the selection of a wheel several inches longer, but it must not be forgotten that the largest size machine which the man can ride is only advisable for choice when the rider is very muscular, in constant practice, and when the race is to be short, and over a properly laid, smooth and level cinder path. For a long road race a machine chosen as if for touring, but as light as possible, will be found the best. For a long race on the cinder path—while short cranks and large wheels are desirable, the cranks should not be too short, nor the wheel too large. Where the race is of sufficient importance, a machine built especially for the occasion may be desirable, but in amateur or club contests, the "light roadster," or "semi-racer," will be found to answer every purpose and will be of good service for touring purposes besides.

In choosing a bicycle the purchaser should keep in mind, that the amount of power required to drive a bicycle over level ground increases with the diameter of the wheel. This fact is not apparent while the ground remains smooth and level, for the weight which the rider brings to bear upon the

pedals, is so very much in excess of what is required—under those circumstances—to move the machine. Over rough or hilly roads, however, the rider will—unless his machine fits him—soon become painfully aware of the fact, for, as he will soon find, he has not only to overcome the resistance of the road, but in going up hill, to exert a force sufficient to lift a considerable portion of his own weight as well.

The steeper the ascent, the more weight the rider has to lift, and to accomplish this lifting with ease, the leg must exert the same pressure during the whole revolution. This cannot be effected when the stroke is too long; and the stroke is always too long when the toe has to be unnaturally pointed downwards.

Another point which should be looked into, when choosing a machine, is the curve of the saddle spring; in which, as in all other points, there is a happy medium to be observed. A "close built" machine, *i. e.*, one in which there is not much distance from the rubber tyre to the under side of the saddle spring, will allow the rider to use with comfort a larger wheel than he could with a more "open built" machine. If, however, the space between the spring and the backbone is too small, the former will be continually hitting against the latter when travelling over rough roads, and will cause the rider annoyance and loss of power. A machine moderately "close built" and a powerful spring, not too arched, will be found for average riders the most desirable.

Riding the bicycle is not more a matter of strength than of skill. Skill is only obtained by practice, and thus a rider who is constantly in practice can use with ease a machine which would be too large for another and less skillful rider of exactly the same strength and length of leg.

Tall men should be especially careful in choosing a machine. On one which is too small they will look supremely ridiculous, while on one which is too large, although they will look well, the evils which we have endeavored to describe will in their case be intensified. A rather high spring, and very little point to the toe when the leg is extended, will be found for them the most suitable and enjoyable.

BOSTON BIICYCLE CLUB.

As appended below, the proposed Rules and Regulations of the above club are the results of the combined labors of some of those gentlemen most interested, and whose names are to appear as its founders. It is proposed to call the meeting for organization in the course of a few days, when, unless altered, these proposed By-Laws will undoubtedly be adopted. We commend their perusal to all who intend to apply for membership.

PREAMBLE.

The organization of this club having been effected for the purpose of thereby obtaining increased facilities for, and enjoyments in, the pursuits of Bicycling, as a manly and healthful pastime; and being aware that in order to obtain the best results from such organization, and to secure for it the largest amount of influence, ORDER must be intelligently observed in its proceedings, the members of this club do hereby bind themselves to observe and be governed by the following:—

BY-LAWS, RULES AND REGULATIONS.

ARTICLE 1. NAME.

The name of this organization shall be "The Boston Bicycle Club."

ARTICLE 2. OBJECTS.

The objects of this Club shall be:—(1) The mutual enjoyment of its members in the pursuit of Bicycling as a pastime; to which end, Club-meets, tours, excursions, races, &c., shall be arranged and carried out.

(2) The promotion (by force of example) of the use of the Bicycle as a practicable and enjoyable aid to locomotion, by the general public.

ARTICLE 3. OFFICERS.

The Officers of the Club shall be and rank as follows: President; Captain; Senior Sub-Captain; Junior Sub-Captain; Secretary (who shall also be Treasurer); Three Guides; Three Buglers, and a Club Committee to consist of the President, Captain and Secretary (ex-officio) and four other members, who shall not hold any other office in the club.

ARTICLE 4. DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

It shall be the duty of the PRESIDENT, to preside at all the business meetings of the Club and of its Committee, and to enforce all the rules and regulations which may herein appear, or which may ultimately be adopted. He may call a special business meeting of the Club at his pleasure, and shall do so at the written request of any three active members thereof.

The Captain shall assist the President in the discharge of his duties, and in his absence shall officiate in his stead. He shall command the Club in its meets and excursions, and shall decide upon the route, rate of speed and all other matters therewith connected.

The Sub-Captains shall each assist the Captain in the discharge of his duties, and, in order of seniority, shall officiate in his stead, when the absence of the Captain may render it necessary. In Club excursions, they shall see that the orders of the Captain are obeyed, and when the Captain deems it desirable to divide the Club, they shall hold themselves in readiness to assume the command of the subdivisions appointed to them.

The Secretary and Treasurer shall keep a correct account of all the business meetings of the Club, and report same at each meeting. He shall send all notifications to members, and keep a correct roll of the membership. He shall take care of and become responsible for the funds, collect all dues, pay all bills, and generally manage all the financial affairs of the Club. He shall keep a correct account of all receipts and expenditures, and report same at each business meeting.

The Three Guides shall ride next to the Captain and Sub-Captains, (one to each) on all Club excursions. They shall hold themselves in readiness to speed forward, either to explore condition of the roads, to engage Hotel accommodations, or to render any other aid or acquire any information which the Captain or his Sub-Captains may order.

The Three Buglers shall ride near to the Captain and Sub-Captains, (one to each) and shall transmit to the Club such orders as they may be directed. Orders to be transmitted by one bugle only, except when otherwise ordered. No bugle to be sounded except by order.

The Club committee shall transact the whole of the general business of the Club, shall hold special meetings therefor, and shall report their action at each business meeting of the Club. They shall examine into the standing and position of applicants for membership, and shall refuse or accept such as in their judgment the best interests of the Club may demand.

Action of the committee can only be revoked by the unanimous votes of the full active membership of the Club, which may be in general or special business meeting assembled.

ARTICLE 5. CLUB BUSINESS MEETINGS.

The regular business meeting of the Club shall be held on the first Monday in each month, throughout the year.

The annual meeting for the election of officers shall take place on the first Monday in each February, and shall be by written or printed ballot. Each officer shall be elected by a

separate ballot, and shall hold office until the adjournment of the first annual meeting of the following year.

Vacancies may be filled at any business meeting. A majority vote of members present shall elect.

Five members shall constitute a quorum at all business meetings.

ARTICLE 6: ORDER OF BUSINESS.

At all meetings—a quorum being present—the order of business shall be as follows:—

First—Reading of the minutes of the last meeting, which shall stand approved unless corrected.

Second—Report of the Treasurer, which shall be put to the meeting for acceptance or correction.

Third—Report of the Club Committee, which shall embrace all elections to membership, and all rejections of applications for membership together with the reasons therefor, and also all other action in which the committee may have engaged, since date of their last report. The action of the committee shall in all cases be sustained, except same is unanimously objected to by all non-committee members present.

Fourth—Reports of special committees.

Fifth—Report of the Captain, which shall include the reports of his Sub-Captains, if any, and shall cover all bicyclic proceedings in which the Club have engaged since date of last report.

Sixth—Report of the Secretary which shall include all items of interest to the Club, not covered by the foregoing.

Seventh—Resignation and miscellaneous business.

Eighth—Adjournment.

ARTICLE 7. RULES OF ORDER.

Members wishing to speak at any Club business meeting will rise and address the chair.

If two or more members claim the floor at the same time, the Chair shall decide who is entitled to it.

No member shall speak more than twice on the same subject, and no member shall leave the room prior to adjournment, without the permission of the chair.

ARTICLE 8. CHAIRMAN.

At all business meetings the Chair shall be filled by the officer of highest rank present. In absence of all officers, a chairman to be chosen by the meeting.

ARTICLE 9. VISITORS.

Members will be allowed to introduce visitors, at Club headquarters, at all times, except during business meetings, at which no one but Club members will be allowed to be present.

ARTICLE 10. MEMBERSHIP. ACTIVE AND HONORARY.

Any gentleman shall be eligible to active membership.

Candidates for admission to the active ranks of the Club, must be proposed and seconded by members, and the name and address of such candidate, together with the names of the members proposing and seconding him, must be sent to the Secretary, and by him handed to the Club Committee.

Each application for admission must be accompanied by the amount of the entrance fee, which will be returned should the candidate not be elected.

The Club committee shall take action upon each application for membership with as little delay as possible, and such action shall always result either in (1) admission, or (2) rejection, or (3) indefinite postponement. In either case the Secretary is to immediately notify the applicant of the

result. If the former (1) the entrance fee will be retained, but if either of the latter, (2) or (3), the entrance fee to be returned in full.

Any gentleman who has distinguished himself in the encouragement of bicycling, or who has rendered the Club important services or benefits, or whom, for any other reasons, the club may see fit thus to honor, may (provided he is not an active member of the Club) be elected to Honorary Membership, the like proceedings being observed, as are provided for active membership. Honorary members are permitted to be present at all club meetings, but are not eligible to office, or permitted to take part in debate. All Honorary Members are exempt from all Club Taxes or Assessments.

ARTICLE 11. DUES.

The entrance fee shall be the sum of five dollars, which is to be paid, as provided in Article 10.—Each subsequent payment shall be the sum of twenty-five cents, which shall become due and payable each Monday after date of membership.

The names of members in arrears, shall be reported by the Secretary, at each monthly business meeting, and the names of any members who may thus be twice reported, shall be stricken from the club roll, unless allowed to remain by a majority vote of those present.

No member shall be allowed to compete in the Club races, or be accorded honorable discharge from the Club, unless his dues are paid.

The Secretary shall be exempt from all dues and assessments.

ARTICLE 12. BICYCLING MEETINGS, AND CLUB RIDING UPON THE ROADS.

At least once each year, there shall be an excursion or tour at a time to be appointed by the Captain, in which all members of the Club, shall be expected to participate. The duration and distance of the tour to be decided upon and published, not less than one month prior to the meet therefor, the absence from headquarters not to exceed two weeks, and each member participating, to remain with the club during the whole run, unless excused by the Captain, or deterred by illness or accident.

The Club will meet for the weekly run each Saturday, (weather permitting) at such times and places as shall be appointed, and, upon arriving at the outward terminal point of each run, those members who so desire, shall be permitted by the Captain to extend the run as far as they may wish. The Captain, in such cases, if he does not accompany, to appoint some member to officiate in his stead. Upon all runs, tours, or excursions, the Club will implicitly observe and obey the orders of the Captain, or his representative.

The position of the Captain, while the Club is in motion, is at the front, and while the Captain is in that position, no member shall be allowed to pass him without permission.

This rule, however, shall not operate to prevent the Captain occupying any position along the line to which circumstances may call him.

When on a run, tour or excursion,—is a Club, each member is requested to wear the Club uniform, and each member shall wear the Club cap, or be fined one dollar for each omission to do so.

On all Club runs, tours, or excursions, it shall be governed by the following ROAD RULES, (the basis of which can be found in the justly celebrated Road Rules adopted by the "Cambridge University Bicycle Club" of England.)

Section 1. The object of Club excursions is not to ride against time, still less to encourage any competition between individual members attending them. Their intention is—

(1) To provide an opportunity for members to get ordinary bicycle exercise in company; and

(2) To make them acquainted with the various roads suitable for bicycling, together with the objects of interest, &c., in the neighborhood.

Section 2. In the absence of any officer or member of committee, the senior member of the club (according to the date of his election) present, should act as leader, and his directions should be implicitly obeyed. He should set a *moderate* pace, and bear well in mind the needs of the less experienced, not only as regards pace, but as to occasional halts, dismounting for hills, &c. These matters and many others must be left to his discretion, as the company and the occasion may suggest, but as a general rule it is not well to aim at more than 10 miles to the hour, nor to keep the company in the saddle for more than an hour at a stretch.

Section 3. For the better regulation of the pace and to prevent straggling, one of the Sub-Captains should ride in the rear for the purpose of signalling whenever the tail of the company is getting out-distanced, and the leader should then slacken until he receives a second signal indicating that they have closed up. In case of accidents, &c., some special signal should be given, on hearing which the leader should dismount.

Section 4. In ordinary riding, on country roads, signals from the rear to the front of a company can be easily passed on by word of mouth, whilst the wishes of the leader can as readily be ascertained by watching his movements (as regards a dismount or alteration of pace), a set of signals shall be used for the most obvious purposes:—

(1) For *extended* order (see section 8), the *right* hand held *out*.

(2) For *closing* up again (see Section 8), the *left* hand held *out*.

(3) For slackening pace, whilst maintaining the same distance between each rider or pair, the *right* hand held *up*.

(4) For sudden halt, in case of danger, the *left* hand with a handkerchief in it to be held up.

Mere acceleration of pace gives its own signal; and for the formation of *single* and *double* file the leader has only to give the order to his own companion, and the rest of the company will naturally follow suit.

Section 5. But for cases of emergency, or where (as in towns) there is too much noise and interruption of view to admit of mere *verbal* or *manual* signalling, or whenever the Captain may so elect, the orders shall be given by whistle or bugle.

The orders when given by bugle shall be as follows:—

REVEILLE, (No. 3. Cavalry Tactics, U. S. Army), to be sounded first thing in the morning when the Club is on a tour.

STABLE CALL, (No. 14, Cal. Tactics, U. S. Army), to be sounded twenty minutes after the "Reveille" to call Club together to oil up, and put machines in order for the day's run; or may be sounded as an order to clean machines after the day's run.

MESS, (No. 7, Cal. Tactics, U. S. Army), to be sounded to summon to any meal.

ASSEMBLY, (No. 2, Cal. Tactics, U. S. Army), to be sounded to order to call Club together, to fall in preparatory to mounting.

BOOTS AND SADDLES, (No. 16 Cal. Tactics, U. S. Army), at sound of which the Club shall mount, always left in front.

GALLOP, (No. 43 Cal. Tactics, U. S. Army), to increase the pace.

WALK, (No. 41, Cal. Tactics, U. S. Army), at sound of which the Club shall proceed more slowly.

HALT, (No. 40, Cal. Tactics, U. S. Army), at sound of which Club shall dismount and halt.

DISMOUNT, (No. 38 Cal. Tactics, U. S. Army), at sound of which each man (commencing always from the rear) shall dismount and walk by the left hand side of his machine.

FORM TWO'S, (No. 42 Cal. Tactics, U. S. Army), at sound of which the Club will form twos. The even numbers always quickening, and taking their position as right hand men.

QUICKSTEP, (No. 33, Cal. Tactics, U. S. Army), conveys no order to the Club, but may be sounded by order of the Captain, when passing through villages, or at the Captain's discretion.

RIDE AT EASE, (No. 15, Cal. Tactics, U. S. Army), at sound of which each rider may choose his own companion.

RE-FORM, SINGLE FILE, (No. 23 Cal. Tactics, U. S. Army), at sound of which each rider shall resume his proper position in the column.

RETREAT, (No. 4, Cal. Tactics, U. S. Army), may be sounded if the Captain so orders, to announce that the day's run is completed.

TATTOO, (No. 5, Cal. Tactics, U. S. Army), may be sounded if the Captain so orders, as a suggestion to the Club that it would be advisable to go to bed, and get ready for the exertions of the morrow.

In the absence of the Bugler, and when the Captain may elect to give the order by whistle, the following code shall be used:

One long whistle—Fall in.

One short whistle—Mount.

Two short whistles—Form twos.

Two long whistles—Slacken speed.

Six short whistles—Increase speed.

One short and one long whistle, repeated three times—Dismount and walk.

Three short, well separated whistles—Dismount and halt.

One long, two short and one long again, repeated three times—Ride at ease.

No orders shall be given, or whistles or bugles sounded, except by the Captain, or his order.

Section 6. Where more than twenty riders attend a Club meet, run or excursion, the Captain shall divide them into companies not to exceed—if it can be avoided—sixteen members to each company. Each division to be under order of a Sub-Captain, or officer specially appointed, and each division to preserve a distance of not less than 200 yards between them.

Section 7. As a general rule, the company should ride *two* abreast, but in towns and villages, in passing and meeting vehicles, in riding up and down hills, and where the road is soft, rough or stony, and requires picking, *single* file should invariably be adopted, the *left*-hand man always *quickening*, and the *right* hand man-dropping in behind him.

Section 8. When in *single* file, an interval of at least ten yards should be kept between each rider, and in *double* file twenty yards between each pair. These intervals should be doubled in hilly country. In approaching a hill, whether up or down, the leading files should quicken, and the rear files slacken, so as to allow of the company extending out to

double distance, and on reaching the level they should slacken and quicken again respectively, till the original interval is attained.

Section 9. When riding in company down hill, the bicyclist, if the hill be a long one, should be careful to keep his machine well in hand, and not remove his feet from the treadles. It is very undesirable for a *company* to ride down a long hill if there is a curve obstructing the view to the bottom. It should not be forgotten that horses which will take one bicycle quietly, may often turn restive when passed by several in succession, and should any consequent complications arise toward the bottom of a long hill, it is very difficult to avoid disaster. In the case of a winding hill it is better that the leader should advance alone till he sees that all is clear, and then whistle the company on. Much must be left to the discretion of the leader, whose own movements as regards dismounting, riding with the feet off, &c., &c., must be taken as the rule for the rest.

Section 10. The ordinary rules of the road as regards passing vehicles, &c., should be *rigrilly adhered to*.

a. A horse should *never* be passed on both sides at once.

b. A led horse should always be passed on the same side as the man who is leading it.

c. Before overtaking a vehicle or rider, it is well to give some sort of warning; not a shout, the intention of which may be misinterpreted and give offence. In company-riding a word to your own companion will suffice to attract the necessary attention. The mere sound of the human voice previously is often all that is wanted to prevent a horse from starting at the sudden passing of the noiseless machine.

d. The ground in front of a horse should never be taken till the bicyclist is at least 10 yards ahead of him.

e. If a horse, on meeting a bicycle, show signs of restiveness, it is not always wise to dismount at once. To dismount suddenly is more likely to frighten a horse than to continue riding slowly by, *speaking to the horse* as you do so. But the leader should order a dismount at his discretion (even if he himself has passed the horse), and should *invariably* do so on any signal or request from the driver or horseman.

f. Foot-passengers on the roads should not be needlessly shouted at, but should always be given a *good wide berth*, especially at crossings.

g. In company-riding the leader on passing any one (whether riding, driving, or walking) should announce that others are following close after, and the rear man should in the same way signify that *all* have passed.

h. Inattention to these and other rules and courtesies of the road, will cause annoyance to the public, and create prejudices against bicycling.

Section 11. Bicycling after dark is on all accounts most undesirable, but may be occasionally necessary. In company-riding the leader and the rear man only should be provided with lights. A multiplication of lights is confusing to the bicyclist (owing to the attenuant shadows, &c.) and very alarming to horses. Single file must be invariably adopted, and the leader and the rear man should always make the proper announcement (Section 10 *g*) in passing.

If the night be not overdark, bells which can be rung or stopped at will, may be substituted for lights. Bells should be always carried *in passing through towns and villages* after dark.

Section 12. A bicyclist, *when riding in company* should never take a dog with him, however well he may have trained him to follow him when alone.

Section 13. The time named for a Club excursion is the

exact time of *the start*, which will in all cases be punctually observed. Members are therefore requested to be at the spot named *at least 10 minutes before*, that they may arrange themselves in order for the start, and receive the instructions of the leader as regards signals and any other directions that may be necessary.

Section 14. The leader may always alter the *direction* of the excursion at his discretion, to avoid a contrary wind or a bad road, &c.; but the *starting place* named must be always adhered to.

Section 15. At all Club meets, the bugle will sound the "assembly" five minutes before the time appointed for the start. At this signal the Club will form in line, left in front, the smaller wheels to the left. The company will then tell off by twos, and the *odd numbers will be the left hand men*.

This order shall be preserved during the whole run, except the Captain order the bugler to sound the "Ride at ease," when each rider shall be at liberty to choose his own companion. In no case shall a member ride ahead of the Captain, and immediately the "Re-form single file" is sounded, he shall resume his proper place in the column.

Upon the bugle sounding "Boots and Saddles" each man shall turn his machine to the left and place his left foot upon the step—then each man shall mount—but he shall first be sure that the man immediately in front of him has mounted safely, and proceeded at least two revolutions, before doing so. As soon as the whole company has mounted, the distance of ten yards between each machine is to be kept.

Upon approaching a stopping place, or the end of the run, the Club will be brought into single file. The bugle will then sound the "Halt" when the dismounting will commence FROM THE REAR, each man passing the word forward as he gets off his machine.

ARTICLE 13. ANNUAL RACE FOR CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE CLUB.

There shall be once in each year (preferably in the month of October), a race for the championship of the Club. Each man shall ride a modern bicycle—without multiplying gear—and shall not employ any other means than pedal motion for covering the distance. The size of the wheel shall be at discretion of rider.

The course shall be from Fitchburg to Boston, starting precisely at noon, from a point opposite the railway station in the former city, and terminating at the junction of Arlington and Beacon streets in Boston.

The winner shall be the rider who first passes this point, and the prize shall be a silver trophy, which shall have the champion's name and the date of the race inscribed thereon, and shall be kept in the Club headquarters, until it is won by a competitor each year for three consecutive years, when it shall become his own private and personal property.

In addition to the above, each champion shall be presented with a gold medal, and each other rider who accomplishes the distance before 5 P. M., on the same day, with a silver medal, commemorative of the event. This race shall be open to Club members only.

ARTICLE 14. CLUB RACING.

All Club races shall be run subject to the following rules and conditions, together with such others as the judges may dictate.

Rule 1. None but members of the Club, or invited members of other bicycle clubs, shall be allowed to compete.

Rule 2. All competitors shall wear the Club colors, and a distinguishing number on the breast, during each race.

Rule 3. No attendants will be allowed to accompany a competitor.

Rule 4. Riders must pass each other on the outside, (to the left) and be a clear length of the bicycle in front, before taking an inside position.

Rule 5. Competitors may stop or dismount during a race, but must not in any way obstruct the course.

Rule 6. The Committee shall appoint the Judges, who shall attend to all necessary duties, and whose decision shall be final.

Rule 7. No two machines shall touch each other while in motion, during a race.

Rule 8. Any violation of these rules must be reported to the Judges immediately the race is concluded.

Rule 9. These rules shall operate equally in races on the road, cinder paths, or other track.

ARTICLE 15. CLUB COLORS, WHEN TO BE WORN, &c.

The Club colors shall be red, white and blue, combined in stripes in one silk ribbon, each stripe to be a quarter of an inch, and the whole ribbon three-quarters of an inch, in width. A sample of the Club colors as above described, to be displayed at the Club headquarters.

The Club colors may be worn by members at any time, and shall be worn by all members competing in Club or Inter-Club races.

ARTICLE 16. EXPULSION.

Any member found guilty of violating the rules or regulations of the Club, of disobedience to orders, or of conduct unbecoming a gentleman, may, after a fair trial, of which he shall have at least seven days notice, and at which he may be heard in his own defence, be admonished, suspended, or expelled from the Club, by a vote of two-thirds of the members present.

ARTICLE 17. AMENDMENTS.

These By-Laws, Rules and Regulations, may be amended or altered, at any regular or special business meeting of the Club, by a two-thirds vote of the members present, but no amendment shall be valid unless ratified at a subsequent meeting by a similar vote. Neither in a proposed amendment, nor in any other business meeting of the Club, shall voting by proxy be permitted.

UNIFORM.

The Uniform shall be grey in color, and shall consist of Jacket, Shirt, Breeches and Stockings, blue Glengarry Scotch cap, with small visor in front, and the Club monogram in silver in the centre of the ribbon on the left hand side. (The cap will be furnished to each member, without charge, on admission into the Club. The silver monogram remaining the Club property, and to be returned to the Secretary whenever any member resigns.)

The jacket to be of the short reefer pattern, made to button close round the neck at will.

The shirt to be of grey flannel, with turn-down collar, and two or more breast pockets, to be worn with a black silk necktie.

The breeches to be of same material as the jacket, and to button round the leg just below the knee.

The stockings to be of grey wool. Yellow gaiters may be worn on cold or wet journeys.

Moderately thick boots with elastic spring sides are recommended.

We respectfully decline about a yard of inebriated rigmarole, just sent in by some miscreant, who calls it a bicyclical poem, and says it is altered, amended, expanded and rewritten from Bryant's Thanatopsis! We decidedly put our foot down -- and up, to such chaps. We think we know him.

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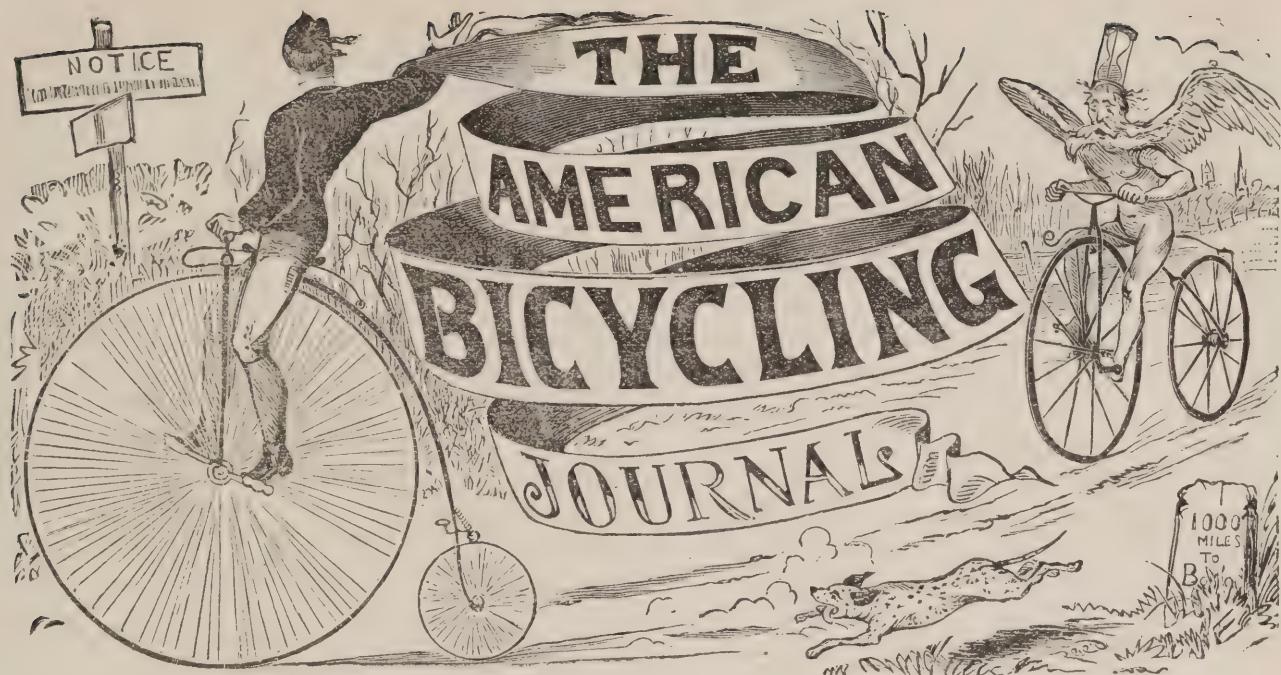
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IMPORTERS OF ENGLISH BICYCLES,

178 Devonshire Street,

Boston, Mass.



VOL. I, No. 5.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 16, 1878.

TEN CENTS.

—“The New York banks are already preparing for the storm by quietly substituting gold for their currency capital, and providing the way for conducting business on a gold basis. They will all have to do it if the Bland bill passes, in order to escape the consequences.”

“It is said that Secretary Sherman has declared that he will resign if the Bland bill becomes a law. We do not see anything else for him to do.”

We did not, and do not, intend to refer in our paper to political matters of any kind, but we feel compelled to reproduce the above from the columns of the “Globe,” on account of its importance, as affecting the interests with which we are identified. How those interests are affected may be seen by reading the advertisement of Cunningham, Heath & Co., on our last page. The English exporters do their business on a gold basis; American importers must do theirs in the same manner—if they would live. Our past experience shows that a depreciated dollar is as hard to earn as the standard coin, and one of the natural results of the passing of the “Bland Bill” will be, that imported articles of every description will cost more to the American purchaser—who, on his part, will earn less to pay for them. The moral bicyclie is, purchase your bicycle before the Bland Bill passes, for pass we fear it will.

—We have changed our printer, and hope to get along now without having to offer any more apologies for errors, misplacements and omissions.

—Many men who have passed the rubicon of life suppose that, therefore, the bicycle is beyond their ability. Such a supposition is sometimes true, but, more frequently, a complete mistake. To the possessors of grey beards

and bald pates, the bicycle is in many cases the very factor to add to the sum of their declining years, and to crown their old age with a wealth and glory of health and vigor which no other means could secure.

—In our last we stated that there were upwards of two hundred bicycle clubs in England. We find upon investigation that the exact number is three hundred and forty-seven. The average membership of each club is probably one hundred, which gives us thirty-five thousand, seven hundred riders on the club lists. The “unattached,” viz: those who do not belong to any club, probably outnumber the club riders three to one.

—A gloom pervades our sanctum, for our valued neighbors are in process of removal. Apart from the pleasure derived from their genial companionship, from their cheerful responses to calls—both for advice and information (and in each of these, our readers as well as ourself, are their debtors), we have recognized in Cunningham, Heath & Co., the pioneer missionaries in the attempt to which this paper is devoted, viz: the introduction and development of bicyclic locomotion amongst the people of the United States of America; and we shall miss, sorely miss, their sympathetic and valued assistance. C. H. & Co. have found that the rapid development of their business necessitates more space than the room at their disposal in this building, spacious as it is, will afford; they have therefore determined to concentrate under one roof, their warerooms, counting house and riding school, and at 22 Pearl St., they find, temporarily at all events, opportunity to do so.

We witness their departure with regret, but we send after them—and our readers will join us—our best wishes for their success in an undertaking, the magnitude of which we do not believe is yet fully realized, and which we, ourself, as yet, can only dimly foresee.

Professional Bicycling.

THE TEN MILE BICYCLE RACE between Daniel the "Welch bicycling postman," and Phillips of Wolverhampton, came off at Llanelly, Wales, on January 15th, and, much to the surprise of everybody, resulted in Daniel being defeated by 150 yards. It is said that the postman is not yet satisfied, and wants to try again.

THE PARTICULARS of Stanton's 1000 miles in six days, that was appointed for January 25th to 30th, at Agricultural Hall, London, and of Keen's twenty-mile race against two trotters (one of which was the celebrated "Lady Moscow"), that was appointed for January 21st, at Brompton, have not yet reached us. We hope to receive them before we go to press.

BOOTH'S CHALLENGE still remains unanswered.

JOHN KEEN, the English champion, gives an unknown bicyclist six miles start in a race of one hundred miles. The stakes are \$250 a side, and the race is fixed for the Lillie Bridge Grounds, Brompton, on February 25th.

PROFESSOR JOHN H. CARROLL, well known some few years since as the champion velocipedist of New England, is desirous of having a meet with Professor Booth, on the bicycle, and proposes to ride the latter, or any one in this vicinity who will ride, for the sum of \$100, at Beethoven Hall, on the occasion of Faulkner's benefit, February 20th.

IN THE EARLY DAYS OF BICYCLING in England, before the people in the rural districts had become accustomed to the machines as they now are, a gentleman dismounted at a road-side farm-house, to obtain a glass of milk; drank it, paid for it, and remounted.—He had not proceeded many yards before one of the farmer's daughters ran out of the house and called for him to stop, which he did immediately. The daughter, who had something in her hand, then came np panting, and holding out a pair of scissors exclaimed, "Hey! now, but I nearly lost ye:—Mither wants these scissors grinding."

"Wiiy is a—" his dreadful voice was heard before he reached the door, which he did reach at a bound and slammed as he passed through, and came in with a rush. His nose looked perfectly ripe, as if it ought to have been pulled long ago, and his old, battered white hat was worn on his left ear, and he whacked the table with his brown cotton umbrella, and cried: "Why's a—why is a fugitive from justice like one of the western states?" The intruder was informed that no conundrums would be paid for, when he laughed uproariously and shouted: "Be—because he's California! Ha-ha-ha! Cal-i-for-nier—don't you see? He's Cal, you notice, and—do you tumble? Ha-ha-ha-ha! ho-ho-ho-ho! he-he-he-he! he's Cal—cal—he's—I snum, that's the wrong word—I—I've forgot which state 'tis." The poor wretch went out and stood in the hall, and at ten o'clock might have been seen wandering around City Hall Park, as if he was looking for something. [Graphic,

Transatlantic.

A TRANSATLANTIC GREETING.

As an indication of the fraternal interest with which the "genesis" of bicycling in New England is regarded by our fellow-bicyclists in Old England, we append the following paragraph from a communication of the Secretary of the "Tower Hamlets Bicycle Club" of London, containing an interesting sketch of the foundation and other particulars of that Club, with an account of its last half-yearly meeting, to which the paragraph refers:—

"The first two copies of the AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL were laid on the table in the Club Room and excited much interest amongst the members, admiration being also expressed for the excellent style in which the paper was got up."

While we cannot be otherwise than gratified by the reference to this journal, we are painfully conscious of its many defects, and while accepting the compliment as a grateful and gracious courtesy, we shall try to become worthy of it sometime in the future,—on the principle of the consolation administered by a worthy pedagogue, we have heard of, to an unfortunate urchin who had been whipped for an offence he had never committed: "Well, if you don't deserve it now you'll deserve it some day or other."

[From our own correspondent.]

LONDON, January 22nd.

A few notes of what is going on here may interest your readers. Nearly half of the dull winter has passed, and already bicycling is beginning to bestir itself. On Friday last one of the London clubs, "the Stanley," held a bicycle "bee" or debate, as we call them, at their rendezvous the Athenaeum, Camden Rd., N. The subject of discussion was "The best mode of carrying luggage." Mr. Dring ("Stanley") read the opening paper, in which he fairly stated the advantages and shortcomings of the different styles of bags &c; he was followed by about a score of speakers, among whom were Messrs. Visick, Rucker ("London"), Cunningham ("Temple"), Reading, F. M. Williams, &c. The opinion of those present was chiefly in favor of the *multum-in-parvo*, which is fixed on the back-bone, though many declared its weight was too much of a drag; the circular bag, however, to fit inside the front wheel, ran it close for honors, the only objection, but that a serious one, being the trouble required to pack it. Altogether the meeting was a most successful one, and does bicycling no little credit, as well as the promoters of it.

Next month we shall be fully occupied with the Bicycle Union, which, it is to be hoped, will be placed on a firm footing, and be properly supported by the clubs.

Racing of course is having a long sleep, if I except one or two matches between professionals. Last Tuesday a race came off at the People's park, Llanelly, South Wales, between W. Phillips of Wolverhampton, and John Daniel, a bicycling postman and the local champion. The latter has recently defeated A. Patrick, a fellow-townsman of Phillips, who is regarded as the best man in the Midlands; but this time he met more than his match and was beaten by over 250 yards in 37 min. 9 sec.; the distance was ten miles, and the stakes £25 a side. The affair was regarded with much interest, for the postman, who had created quite a reputation for himself in his native district, was a great favorite.

Another of those unsatisfactory affairs, a match against trotting horses, took place yesterday at the Lillie Bridge Ground, the bicyclist engaged being the champion, John

Keen; but the horses were hardly second-rate animals, and quite unworthy of his steel, the result being the victory of the two wheels. This kind of racing is getting played out, and is looked on by the public with suspicion.

On Saturday, 19th inst, R. Patrick, of Wolverhampton, and C. T. Edmund, ex-champion of South Wales, rode a couple of off-hand matches at Llanelly. In the first 2 miles Patrick had a start of 30 yards and kept his position throughout, winning easily in 7 min. 15 sec. In the second race Patrick conceded 50 yards in two miles, and had a mere walk over, as Edmund's crank came loose soon after starting.

D. Stanton, who visited the States last spring, announces that he will attempt the "unparalleled task" of riding 1000 miles in six days (18 hours a day) at the Agricultural Hall, commencing on Monday February 25.

TOUR IN NORTH WALES.

ON Thursday, March 29, myself and two friends started on a tour into Wales. We left Manchester at 2 p. m., taking the train to Chester, where we arrived at 4.15, and after leading our machines through the town, which is badly paved, started at 4.45 for Wrexham, 12 miles, where we arrived at 5.55—the last 6 miles being ridden in a heavy shower, and the road proving hilly. We put up for the night at the "Winstay Arms," which we did not find moderate in its charges. On Friday morning, after oiling and screwing up our machines, we started at 9.15 for Llangollen. The sun was shining brightly now, and was very hot. The road was up-hill and very heavy until near Ruabon (7), where we arrived at 10.30. Passing through the village, all down-hill, we took the road to Newbridge; from the top of the hill here we had a splendid view. The roads were now drying up and getting better, but we had a long walk up-hill for several miles; when we got to the top we saw before us a splendid run down, so, with feet upon the rests, away we went down to Llangollen (16), arriving at 11.20; we put up at the "Hand" for lunch. Leaving there at 11.50, we had a long trudge up-hill for 2 miles, then a short spin down; then another long hill up and then down-hill 5 miles into Corwen, feet up. The natives were very much astonished to see us racing along without working, and did not favor us, as is the custom about Manchester, with remarks as to our wheels going round, &c.; in fact they might never have seen a bicycle before from their remarks. We arrived at Corwen at 1.20 (11) where we dined. Here we inquired the next best place to stop at, and were told Bettws-y-Coed; so mounting at 2.50 we made the most of our time for the first mile or two, but found we were going up-hill all the time, and it was getting steeper every yard; so we dismounted and began to push our machines. This state of things continued for 12 miles, more or less, up to Cerry-y-Druidon, 5.30. Here the inhabitants turned out *en masse* to watch us, so mounting, we rode on for about half-a-mile still up-hill to a cottage, where we got a drink of spring water. This was our highest point, and looking along the road we saw before us the best part of our tour. Down hill we went, feet up, on a road as smooth as a billiard table (and not a loose stone to annoy us all the way) for 9 miles with hardly a check. This is without exception the finest road I have ever been on; but the best of roads must have an end, and so we soon found ourselves on one much too steep for running down at full speed, besides being newly laid with flints; we put on our brakes (trailers) and rode carefully down 2 miles into Bettws (23), 6.20, and put up at the "Waterloo." The road for the last 10 miles was along the valley of the Conway, and was the most beautiful part on our journey. The next morning, having settled our account, which was very moder-

ate, we set to work to wash our machines, as they were covered with limestone mud from the previous day's riding. We left Bettws at 10.18 on Saturday, taking the road to the right of the river, which we were told was much better than the one to the left, and we were not disappointed; walking up a steep hill at first, we went down a gradual slope nearly all the way to Llansantfraid (15), where we refreshed; we now rode on to Colwyn, 1 o'clock (3), and dined at the "Colwyn Bay Hotel," which I can recommend to any bicyclist riding this way. We left Colwyn 2.20, and found we had a three mile walk before us; partly on account of the long hill, but chiefly because of the state of the roads, they are perfectly impracticable. We reached the top at last, and rode down to Abergale (6) mostly feet up, 3.35. Here we met four bicyclists, the only riders we saw on our tour. Stopping to inquire our way, we were told to go to St. Asaph (7). The road to this place is level but very rough. Passing through, we made the best of our way to Holywell, but were at once stopped by a long hill two miles up; it was slow and hot work walking up, and we were asked by a farmer if we had not better be carried up in a cart. We told him what distance we had come, and he laughed at us, asking us if we started last week—so little had he heard or seen of a bicycle. We arrived at the top at last and went down, feet up, for several miles, then up two sharp but short hills, and down three miles into Holywell, 17 miles from Abergale. We put up at the "King's Head," where we were very comfortable, and learned a great deal about the rest of our road to Chester. We mounted at 10.45 next day, and rode through Mold to Chester (25), on rather a rough and hilly road. We arrived here at 2.10 and walked through the town, as it is paved. Leaving at 2.20, we rode out two miles and then stopped at the "Royal Oak" for lunch. We mounted again at 2.45, and had a long, dreary, and heavy ride to Warrington, 4.15, the rain now beginning to fall heavily. We put on our mackintosh capes and rode steadily on through Lynn to Altringham, arriving there at 6.35, when it was nearly dark. Hurrying on through pouring rain, we rode into Manchester (43), at 7.30, very much pleased with our tour, and all the better for some fresh air. The machines we rode were two 52 in. "Challenge" (Special), fitted with Carter's brake, and a 50 in. "Coventry Machinists," and they carried us splendidly.

W. A. S. (M. A. B. C.)
In *London Bicycling News*.

THE BOSTON BICYCLE CLUB.

We have great pleasure in announcing that the club, (of the formation of which we have given several intimations in these pages,) was duly organized on Tuesday last. Fourteen gentlemen interested, assembled on that day at 178 Devonshire street, and at once proceeded to the organization of the club by the election of the following officers:

President, George B. Woodward; Captain, Thatcher Goddard; Senior Sub-Captain, Edward Preble; Junior Sub-Captain, Arthur Stedman; Secretary and Treasurer, H. S. Mann; Committee, Harold Williams, J. L. Curtis, W. R. Whitney, and the president, captain and secretary, *ex officiis*.

This is the pioneer bicycle club of the United States, and it starts under most favorable auspices for a successful career. Let its motto be "Excelsior," and its course—Onward.

The "Transcript," in announcing the above facts, has the following:—

"It is evident that the interest in the new pastime and new means of locomotion (for the bicycle of 1878 is so different from the velocipede of 1868, that the movement can hardly be called a "revival"), is rapidly developing among our enterprising young men, and bicycling is likely to be "the thing," as soon as the winter has fairly departed. Quite a number of machines—or rather bicycle carriages—have been sold in this market, and there are fresh arrivals by every steamer."

BICYCLING ITINERARY.

[We avail ourselves this week of information which appeared in the columns of our valued neighbor, the Boston Transcript. The remarks of "Rider" which preface the routes, will be found well worthy of attention by all bicyclists, and the routes themselves (which we have taken the liberty of re-numbering) will lead the writer through some very beautiful scenery.

We suggest the State House as the nearest practicable starting-point to the City Hall. Tread back, and keep your machine well in hand, going down Beacon St., but after passing Charles St., the wider road will at most times afford you an opportunity to speed your iron steed to your heart's content.]

The open winter encourages out-of-door exercise. The main roads are often good even now for bicycling. The cross roads are not so apt to be. Before and after the winter season, however, the cross roads are, as a rule, superior to the main thoroughfares, for they are not so uneven or so crowded, and afford more pleasing scenery.

The number of routes open to bicyclists in the vicinity of Boston is almost infinite. The number can only be found by ascertaining all the possible combinations which the whole number of roads affords.

A few routes are given below, not that they are exceptional, but as practicable; all having been ridden over on the bicycle.

A good map for bicycling or driving can be had on buying sheet No. 55 of the State Atlas, for sale at the Old Corner Bookstore. White & King, the map mounters at No. 646 Washington street, will cut this into squares to suit, and mount it on cloth for pocket use. This map includes all the routes given below. Maps showing the roads about Boston more in detail can also be had in sheets, or bound in covers ready for pocket use. New roads in the interior are not often made now, but new roads close to the large cities are common.

Bicycle riders are cautioned not to ride too far at first, however alluring the sport may be. Do not ride far without dismounting occasionally; this gives relief, just as on a long drive it is comfortable to get out and walk a little now and then. Do not try to ride over long or steep hills, particularly on a journey. The walk up requires no more effort with a bicycle than with a hoop.

Always dismount if an approaching horse shows signs of fear. A civil person will appreciate your motive. You have an equal right to the road with those who use horses; but all who use the roads have a mutual interest in passing quietly, so take care that no blame or want of courtesy falls on you. A recent decision of court is interesting (it referred to steam power in the streets):

"The fact that one, for a lawful purpose, takes into the highway an object which is calculated to frighten horses of ordinary gentleness does not necessarily render him liable for any resulting injury. Those who make use of the highway by means of horses have no rights superior to others, and new modes of locomotion are perfectly admissible, provided they are reasonably consistent with existing modes."

Raising the arm and hand should be a sign to bicycle riders that the driver of an approaching horse is anxious and requires caution.

The distances quoted are believed to be approximately correct, and are given from the city hall, not because riders would start there, but because it may be accepted as a centre.

ROUTE III.

Routes 1 and 2 appeared in Nos. 2 and 3 of this Journal.

BOSTON TO CHESTNUT HILL RESERVOIR AND RETURN.

Miles.

From city hall to Charles street by Beacon street,	1-2
Thence by Beacon street direct to entrance arch of Chestnut Hill reservoir,	4 5-8
Thence round the reservoir to corner of Brighton and Beacon streets,	2 1-4
Thence to city hall by Beacon street,	5
	12 3-8

ROUTE IV.**BOSTON TO CHESTNUT HILL RESERVOIR AND RETURN, VIA HAMMOND STREET, THROUGH BROOKLINE.**

From city hall to entrance arch of reservoir, as by Route 1,	5 I-8
Thence round lower basin of reservoir to Beacon street, and up Beacon street to Hammond street	1 38
Thence southerly by Hammond street, crossing Boylston and Heath streets, to Newton street in Brookline,	1 7-8
Thence to the left by Newton street to Clyde street,	1 1-2
Thence by Clyde, Warren and Heath streets to Boylston street,	1 3-8
Thence by Boylston street to Cypress street,	7-8
Thence to the left by Cypress, School and Harvard streets, to Beacon,	1
Thence by Beacon street to city hall,	3 1-4
	16 3-8

ROUTE V.**CONCORD TO BOSTON.**

Concord Station to Walden Pond, by direct road,	1 1-2
Thence to Fitchburg Railroad Bridge,	1
(Keep to right at fork 3-4 mile from Walden Pond. Road poor.)	
Thence to Fitchburg Railroad crossing,	2
(Road improves. Keep to left, passing the Orange, fine old country seat.)	
Thence to Waltham Village, over a good road,	5
Thence to city hall, via Watertown, Market street, Mile Ground and Beacon street,	9 1-2
	19

ROUTE VI.**SOUTH FRAMINGHAM TO BOSTON.**

South Framingham to Natick, by direct road,	3 1-2
Thence to Wellesley, same road,	3
Thence to Grantville, same road,	1 1-2
Thence through Newton Lower Falls to West Newton, by direct road,	3 1-2
(One-half mile from Grantville, at fork by school-house, take right-hand road for fine view of valley; descend into Lower Falls cautiously.)	
Thence to city hall, through Newtonville, Newton, Brighton, Mile Ground and Beacon street,	9
	20 1-2

ROUTE VII.**BOSTON TO ARLINGTON AND RETURN VIA BELMONT AND NEWTON.**

From city hall to Charles street,	1-2
Thence to forks of Mildam,	1 1-4
Thence by Brighton avenue to Cottage Farm Bridge,	3 4
Thence to Harvard street over Mile Ground,	1
Thence by Harvard, Franklin, No. Harvard and Brighton streets, direct to Harvard square, Cambridge,	1 7-8
Thence by North avenue to North Cambridge, Porter's Station,	1

Thence to Arlington up North avenue,	2 3-4	Thence to Stow, over direct road,	6
Thence to Belmont by Pleasant street,	1 3-4	(Fine run; hotel at Stow, half-way to Boston; Colonel Snow welcomes bicyclists. Letter, day before, secures substantial dinner at any hour.)	
Thence by Forest street to North street, Waverly,	1		
Thence by Lexington street to Main street, and so to Watertown,	1 3-4	Thence to Sudbury River Bridge, by main road. (Signboards direct; leave Maynard Village a quarter of a mile on left; pass through North Sudbury; road fair most of the way.)	
Thence to Newton station,	3-4		
Thence to Brighton (either over or round the hill),	1 3-4	Thence to Waltham Village, by main road through part of Lincoln and Weston, crossing Fitchburg Railroad, from whence to Waltham is a fine run,	8
Thence to city hall, by Mile Ground and Beacon street	5	Thence to city hall, via Watertown, Market street, passing south of the arsenal, Mile Ground and Beacon St.	9 1-2
	21 7-8		46

ROUTE VIII.

BOSTON TO LEXINGTON AND RETURN, VIA WALTHAM.	
To Arlington, as in route II,	9 3-4
Thence to Lexington Monument, by main road	4 3-4
Thence by Waltham street to Waltham (Fine run last three miles)	5
Thence by Moody street and River street to West Newton,	2
Thence to Newton through Newtonville,	2 1-2
Thence to city hall, as in route VII,	6 3-4
	30 3-8

ROUTE IX.

FROM BOSTON ROUND CITY OF NEWTON AND RETURN.	
A.	
From city hall to Brighton, via Beacon street, Mile Gronnd and Cambridge street,	5
Thence to Newton (either over or round the hill)	1 3-4
Thence through Newtonville to West Newton,	2 1-2
Thence toward Newton Lower Falls, by Washington street, to Beacon street, where great signboards are,	1 1-2
Thence to the left, over Beacon street, through Newton Centre, direct to city hall, Boston,	10
	20 3-4

B.

Or, from the corner where the great sign boards are, by Beacon and Woodward streets to Newton Highlands, thence direct to Brookline over Boylston street—Worcester Turnpike (this is a fine run; skilled riders may take every hill; the great hill at Thompsonville is mounted by making the circuit of Jackson street),	7 1-2
Thence to city hall by Brookline avenue and Beacon street,	3 1-2
Total from Boston to Boston,	21 3-4

C.

Or, from the corner where the great signboards are, by Beacon and Woodward streets, to Newton Highlands; [thence by Winchester street to old cemetery on right, thence to the left by Dedham street to Oak Hill. (Fine run.)	4
Thence by Brookline street and Newton street to Clyde street in Brookline. (Fine run.)	2 1-2
Thence by Clyde, Warren, Heath and Boylston streets through Brookline and so to city hall, by choice of roads, say	6 1-2
Total from Boston to Boston,	23 3-4

ROUTE X.

FITCHBURG TO BOSTON.	
From Fitchburg station to Leominster Village, by main road direct. (Fine run; road descends.)	4 1-2
Thence to North Lancaster, over Ballard Hill	6
(Walk up this hill, part way at least; the descent is practicable; fine road; ride down cautiously.)	
Thence to Bolton, by the direct road	4
(Hill to walk up soon after leaving Nashua river; then a fine run into Bolton.)	

SOME VERSES BY A BICYCLER.

The following is a composite production, largely original, but containing the best parts of a long and tedious piece in Ritson's Select Collection, and attributed by some to Beaumont, of the firm of Beaumont & Fletcher. It is in itself a curiosity, and we insert it as having some indirect bearings on the subject to which our sheet is devoted. The principal one is this, that the writer, who has ridden the bicycle in various forms for about a year, has all that time been in a rhyming vein—unusual to him for over twenty years before—and it has resulted in some forty pieces getting published. Many will think that, rather than publish the fact, we ought to conceal it out of regard for the good name of our beloved vehicle, No; we have such faith in our favorite that we would elicit the whole truth in regard to it, whether telling for or against it. Besides, we are informed that the verses rapidly improved as the writer advanced from the old velocipede to the bicycle. We hope our readers will find some positive merits in the present specimen, and not drive us to the sad alternative of falling back upon its comparative merits by giving them another one produced under "bone-shaker" inspiration!

Moreover, the piece may pass as a drinking song, indicating about the limit of alcoholic stimulus of which we approve. Thus, while we would rather recommend the pump or the cow, as sources for the habitual beverage for bicyclists, at this time we offer them

A POT OF ALE.

OLD ENGLISH STYLE; MOSTLY BY JAGY TORLTAN.

To light up the rays of mirth in the face,
And make a man's state to be happy and hale,
Not drunken, nor sober, but neighbor to both,
There is nothing will serve like a pot of good ale.

Be he lowly and poor, a plowman or boor,
So much will its flattering humor prevail,
He speaks no less things than of queens and of kings,
If he touch but the foam of a pot of good ale.

And the good old clerk whose sight waxeth dark,
And ever he thinks the print is too pale,
He will see every letter, and say service better,
With a glaze on his eyes from a pot of good ale.

The poet divine, who cannot reach wine,
Because that his money too often doth fail,
Will hit on the vein to make a rare strain,
If he be but endowed with a pot of good ale.

Thus it helps speech and wit, and it hurts not a bit,
But rather doth further, the virtues morale;
Thereof you may know if a little I show
The high moral parts of a pot of good ale.

Truth will do it right for it brings truth to light,
And many bad matters begin to unveil;
For men to their drink will say what they think:
Tom Tell-troth lies hid in a pot of good ale.

And next I allege it gives courage an edge;
Even he that by nature recoils like a snail,
Will swear and will swagger, and out with his dagger,
If he buckle his belt on a pot of good ale.

Each soldier of Britain, as all will admit,
A dozen or more souping Frenchmen can wale;
He makes 'em afeard, for he liquors his beard
With the valorous dash of a pot of good ale.

O, Ale, *ab alendo*—to drink and commend,
That I had but a mouth as big as a whale!
For mine is too scant to supply all I want,
Or resound worthy praise of a pot of good ale.

The Bicycle in Boston.

The Supplanter of the Old Velocipede Rolling On.

[We insert the following article which appeared in the Boston *Globe* of Jan. 27th, not because the substance is new to our regular readers, but because it condenses considerable information of value to those who are only beginning to interest themselves in the modern Bicycle. Their number we are glad to add, grows larger every day.]

It does not tax the memory of most people to any great extent to recall the velocipede fever which spread over the country about nine years ago. Everybody caught the infection; velocipedes were taken up as the best possible of vehicles by old and young, and for a few weeks it seemed as though horses and carriages must forever be placed at a discount, compared with that most wonderful of inventions, the velocipede. Suddenly the fever ended. The victims awoke to a realizing sense that their favorite vehicle was not perfect. It was in the first place very noisy; in the second place, in order to propel it, the rider had to use his legs in an unnatural way; and to complete the downfall of the velocipede in popular favor, the doctors gave it as their opinion that the use of the vehicle had, in some cases, a tendency to impair health; and so the velocipede passed away from the use of men for the most part, and was relegated to the garret along with the spinning wheels and other discarded devices of inventors. Hardly anything was left to remind one of the velocipede fever except the little red tricycle, which the boys propel in pleasant weather along the malls of the Common and the winding paths of the Public Garden. The downfall was complete. In England, where the velocipede fever had perhaps raged to a less extent, the reaction was less marked, and the difficulty of providing a successor to the discarded vehicle was less difficult to be surmounted. While the defects of the velocipede were remembered, its excellencies were not forgotten; and an effort was soon made to devise a machine which should combine the good points of the velocipede, and do away, as far as possible, with its disadvantages. And so it was to meet a popular demand that

THE BICYCLE WAS BORN.

Not, however, directly to the English, is due the characteristic excellencies of the vehicle. It was M. Michaux of Paris who first conceived the idea of enlarging the driving-wheel of the velocipede and reducing the size of the rear

wheel, thus making it possible to attain a greater rate of speed. His plan also involved the important change in the position of the rider, whereby he was placed directly over the axis of power. This, besides utilizing the vital energy of the rider better than could be done under other circumstances, gave to the rider a natural position, enabling him to use his legs as if he were walking. But, instead of jogging on, two feet at a time, the bicyclist found himself able to advance over the ground, at the same expenditure of force, twelve or fourteen feet. Still, however, the cumbrous, wooden frame of the velocipede was retained. M. Magee, also of Paris, made another valuable improvement by discarding wood altogether, and making the whole vehicle of iron and steel. The improvement in the appearance of the machine was at once noted, and it possessed also increased capabilities for speed and service. Good as the French bicycle was and is, however, it was reserved for Englishmen to give to the vehicle the perfection of simplicity, strength and beauty combined, which is now found in the machine. Comparing the velocipede of 1869 with the improved bicycle, it is found that weight has been reduced more than one-third, while power of speed has been doubled. Both wheels consist of a light steel rim, connected with a spool-shaped hub of solid steel by numerous spokes of tough steel wire, each spoke screwed to the highest tension, the wheels being made noiseless by being encased by a tire of round rubber. The driving-wheel is enlarged to a diameter of four and a half, or even five feet; while the rear wheel, which serves only a secondary use, is reduced in diameter to about the size of a barrel-hoop. The rider of the bicycle, sitting directly over the motive axis, has not only the advantage of a graceful position, but he sits naturally in his saddle, and propels his steel horse with no more trouble than it takes him to walk. Everybody will appreciate the contrast between the bicyclist and the rider of the old velocipede. The latter is compelled to ride back of the axis of power; to propel it he must use his legs in an unnatural way in order to push the machine along. Some one has aptly characterized the attitude of the velocipede rider as that of "a hunchback working at a treadmill." The question,

WHAT CAN BE DONE WITH THE BICYCLE?

is, after all, the one which takes precedence in importance with those who are interested in the workings of the new machine. It is easily understood, in the first place, that to learn "to run wid de machine" is nothing very difficult. It requires, of course, some time to gain the confidence which is necessary to keep one's seat and to navigate the bicycle without fear of losing one's balance. Those who learned to ride the old velocipede generally find it very easy to learn to navigate the bicycle. Occasionally, a man who has to begin at the beginning learns how to ride the bicycle almost as easily, but as a rule, the novice in the art of wheel-riding has to take more than one lesson to gain the desired accomplishment. Much may be done by watching some experienced bicyclist, and then learning to balance one's self, mount and dismount under his direction. It may be said that almost everybody can learn to ride the bicycle, just as almost everybody can learn to swim or to skate; but people require a longer or shorter time to learn, according to natural aptitude. To answer the question, "What can be done with the bicycle?" it is only necessary to refer to what has been done in England. There, the bicycle has come into use among all classes in society. There are "meets" of various clubs in and about London, constantly, in which Bicyclists of the better classes contend for honors; and occasionally there are contests for the championship, in which the aspirants to fame endeavor to equal each other in swiftness, or in the "tricks" by which control of the machine is best shown. But it is the practical

character of the bicycle, as a convenient means of locomotion, that has brought the machine to such a degree of favor among the conservative Englishmen. Though introduced scarcely eight years since, the visitor to England to-day sees the merchant and the mechanic, the clerk and the clergyman, the workingman and the capitalist who gives him employ, all riding upon the bicycle to and from their occupations. Of course, the bicycle has not come into universal use, even in England, but it is coming into such general use over the water, that it may be said to be

ALREADY A BRITISH INSTITUTION.

Professional men, and those who follow sedentary occupations, find the use of the bicycle very conducive to health, and if one rings up a doctor in the London suburbs at night, it is ten to one that the physician mounts his bicycle and gets to the place where he is wanted sooner and more conveniently than if he drove in his own carriage. On common roads, from seven to ten miles an hour can be made by the most easy-going traveller; and about five o'clock each week-day, there may be seen hundreds of bicyclists going home from their work in London to their homes in the suburbs. The price of the bicycles in England varies from eleven to sixteen guineas. By means of the instalment system, monthly payments can be made; and so the bicycle is brought within the purchasing power of almost every one. It is a curious fact that the mechanic often rides a handsomer bicycle than the man who employs him, and the explanation is this: The mechanic, paying for his bicycle in monthly instalments, generally selects a handsomely-ornamented machine, feeling that he can afford to continue his monthly payments a little while longer in order to obtain the best article. The employer, on the other hand, often pays for his bicycle cash down, and, therefore, in selecting his machine, he is led to choose one of the less ornamented ones, feeling that this will be quite as serviceable to him, and that he may as well save money. The use of the bicycle in England is by no means confined to the young men; old gentlemen of sixty years enjoy a day's jaunt of thirty, forty, or even fifty miles, as well as those who have not passed the thirties. During the season, large numbers of bicyclists make the run from London to Brighton, returning to the city in the morning, and they seem to enjoy the exercise very much. Over all the good roads of England bicyclists are constantly to be seen in good weather, and there are published several admirable itineraries, showing where the traveller on his horse of steel can pursue the even tenor of his way to the best advantage. Some remarkable "runs" have been made by English riders when out for a summer's jaunt. Two gentlemen are reported to have made 205 miles in a little over seventeen hours' running time, and one rider, within the time of thirty-three minutes, thirty-seven seconds, is said to have gone over ten miles of ground. The fastest time yet made by an English bicyclist, on a mile course, is 2.56; so that the bicycle can hardly hope to distance fast trotters, though it can easily leave behind the ordinary roadster. But it is the practical availability of the bicycle, as has before been stated, which has given the machine its great popularity in England. A sufficient proof of this is found in the fact that in London alone there are published two weeklies, one monthly, and three annuals, devoted exclusively to the bicycling interest. The introduction of

THE BICYCLE IN THIS COUNTRY

may be said to have begun when the first American tourist, home returning from abroad, brought with him the first one of these strange inventions which ever rolled upon American soil. But the general public knew very little about the bicycle except by hearsay until the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, when a display of bicycles by an English Man-

ufacturer attracted great attention. Several orders were sent over to England at once; and last season quite a number of these new machines were imported, and the work of introduction was fairly begun. In the use of the bicycle, Boston has led the rest of the country thus far. Four gentlemen—a journalist, an architect, a lawyer and a merchant—were the first to introduce the bicycle here; and now there are probably fifty machines owned by Boston people, while a large number are awaiting the fulfilment of orders. This has been attended with considerable delay in the past, because the English manufacturers have found it almost impossible to supply the home demand, and hence could give but little attention to orders from America. Now, however, a regular bicycle importing house has been established at No. 22 Pearl street, by Cunningham, Heath & Co., and arrangements have been made with the English manufacturers to secure as rapid a fulfilment of American orders as possible. The machines represented at this Boston agency—which is, with one exception, the pioneer house in the business—come from twelve different establishments in England, all of whom are kept busy at work supplying orders. Some idea of the extent of the business may be gained from the fact that Singer & Co., at their works in Coventry, now turn out about three bicycles to every one sewing-machine. The other firms represented are Bayliss, Thomas & Co., makers of the "Excelsior" bicycle; Hillman & Herbert, Coventry, makers of the "Premier;" Hydes & Wigfull, Sheffield, makers of the "Stanley;" J. Douglass & Co., Coventry, manufacturers of the "Coventry Champion;" William Keen, Surrey, maker of the "Norwood" and "Empress;" Haynes & Jeffries, Coventry, makers of the "Tangent," "Ariel" and "Swift-sure;" Centaur Bicycle Works, Coventry, manufacturing roadsters and racers; W. G. Lewis & Co., London, making the "Patent Suspension" and "Special Speedwell;" J. Stassen, London, manufacturer of the "Nonpariel;" the Surrey Machinist Company, London, manufacturers of the "Invisible;" and W. H. J. Grout, maker of the "Tension" bicycle. It would hardly be worth while to note in detail the peculiarities of each of these styles of machines. There are good points in all; some have peculiar devices in regard to the brake, which is applied in various ways to the motive power; others have special "wrinkles" in regard to steering apparatus; and of course each firm thinks its own bicycle the best. The gentlemen referred to above who own English bicycles in this city, with the many more who use them occasionally, can testify to this. These vehicles have wheels varying in diameter from thirty-six to sixty inches, and the riders select their bicycles according to their leg measure. Twenty-five inches, leg measure, requires a wheel of about three feet diameter, while for a bicycle with a wheel five feet in diameter, one should boast a pedal extremity at least thirty-eight inches long. In a talk with one of the most enthusiastic of the young Boston bicyclists the other day, he said: "None of us believe that there will be any

BICYCLE FEVER IN THIS COUNTRY.

The introduction of the bicycle into general use will be gradual; but we believe that its use will steadily increase here. Some of the best physicians in Great Britain have given their opinion that the use of the bicycle is conducive to health. Of course the machine is not adapted for persons who are much out of health, or those who have special complaints, which the use of the bicycle will be likely to aggravate. As for the safety of the bicycle, it may be said that it is as safe as any other vehicle. The other day a young man met with an accident on the avenue while using the bicycle, and quite a commotion was made. On the same day a young man broke his leg through an accident to his carriage, yet

The American Bicycling Journal.

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All communications must be accompanied by the real names and addresses of the writers—not necessarily for publication—but as a guaranty of good faith. We cannot undertake to read anonymous letters, or to return rejected contributions. Write on one side of the paper only.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 16, 1878.

THE BICYCLE IN THE BOOKS.

There are a few works of scientific reference that are of sufficiently recent date, and that make mention of the BICYCLE, in one form or another, all under the head of "Velocipede." The American Cyclopaedia, 1876, has a brief notice, in which, though it refers to some of the feats of noted English riders of the improved bicycle, no distinction is made between that and the old abortive machine. Knight's Mechanical Dictionary, also 1876, describes, with cuts, the construction of a variety of machines, some of which are two-wheeler, but only one makes any approach to the present bicycle. There is scarcely anything in either article concerning the mechanical laws that make the movement of such a vehicle essentially different from that of any other. Another and very elaborate work, Johnson's New Universal Cyclopaedia, etc., in the fourth volume, dated 1878, has a short article almost entirely given to discussing the principles to which we have alluded. It is written by General J. G. Barnard, U. S. Army, who says:

"Few things are more puzzling to the ordinary observer than the self-balancing of the bicycle velocipede. If he makes the experiment, he finds his forebodings, founded upon the absence of base for stable equilibrium in the two wheels in the same fore-and-aft plane, but too well verified. The principle by which the skilled rider sustains himself is perhaps best illustrated by the familiar experiment of balancing a pole in a vertical position on the chin or end of the finger. Its equilibrium thus balanced (supposing it to be perfectly so, which it never is) is *unstable*, but in its *almost* vertical position the motion of fall is extremely slow; the holder is easily able to detect it and move himself so as to counteract it. The process of the bicycle is not identical but analogous; the experienced rider *feels* such incipient tendency of the vehicle to fall, and by an acquired habit, which becomes instinctive, checks it by the guiding-wheel, slightly varying his direction. The centrifugal force, due to the deflection of his moving velocity, thus brought into action, counteracts the falling tendency. Perhaps it would be more proper to say, that what is, in statics (or *motionless*), a position of *unstable equilibrium* is made kinetically (i. e. through motion), stable."

We must say that we very much doubt the correctness of a good deal in the above extract—even so far as it goes, and with the writer's own qualification of his views. His explanation would seem to apply chiefly if we suppose a rider to attempt to balance a machine while standing still,—perhaps not quite an impossible thing. But the moment it is put into rapid motion we think that little, if any, of that balancing is required, but that a new law at once comes into operation and mainly supports machine and rider against the general tendency to fall. That law must be the same that obtains in the instrument called, in its several forms, the Gyroscope, and Rotascope or "Mechanical Paradox." This was made famous by Foucault and others, as a means of making obvious to the senses the rotation of the earth; and the same principle was used to the same effect in the celebrated pendulum experiment. It is also involved in that movement of the earth's axis which causes the precession of the Equinoxes, and in the flight of the boomerang, in projectiles from rifled guns, and in the familiar examples of a rolling hoop and the spinning-top. The law, as affecting a revolving wheel, tends powerfully to maintain it in its plane of rotation. General Barnard's statement does not seem even to suggest the principle, much less to clearly state it, as we should expect, particularly since he wrote also the article on the Gyroscope in the same work. It seems quite certain that that law must principally govern the bicycle itself, when in motion, but that it is complicated with other principles of equilibrium by the preponderating weight and position of the rider. We do not feel quite competent to discuss the matter thoroughly, but throw

out these remarks chiefly with a view of bringing to our aid some of our readers who can do it. It is probably not a very difficult question to those who are familiar with such inquiries. We are, however, convinced that the Gyroscope principle, or whatever may be the more exact scientific name for it, is the cause of that peculiar life-like quality in the bicycle which makes a large part of its fascination for the rider, and which vanishes as soon as there is any *tertium quid* of support. No tricycle can ever give the same kind of satisfaction.

The distance from London to York is 205 miles, and the roads are as diversified in their features and quality as is the scenery through which they pass. In the old coaching days, the "fast coach" with aid of the services of eighty horses, used to perform the journey in three days, and very good travelling it was admitted to be.

The journey by bicycle over the same roads has been accomplished by two amateurs—Messrs. Coston and Smythe—in twenty-two and a half hours. As far back as 1873, four gentlemen, Messrs. Leaver, Hunt, Spencer and Wood, rode on their bicycles from London to John o' Groats,—eight hundred miles—in fourteen days.

The London Bicycle Club's Annual Championship Race is run from Bath to London; distance, 105 miles. The average time has been proven to be not more than nine hours, and on August 7th, 1876, W. E. Elson completed the distance on his bicycle in exactly eight hours and twenty-three minutes.

Similar events, almost innumerable, might be quoted, as proving the practicability of the modern bicycle; and yet, when the "Scientific American" in its issue of Feb. 9th last, is asked by a correspondent whether a practical bicycle is made, on which a twenty mile journey can be performed with less fatigue than on foot, it replies editorially, "We do not know, but we think it doubtful." Beloved and most scientific contemporary, where have you lived the past few years?

numerous to enforce a demand for a similar publication on this side of the Atlantic.

"The Bicycle for 1878" contains a full record of last year's bicycling, both amateur and professional; gives the distances run and the time made; has a carefully compiled list of the London and provincial clubs; gives a list of the various practicable bicycle routes, both in England and on the continent, and winds up its voluminous information with a diary for 1878, especially prepared for bicycle uses.

We commend the "Bicycle for 1878" to all riders on each side of the Atlantic. Published at 23 Warwick Lane, London. Price one shilling.

THE TRICYCLE.—What is believed to be the first tricycle in this country, or, at least, in Boston, arrived yesterday from England, consigned to Messrs. Cunningham, Heath & Co., and is now on exhibition at the Bicycle Riding School, No. 22 Pearl street. The tricycle is about a third heavier than its two-wheeled relative; but English ladies have, it is said, ridden upon it with ease, fifty miles in five hours. The rider is seated over the axle, between two large driving wheels, and while working the treadle, holds a handle attached to a guiding wheel. The vehicle is adapted not only for ladies, and for gentlemen who do not care to mount the two-wheeled steed, but for invalids who are not entirely helpless, and is so simple in its mechanism as to be entirely safe. It would prove a source of pleasure and healthful exercise for ladies at the seaside, or upon the lawn of a country residence. [Transcript.]

WALKING IN WINTER.—The able-bodied man who will crouch down shiveringly in the corner of a street car—in an air rank and fetid from the pack of humanity breathing and inhaling therein—when he has only two or three miles to walk, deserves to be assailed by the demons of influenza, neuralgia, coughs, colds and headaches that lurk therein. Even a ride in a buggy or sleigh, robs the trip of half its benefits. The air is good, to be sure, but the exercise is lacking, and its resulting benefits to the blood and the muscular and nervous system. Winter walking is a cure for cold feet. It banishes the "creep-crawls" from the spinal column, and sends the sluggish blood about its business. As a "nervine," it is a million times better than medicine, and for improving the complexion it is worth a whole harbor full of lotions and washes. It will put an edge to the appetite that you can't buy at the doctor's, and in promoting digestion, is better than a corner drug store's entire stock of bitters and pills. If you have never tried it, take a walk. Keep your mouth closed, your shoulders well thrown back, your head up, and remember that your legs—and especially your hips—were given you to walk with. Some people walk with their knees, bodies and shoulders, and no wonder they don't like it. We don't like to see them. There is an art in walking, as in other things. If you don't believe it, observe the motion of some splendid woman who knows how to move, or study the gait of a man who has some spring and liteness to him. There ought to be a professor in walking in our gymnasiums and high schools. But let those of us who are past that, learn to walk by walking; and January is a good time to begin. [Transcript.]

Book Reviews.

"The Bicycle" is an annual published in London, devoted entirely to news, etc., interesting to bicyclists. The first number appeared in 1874, and it has appeared each year since; this number consequently being the fourth.

That such a work should be successfully and periodically published, sufficiently indicates the interest taken in bicycling in England, and we hope that the day is not far distant, when our bicycle readers will be sufficiently

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.

nobody on that account urged that the use of carriages was dangerous. The only obstacle to the use of the bicycle generally is met with in the winter season. Snow is, of course, a great hindrance, and the bicyclist has to abandon his favorite vehicle for a time when the ground is covered with snow. But even in New England there are many delightful days for the bicyclist, when he may thoroughly enjoy himself skimming over the hard frozen roads and inhaling the pure, crisp air. This country, too, has such varieties of climate, that the bicycle, even if exiled from the North for a while, can have free course in the South, and on the Pacific coast it may be used uninterruptedly the year round. Those of us who ride the bicycle enjoy the sport very much, and it will not be long before you will see a regularly organized Boston Bicycle Club. I use my bicycle in getting to and from my home in the suburbs, and find that the ride brings me to my work with my blood tingling, body in thoroughly good condition and ready for business. Having been in England and ridden over some of the best roads there, I think that our American roads are, on the whole, quite as good for the bicyclist, who can find nothing better for his purpose than a good "natural" highway. Within the city limits, Commonwealth avenue (on the east side), Columbus avenue, Warren and Washington streets, to the Lower Mills, are excellent routes to travel. The Milldam road is not very well adapted for the bicycle; but, of course, the streets and roads in Brookline, Newton and the adjacent towns are most excellent. You have probably heard that there is an aspirant for

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE COUNTRY,

so far as bicycle riding is concerned, lives in Boston—Mr. Charles A. Booth. He is certainly a master of the bicycle, and not only knows how to make the machine execute all sorts of ingeniously devised and graceful figures, but is a most enthusiastic friend of the bicycle." Mr. Booth's residence is on Lagrange street in this city, where he is permanently located. An Englishman by birth, he first attained fame in Paris, where he was very successful as a velocipedist. He gave exhibitions of trick riding at the Cirque Napoleon, where from skilful tricks and fancy riding he was called the great velocipedian Duerow, after which he returned to England, to Agricultural Hall, London, which is one of the largest halls in the world, the racing track being an eighth of a mile in length. While there he beat all the celebrated riders, French and English, including Johnson, Mayo, Hood, Mischaux, Palmer and Wright. He rode one match for £200 a side from London to Brighton, against time. The bet was that he could not ride fifty-two miles in eight hours, with a sixty-five-pound velocipede. He won, with forty minutes to spare, and performed at Astley's Theatre, London, the same night. He has given exhibitions of fancy and trick riding at all the principal theatres in England and some of the first in America. He arrived in New York in 1870, and travelled throughout the country and Canada giving exhibitions. At last he settled in Boston, and has been a constable in this city four years. It is to be hoped that Mr. Booth may have an opportunity of meeting not only the leading bicyclists in this country, but that if he wins honors here—as is to be expected in view of his record—that he may represent the United States in the contests which are sure to be opened to the accredited champion of this nation by bicyclists over the water.

THE BICYCLE RIDING SCHOOL

at 22 Pearl street, near Post Office square, affords one of the best opportunities which can be afforded, to see the machine in practical operation. It is in charge of Mr. Pitman, a gen-

tleman of large experience in wheel driving, who bears the honor of having been the champion velocipede rider of Maine, and the establishment is very well conducted. The school is open day and evening for the accommodation of patrons, and it is steadily growing in favor as a place of pleasant resort. Most of those who are drawn to the school by curiosity, remain or return to take practical lessons in riding upon the bicycle; and the process of imparting instruction in the art bicycular, is most entertaining to observe. Decidedly it would appear that in Boston at least the bicycle has a future.

Correspondence Column.

The following letter—which explains itself—has been forwarded to us for insertion with the request that we would send a copy to the Editor of the *Scientific American*.—We gladly comply.—

Editor Scientific American:

NEW YORK CITY.

In your issue dated Feb. 9th. (*Notes and Queries*) "G. O. A." asks, whether a practical Bicycle is made; and gives as his definition of the term,—"One which would enable the rider to travel a distance of twenty miles on a good country road in less time and with less fatigue, than he could do it on foot."

The question is a reasonable one; but your reply,—We think it a little doubtful, fills me, as it doubtless will my brother bicyclists, with amazement, for it argues an amount of ignorance on the part of one of the Editors of the leading Scientific Mechanical Journal of this country, which is almost unpardonable.

If you will permit me to enlighten you, and through you, your correspondent "G. O. A." I shall be much obliged.

(1) The modern Bicycle is as "practical" as is the locomotive.

(2) A journey of twenty miles over a good country road on a Bicycle, is child's play, compared with its capabilities.

(3) Such a journey can be made very easily in two hours, and with less fatigue than a quarter of the distance on foot.

(4) The machine is generally adopted in England as an aid to locomotion; it is perfect in its mechanism, and although millions of capital, and hundreds of large factories are engaged in Bicycle making, the supply is still behind the demand.

(5) In England the Bicycling interest is sufficient for the support of three weeklies, two monthlies, and several annuals devoted exclusively to Bicycling literature.

(6) In this country, there is one fortnightly (*THE AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL*) published in Boston, and also devoted exclusively to the bicycling interest; to which, if "G. O. A." will refer he will find all the information on the subject which he requires; and to which if you will refer, you will be spared the necessity of giving to future enquirers any such reply as that which has provoked this letter and

THE WRITER.

P. S. I would also refer G. O. A. to the last "Sunday Globe" of Boston, and to the files of the Boston "Advertiser," the Boston "Transcript," and, in fact, to all the Boston newspapers for—say—four months back.

Answers to Correspondents.

Editor AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL—In regard to the effects of riding the bicycle, I can mention one little thing in myself that may be of interest to many. For many years past I have noticed a strange swelling of the veins just in the bend of one leg behind the knee, which I suppose to be what is called "varicose veins." As it did not give me any trouble, nor increase in extent, I have never done anything for it. Within the last few months the symptom has entirely disappeared; and, as there has been no marked difference in my habits lately except taking to the bicycle, it seems quite probable that that should have the credit of it. I do not know anything about the malady except that it shows itself by an undue prominence of the veins near the surface, and that it is quite common. My slight touch of it might be no criterion for one having it more severely, but my mention of the circumstance may serve as a useful hint for some doctor or patient, and so excuse the unavoidably egotistical nature of this communication.

D.

"Tourist Newton"—(1) We hesitate to give an opinion—The custom-house authorities can inform you. We should say however, that if you buy your Bicycle when you arrive in England, use it during your stay there, take it with you on the Continent—and finally bring it home with you, you should not be required to pay duty upon it any more than upon your umbrella or any other article of your outfit—You had better be sure of this part however before you start, for if under those circumstances you should be liable, you would save money by buying your machine here and taking it with you.

(2) Mr. Thomas, of Bayliss Thomas & Co., the well known makers of Bicycles, of Coventry, England, is Captain of the Redditch Club, and we know that any American Bicyclist will find him most willing to give all information as to most desirable runs, &c., in the country.

(3) The organization meeting of the Boston Bicycle Club will be held shortly. There is no bicycle Club in the United States at present.

Hon. Sec'y. "Buckingham," and many other English Bicycle Clubs. Thanks for club rules, and many kind remarks of approbation. We are only in our infancy here as bicyclists, but we hope and expect to grow.

The Boston Bicycle Club will probably be organized before this goes to press, and the editor of this paper will take upon himself the pleasure of presenting to the club your views upon desirability of International Club

races, and the various other matters and suggestions which you have so kindly advanced.

C. H., London.—Thanks. Too late for No. 4, but hope to find space in this.

Hon. Sec. "Tower Hamlets Bicycle Club," London, Eng.—Many thanks for your appreciation, and for the interesting extract from the "Independent," of which, with your permission, we will avail ourselves in our next issue.

—May not the venerable (that's us) editor who prefers old to new jokes be called an old saw-sage. [Yonkers Gazette.]

THE ENGLISH PEOPLE and papers are so fond of poking fun at the American accent and manner of speech that it is fair play to strike back. To-day I wanted a bottle of mucilage. I went into a shop on the Strand, and had this experience with the young lady in charge:

"Have you any mucilage?"

"Sir?" with a puzzled expression.

"Mucilage; paste, something to stick things with."

"Paste? Oh, yes sir; and she went to the back of the store and had a conversation with somebody invisible behind a partition. I began to think the buying of a bottle of mucilage a very important transaction in London. The consultation concluded, she reappeared with an immense bottle of flour paste, doubtless that used in the shop for putting up packages.

"Here it is, sir; happy to oblige you."

"Oh no; not that. I want to get a bottle of something to take away with me; something which will stick some pieces of paper on other pieces. In this happy town of London is there such an article?"

I have an idea the girl got a little mad here, for she said sharply:

"We've gang, if that's what you want."

"What do you call it?"

"Gang!" earnestly and very loud. I am sure she said "gang."

"Well, that may be it; never heard of it before, but I'll try it." She gave me a parcel. She was so angry that I was afraid to examine it at the store. When I reached my room I discovered it had "Gum" blown on the bottle, yet that English girl called it "Gang" as plainly as could be.

—"Do you know," remarked a rather fast Newark youth the other day, to a stuttering friend to whom he was slightly indebted, "Do you know that I intend to marry and settle down?" "I do-don't know anything about it," was the reply, "bu-but I think you had better remain single and set-settle up." [Newark Call.]

—"Speed the parting guest." Chicago is raising a fund to pay Dr. Mary Walker's travelling expenses to California. Sly dogs, these Chicagoans.

Why not buy her a bicycle?

Extracted expressly for the AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL, from an unpublished book of travels.

BICYCLING ON THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

[The following narrative is produced here, as we received it. We do not vouch for its *strict accuracy* in all details. ED.]

The second day after our arrival at Man-tin, having accomplished our photographing, Musgrave proposed we should unpack our bicycles from the cart here, instead of at Pon-ton, and take our ride upon the Great Wall, as this portion seemed in remarkable preservation. Musgrave, from his knowledge of the Tartar, as well as Chinese, found he could understand the villagers, whose dialect was a compound of both, and as they assured us that there were 900 le (about 300 miles, English) of unbroken wall to the south, it seemed likely to be a favorable locality for our contemplated feat of being the first bicycle riders on the Great Wall of China.

Accordingly, our 56 inchers were soon arrayed, and having been lugged up over the stones in a breach of the wall, leaned against the parapet, sparkling in the rays of the morning sun. We had provender for three days in our valises. Musgrave, as usual, carried his little breech loading fusil, hung at his belt. Eneas and Dido,* the former with the saddle bags neatly strapped, expressed their joy at the prospect of an excursion by leaps and bounds, and all things promised the best three day's sport of our Mongolian journey.

It was now the 10th of October, and the morning air was fresh and clear as we started down a gentle incline which swept on through a wide, shallow valley, until it mounted the next slope of hills. The wall was about twenty-five feet high (much lower than we had anticipated), built on both sides of oblong slabs of granite about two and one-half feet long by eighteen inches square, and filled in with rubble and earth to the width of fifteen feet on the top. In some parts, at every three hundred paces was a tower of brick, but in others, where there was less danger of attack, the wall sometimes ran for miles in unbroken sameness. As we left the high road and village behind, we began to see a great many pheasants, and Musgrave could have soon filled his bags but that he did not wish to overload Eneas so early in the day. Our two attendants looked on in astonishment, as with whirr after whirr the pheasants flew up without the customary "bang."

We ran along at about eight miles an hour over a fair causeway of large flat stones, greatly enjoying the wild scenery upon which we looked down from our elevated road. There were no longer any villages in sight, only deserts, and dry valleys and brown hills, while ahead we seemed to be approaching still rougher country. By noon we had traversed some forty miles, still over easy country with gentle rises and falls; the wall in wonderful preservation. We stopped for an hour and lunched, and then proceeding, almost immediately fell upon more exciting work. The hills became more abrupt and we soon found, in places, that we must dismount and run our machines not only up but down, the descent being much too steep and sinuous to allow of the fly-away speed of a bicycle. The labor with which these abrupt hills and crags had been surmounted was truly amazing. After a rather fatiguing afternoon, about four o'clock we entered upon a reach of perhaps two miles across a wild and wooded valley, and the number of pheasants upon the wall was something astonishing. Musgrave in ten minutes filled his bags (shooting as usual from the saddle). Eneas now trolled along, well laden, with

the pouches stuffed to bursting, by his clever little mate.

We dismounted at five, and by taking the stairway of one of the towers, and building a fire at the foot, the smoke ascended as by a chimney; we hung a blanket over the lower doorway, long free of the useless obstruction of a door, and so improvised a little, well warmed room of about five feet square. We plucked and spread-eagled two pheasants, and adding them to our sandwiches, with a glass of ale apiece, we had a hearty, merry meal, wrapped ourselves in our heavy ulsters, made a soft bed on the stones and never stirred a bone till the grey of the morning. There was no hurry, and we leisurely prepared our breakfast as we had our dinner, getting off at about eight, with little premonition of what was before us.

The country was now wilder than ever, not a sign of a habitation, and, to our regret, the wall in much less good condition. There were frequent breaches, generally of the inner face. We had at times to travel slowly, and at times dismount and navigate our machines between and through the rubbish that obstructed. The towers, unless quite perfect, were great nuisances. The centre of each was probably intended for a guard house, though now open to the sky, but still encumbered with the stair-wall and remains of walls, the passage part being on each side and about eight feet wide. This gave ample room for turning the angles when the towers were in good condition, but at almost every one we were now obliged to dismount. However, we persevered, and were at last rewarded on coming to steeper hills, by seeing the towers omitted for as far as we could see. Still, the work was arduous, and we walked up many steep ascents, so steep, that it was with difficulty and the exertion of all our strength, that we forced up the bicycles. At last we reached what seemed to be a rolling plateau and we sped along over gentle swells, with a glorious view of peaks and valleys, and plains and distant rivers, that was fairly exhilarating. We ascended one of these swells, the wall apparently continuing upwards, Musgrave perhaps fifty yards ahead, and both of us putting on a little spirit to surmount the next rise, when I saw him swerve a little to the right and disappear. Wondering at such a turn in the wall, I followed, and suddenly found myself confronted by an appalling vision.

The rise that we had seen beyond, and which in the clear air looked close at hand, was in reality separated from us by a deep valley, faced on one side by a precipice. The wall, turning to the right, found its way down by a steep declivity to a wide valley below, far too steep for the safe transit of a bicycle. Half way down the almost sheer descent was my companion, a mere blurred spot, apparently flying to destruction. How I saw all this I could never tell, for I had but an instant. I was already on the verge and the next moment was following Musgrave. Instinctively I got my legs upon the rests, threw my weight backward, and concentrated my whole meagre intellect upon the handles. Upon the firm and steady control of those handles now hung my existence, and I knew it. For the time, I knew nothing else. The speed was the speed of falling. The sensation, the sensation of despair. Down, down we went, the time perhaps thirty seconds in reality, thirty hours to our perceptions. At last, at last, I reached the bottom, still flying onward at a speed beyond computation. I was just collecting my senses when we came upon a new danger, startling enough, but that we were already startled beyond further agitation. Right across our path was a wide breach in the wall, a clean cut breach. The first notice of it to me was the sight of Musgrave, apparently flying, bicycle and all, for the further edge. Being slightly lower, I did not see the chasm until close upon it. There was nothing to do but "let her go." Musgrave had crossed, perhaps I might. I confess I shut my eyes as I took the mighty leap,

*NOTE.—These spaniels had been already described as trained by Musgrave, the one to carry the bag and receive the birds which the other picked up as they were shot and placed in the pouches.

but did not neglect my handles. I landed safely, the speed unchecked, and the india rubber tire preserving the wheel from the shock of the descent. But for the three or four inches of fall between the two sides, this little episode would undoubtedly have ended our lives there and then. I may here say, we could not go back to measure it, or to see what was the probable cause of such a phenomenon. But we agreed that the width was certainly thirty feet, and we conjectured that the break was caused by an earthquake, as it seemed to be a single break and separation. However, our observations of the locality were about the same as one's observations of a milestone, when passing in a sixty mile to the hour train.

On we still went, now holding our breath for the next obstacle. Fortunately however, it was one of the clear stretches, and in the course of the next mile Musgrave pulled up. When I reached him he was already off and lying on the stones, and I followed his example. Indeed, I nearly fell, bicycle and all, for my strength suddenly went, as if I was struck with paralysis. Musgrave, a powerful fellow who never flinched at any thing, was as white as a paper collar, and he lay limp and prostrate as if he had not a nerve or muscle in him. No doubt I looked worse. It was a long while before we recovered and could speak in anything but a whisper of that terrible descent.

For the time we were in some anxiety about the dogs, but they rejoined us in about an hour, having doubtless found breaches at the sides by which they scrambled down, and up again, and so circumvented the gap.

As soon as we were sufficiently rested we determined to encamp for the night. There was no town, but we found a nook at the base where a rough breach enabled us to descend, and there we passed a rather comfortless night, our fire going out as soon as we ceased to replenish it.

To be continued in our next.

ECHO Print, 756 Washington St. Boston.

Pickings and Stealings.

Now that we have found for this column a title at once descriptive and appropriate, we launch it upon an unsuspecting world.

—In regard to the weather, “if you don’t see what you want, just ask for it.” [Wheeling Leader.]

—Oh, isn’t it nice to sit by the warm fire-side these chill winter evenings and hear the mournful hyperborean blasts whistle dolorously down the chimney flue, while the snow drifts in great white piles against the sides of the house, and the jingle of the sleigh bells is heard upon the frosty air, and the hired girl burns 2000 feet of gas in the kitchen, by the hour. [St. Louis Journal.]

—When a gentleman rises to give his seat in a horse-car to a lady accompanied by another gentleman, it is courtesy for the latter to offer the first vacant seat to the first gentleman, instead of occupying it himself. [Boston Society.] Say it over again, and say it slowly. [Globe.]

—An English paper gives the origin of the word “damn.” It says the oath is a corruption of the French exclamation “dame.” This may be so, but we always thought the word “damn” originated by a man going out into the yard an hour after sundown and being abruptly caught under the chin by a clothes-line.

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One page, (outside),	each insertion,	\$25 00
One page, (inside),	“	26 50
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Half column,	“	7 00
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Special terms will be made for continued insertions.

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The American News Co.,

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AND THE

St. Louis News Co.

All Bicycle riders, and all persons desirous of promoting the adoption—as an American institution—of this healthful, manly, and useful means of locomotion and exercise—the modern *Bicycle*—should see that the AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL is on sale at the various Railway Stations and News Stores that come within their influence. It is within their power to do much to further our efforts in this way. Back numbers from No. 1 can be furnished.

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During the winter I shall make to order
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and moderate charges.

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449 Strand, Charing Cross, London.**

The Proprietors having arranged for a NEW LEASE of these Premises, are proceeding to make the alterations necessary to an EXTENSION of the BUSINESS.

Mr. ROBERT BOWLES will continue the management of the Exchange and Reading Room, and the several Departments will be placed in charge of efficient persons to ensure thorough attention to *all* the requirements of Travellers and Residents.

March 23, 1877.

HENRY F. GILLIG & CO.

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Where they are prepared to receive orders for

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Invincible,

**Centaur, Coventry Champion, Albert, Suspension,
AND ALL OTHER MAKES OF STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS BICYCLES.**

All the celebrated makes of English TRICYCLES (which can be used by either Ladies or Gentlemen) kept in stock or Imported to Order.

Intending purchasers are requested to send in their orders at once, the demand in England being so much ahead of the supply that it has been found impossible to get orders for FIRST-CLASS Machines, of average sizes, filled in less than from two to four weeks from the date of receipt by manufacturers.

By telegraphing per Atlantic Cable, a fortnight can be saved, and C. H. & Co. are now preparing a special code with the manufacturers for that purpose.

C. H. & Co. intend eventually to keep all the first-class machines in stock, but at present, for reasons stated above, they can only supply purchasers in rotation, as their orders have been, or may be received.

WESTERN, SOUTHERN, and CANADIAN purchasers are informed that, pending the establishment of Branch Agencies, their orders should be forwarded to C. H. & Co., direct, who will give their favors special attention.

C. H. & Co. would notify intending purchasers that, should the proposed silver bill become law, they will at once quote their prices in GOLD, in which case their current price list (which now refers to U. S. Currency), will be subject to alteration.

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A Commodious Bicycle Riding School on the premises. Lessons Fifty Cents each, or Twelve Lessons for Five dollars. Purchasers of machines taught to ride without charge.

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VOL. I, No. 6.

BOSTON, MARCH 2, 1878.

TEN CENTS.

—The “Bicycling Times” (London) asks, “When will tax-paying bicyclists become alive to the fact that the state of the roads in their vicinity rests in a great measure upon themselves? Why not use their influence, and induce their neighbors to use theirs, in returning men on the local boards who will spend the local taxes in local improvements; roads especially.”

Selectmen of our suburban towns, please take notice of this, for it is a little straw which shows the way the wind is GOING to blow.

—The Oxford and Cambridge University boat clubs have begun the selection of crews to row in the annual race on the 13th of April. Oxford expects to retain four, and perhaps five, of last year’s crew, with Marriott again as stroke. Cambridge will only have two of last year’s crew—Hockin and Gurdon—with the former probably as stroke. [Advertiser.]

The University crews, as we learn by private letter, use the bicycle largely in their training exercises, as in fact do all athletes, in their preparations for any unusual amount of exertion.

For developing staying power, the bicycle has been proved to be unequalled. Rowers, runners, and all athletes will do well to note this fact.

—In most cases the harvest comes with the autumn, but ours will come with the first opening of the roads in the spring. We are convinced that as soon as the state of our roads will admit of it, bicycle locomotion will develop with astonishing rapidity. The “steely steed” will soon become no novelty to our suburban and rural population, and, in the exact ratio that its novelty decreases, will its graceful capabilities be recognized,—and utilized.

First by ones and twos, then by tens, and then by hundreds and by thousands, will its riders increase in number; and when, in the not very distant future, statistics begin to show the vastly improved health and vigor of the bicycling nation, and the decrease in the death-rate which constant irresistible temptation to open air exercise must bring in its train, the fossils who are now merely existing, not LIVING, will open their sleepy eyes in amazement, and those on whom the weight of years is laid too heavily to admit of their beginning now, will wish that they were young again.

—Bicycling is a hopeful sign of progress. If that man is a benefactor who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before, he should come in for a share of praise who teaches a man to go ten miles as easily and as quickly as he previously went four. “Time is money,” and whatever of it is saved is often so much cash. As the bicycle serves its purpose in this direction, it may be regarded as a good savings institution.

We think that decided good will come out of this institution. Riding the bicycle affords pleasurable excitement, which is what most men drink liquor for, and it leaves no sting behind. It takes men out into the pure air, into God’s light and sunshine, and braces their lungs with the very breath of heaven. It stimulates them to save money which they might otherwise spend foolishly, that they may invest it in a machine which is a source of health and pleasure, as well as of utility. It is an inducement to young men who work in close apartments to spend more time in the open air, and furnishes them with a means of healthful, invigorating, and, at the same time, pleasant exercise, such as nothing else can possibly afford.

DR. GODDARD.

Professional Bicycling.

JOHN KEEN appears to have had a very easy time in beating the two trotting horses at Agricultural Hall, London. We are sorry to hear, from what "our correspondent" says, that matches of this kind are looked upon as suspicious, and sorry too that the term is used, even so slightly, in connection with the name of John Keen. From what we know of the "Champion," we feel sure that any undertaking in which he is concerned may be safely assumed to be "on honor."

CHAS. A. BOOTH, "Champion bicyclist of America," has not yet had any opportunity to substantiate his title. New York professionals appear to be afraid, and those in Boston dare not.

IT IS SAID that the subject of an International match for the championship of the world, is provoking some discussion among the professionals in England.

Club News and Wheel Talk.

THE BOSTON BICYCLE CLUB held its second meeting February 18th, President Woodward in the chair. The club, thus early in its existence, is obliged to forego the anticipated services of Mr. Mann, Secretary and Treasurer, who was elected at the organization meeting, but who tendered his resignation on account of business engagements that required his absence from the city. Mr. Mann's resignation was reluctantly accepted, and Mr. Frank W. Weston was elected to fill the vacancy.

The usual routine business having been disposed of, the club resolved itself into a committee of the whole, to consider, revise and adopt a Code of By-laws. An animated and protracted debate resulted in the proposed By-laws, as published in No. 4, of the AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL, being substantially adopted; some two or three articles were referred to the final decision of the Standing Committee.

Several applications for membership were passed upon, and numerous suggestions for the coming season were discussed.

The club is evidently both active and earnest, and its members are fully imbued with the enthusiasm that distinguishes all true bicyclists.

IT IS SAID that "Harvard" will not organize its club till spring. We hope it will recognize the happy medium between haste and delay, and not permit any other American college to obtain precedence over "Fair Harvard."

A CINDER PATH—to form an inside ring, in almost any of our trotting parks—would be a great convenience to bicyclists, and in more ways than one, would pay.

TEN YEARS AGO, Dr. Goddard wrote: "Henry Ward Beecher thinks the 'coming man' will ride the bicycle. We should not be surprised to see his prediction fulfilled, and devout worshippers propelling themselves to church on Sunday with all due gravity and decorum." The prediction has been more than fulfilled. In the country districts of England, bicycling to church is not at all uncommon, and it is no unusual thing to see a little array of bicycles ranged against a church wall, the riders of which are inside, attending Divine worship. The wave is coming this way. Which of our riders will be the first to set the example?

THE STEAMSHIPS "Anglia" (Anchor Line), at New York, from London, and "Palestine" (Warren Line) at Boston, from Liverpool, bring consignments of English bicycles to Cunningham, Heath & Co.

BOOTH made remarkable time at the skating rink on Washington's birthday, but who certifies the correct measurement of the distance? Professionals should be very careful in this matter.

VASSAR AND WELLESLEY, it is said, have been indulging in a good deal of "wheel talk" lately, and are each entering on a new era, to be known among the college girls of the future as "the tricycling period."

THE BICYCLE.

A PLEA FOR ITS ADOPTION.

Let foolish men talk of "vehicular toys;"
What do they know of bicycular joys?

Men may talk mightily, sillily, flightily;
Yet with their curses, objections and verses,
Machines are imported; the fashion is courted,
From all observations we see indications
Of great innovations of two wheeled foundations,
Of graceful gyrations, through sensible nations,
The modern machine!
Why so much talk? Come up to the chalk!
Hurl your objections in proper directions.
Stimulate manfully all that you can fully
What has been put for you into your skull
Take from it; though you find--little to cull!
Justly and squarely, open and fairly,
State why you take such trouble to make
Such terrible bother, discussions and bother?
Should harmless new fashion awake vicious passion?
We want your protection instead of objection;
'Tis not an infection. We ask your inspection.
Whate'er by detection, demands a correction
Will cause its ejection; (our thanks in connection.)
Come now, my dear sir, the roadway is clear, sir.
Mount your safe tricycle, or better your bicycle!
I like your pluck, sir, in trusting to luck, sir.
See! we to dangers are both of us strangers.
Sit quite erect, sir; and recollect, sir,
Be sure to select, sir, the best of the track.
if you reject, sir, our warning neglect, sir.
You will be wrecked, sir; perhaps break your back.
Light as a feather, now, go we together, now.
Eyes straight ahead, sir! See how we've sped, sir!
Through all the body better than toddy]
Rushes the blood, sir. 'Ware of that mud, sir!
Nothing laborious, nothing stertorous,
He's now uproarious. "Isn't it glorious,
Out in old Boreas? See, I'm victorious!"
He's getting ahead.
The joy in your face, I see I can trace.
You quicken your pace! Is it a race?
I'm losing place then. Guess I must brace then!
"Enough, sir! Enough, sir! Ahead it is rough, sir?
You may o'ertop, sir! Why don't you stop, sir?
But low he goes spinning, all the way grinning;
His figure is thinning, out of my sight.
O, most chagrinning! The race he's been winning!
Though just beginning, he beats me outright!
Sensation now takes him, caution forsakes him;
A tumble awaits him, and thoroughly shakes him.

But see! he is back again, getting the knack again,
Keeping the track again! How are you now?
"Oh, I am right again! ready to fight again!
Shall not alight again; till I know how.
Oh, it is grand, sir! Can't understand, sir,
How in the land, sir; you steadily stand, sir!
I blush to confess, sir, sending to press, sir.
Will I redress? Most willingly, yes!"
Now, all and each of you, we do beseech of you
Unsympathetic ones, likewise ascetic ones,
Don't run us down, now! Spare us your frown, now.
Mount a good bicycle, like a square man!
Try it a week, sir! Best of roads, seek, sir!
And throw it up, sir, then, if you can!
What a temptation! Judge the location,
With such a rotation, and steady foundation!
The best recreation known to the nation!
The best ventilation for asphyxiation!
It cures enervation and painful dentation;
Unruly pulsation and nervous prostration.
With this commendation, a good aeration,
Without perspiration, in this situation
Is the realization of our new innovation.
Try it now, do!

BELLA ROTA.

AU REVOIR.

Mr. Edward Preble, senior sub-captain of the Boston Bicycle Club, will leave New York to-day, per White Star S. S. "Germanic," for Liverpool; whence he will take a tour through the Holy Land, and wind up with the *ne plus ultra* of human enjoyments, a bicycle tour through the shady lanes and pleasant roads of Old England.

We predict for him a warm welcome from our English bicycling cousins, but not warmer than that which will greet him from his own club on his return in July next.

In answer to our correspondent:—

"X. Y. Z., Coventry, England." (1) We hope to have many subscribers in England, and we intend to exert ourselves to make our paper interesting to ALL bicyclists, here and in Europe. We do not feel justified, however, in accepting the money you sent us, and we have returned it to you in a post office order. Our arrangements with our English agents, Everett & Son, 17 Royal Exchange, London, are not yet fully perfected, but we hope they will be before you read this notice, and if you will please communicate with them, they will doubtless quote you a subscription rate—more to your advantage than that which we, with Atlantic postage to pay—could give you. Many thanks for your good wishes and flattering encomiums.

(2) Yes,— Any local bicycling news which you think would be interesting to our readers, we shall be glad to receive.

(3) It is rather curious, but you will find almost the same words in our last number.

Washington's birthday was to have been celebrated with a run; so it was, but the "run", was not on bicycles: it was the run of the rain and melting snow along the gutters and down the gulleys—joyful sounds, and harbinger of the better days when terra firma would be once more visible, and—rideable.

TRIP BY A LADY ON A COVENTRY TRICYCLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF LONDON BICYCLING NEWS:

Sir: Velocipedes for ladies' riding having, since bicycles became so popular, been quite a desideratum, some of your readers may be glad to peruse the following account of a trip on my bicycle, during which I had the pleasure of being accompanied by a lady on a tricycle.

Taking advantage of a little fine weather, we started from Newport, Isle of Wight, on Tuesday morning, and rode over the seven or eight miles of moderately good but very hilly road to Ryde in one and one-fourth hour, the worst hills being met with after passing Wootton Bridge, about half way. From Ryde we crossed to Southsea by the nine o'clock boat, and getting started from the latter place at a quarter to ten, rode over the jolty macadam, through Portsmouth to Cosham, about five or six miles from Southsea pier; then, turning to the right, we had a level run over four miles of good road with a slight favorable wind to Havant, where we made a short pause. With similar fortune as to wind and road we made our way over another nine miles, through Emsworth to Chichester, where we arrived at twelve o'clock, having taken under rather than over an hour to do the distance. Here we stayed for luncheon. Leaving Chichester at 1.15 we had ten miles of undulating but fair road through a beautiful country to Arundel, where we arrived about 2.45. Thirteen miles more of undulating and rather hilly road took us through Sompting and Lance to Shoreham, over the Wooden Bridge, and another eleven miles of level and fair road along the coast brought us to Brighton at six o'clock. We thus accomplished about sixty miles in the day, without the lady being in the slightest fatigued. After having some tea, we spent the evening in wandering on the pier, along the shore and round the town. Wednesday we spent partly attending to a little business, and partly at the Aquarium, boating, visiting the pavilion, picture gallery, museum, &c., and wandering over race-course hill. Thursday morning we went to view the magnificent scenery from the "Devil's Dyke," and Thursday afternoon rode back to Chichester. Friday morning the captain of the Chichester Bicycle Club very kindly showed us over the cathedral, museum, priory park, &c., and Friday afternoon we returned to Newport, having had a very pleasurable trip. Yours, &c.,

VELOCIPEDIST.

[In connection with the above, we reproduce the following from the same paper:—

TRICYCLES.—In reply to * * * *, I purchased a tricycle on the 5th October last (never having previously had the slightest experience of bicycles or tricycles), and, in company with a friend of mine, an experienced bicyclist, have been out upon it every day since that time that I could manage to get out—some 25 times. Have travelled in that period about 300 miles (in journeys averaging 12 to 13 miles, and varying from 6 to 25 miles); have never met with the slightest accident, nor has the machine ever been in the slightest degree out of order. The average speed is from 7 to 10 miles an hour. I have never tried to get a higher speed out of them, though, I fancy, with experience and practice it might possibly be obtained. As regards hills, they go up them admirably. Being a novice, I have not attempted at present to ride them much up hill, but my friend, of whom I have previously spoken, has ridden my machine up hill, and steep hills, too (such as Falmer Hill, near Lewes) without the least fatigue or inconvenience.

WM. GREAVES.

THE FIRST "GOLD MEDAL RACE" OF THE LONDON BICYCLE CLUB.

[In the hope of lessening the number of those who have any doubts about the practicability of the modern bicycle, we insert the following account of this celebrated race, for which we are indebted to the columns of the London "Bicycling News." ED.]

The first annual competition for the London Bicycle Club Road Medals, in which a gold medal is given to each member (up to ten) who completes the *100 miles in ten hours*, was fixed to take place on Monday, May 21st, 1877, from Bath to Brentford Railway Bridge. A large party went down by the five o'clock express on Saturday. On Sunday morning nineteen members emerged in full club uniform from their head-quarters, the "White Lion" Hotel, and proceeded to the Abbey, where seats had been retained for them in the Corporation Pews, the rest of the day being spent in taking quiet walks around the neighborhood of the Old City. Several fresh arrivals were announced during the day, and at six o'clock on Monday, twenty-four men sat down to a good substantial breakfast. Even at that early hour it was evident from the crowds of people around the hotel that something unusual was about to take place. As the time announced for the start drew near, the streets were literally thronged with people, and fears were entertained as to the possibility of starting so many at once; however, at the earnest solicitation of the Honorary Secretary, a passage was made, and an admirable start effected without any mishap at 7.32 A. M., in an open space about a quarter of a mile before Cleveland Bridge (the starting-place originally fixed upon). To the foot of Box Hill the twenty-four starters kept close order, but the long hill, with the wind blowing straight down, quickly extended the line. C. Walmesley here took first place, closely followed by Appleyard, with Butler and Turner in pursuit, Rucker, Tegetmeier and Godlee bringing up the rear of the first flight. The last-named trio gradually overhauled the leaders, when level ground was reached, and at the 14th milestone the seven were again in company, and continued so for about a mile, when another long hill saw Walmesley and Appleyard, whose hill-riding was truly wonderful, slowly but surely gaining ground on their followers. From this point, Walmesley was never headed, and Marlborough (33) was passed through in the following order: Walmesley, Appleyard, Butler, Tegetmeier, Rucker, Godlee and Garvey. The hill out of Marlborough proved too much for any, and all were compelled to dismount. Walmesley arrived first at the summit, and was never again seen by any of the competitors. One mile from Newbury, Rucker passed Tegetmeier, Butler, Godlee and Appleyard as they were refreshing themselves at an inn, but he, stopping for a similar purpose at Newbury, was again left behind by Tegetmeier and Butler, the other two remaining and starting together. In the meantime, Garvey, Newman, Turner, Williams and Thorn had been working their way up. At Maidenhead, Godlee and Rucker arrived a few minutes before Butler left; Turner passed while they were feeding. Newman arrived just before, and Williams just as they were starting. Turner was soon passed by Godlee and Rucker, the latter almost immediately after coming a nasty cropper, in consequence of a man leading his horse and cart across the road and leaving no room to pass. Thorn also had a bad spill, but was able to remount and continue. Williams ran into a cart, and was so much hurt that Newman, who stopped to assist him, almost despaired of again placing him in the saddle; but with great determination he managed to proceed. While all these scenes were being enacted on the road, the Hon. Secretary,

who had been appointed starter and timekeeper, had returned to town by train, and had taken up his position at about half-past three at the railway bridge, Brentford End, and settled himself down for a good long wait, the wind (North East) at Bath in the morning, being so strong against the competitors, that it was almost decided to postpone the ride until some other day, it being feared that very few, if any, of the men would be able to complete the distance in the 10 hours. To his astonishment, however, exactly at 3.55 P. M., or *8 hours, 23 1-2 minutes from the start*, Walmesley passed under the bridge, to all appearance as fresh as when he started and carrying across his shoulder a satchel, still half full of the provisions he had started with. Tegetmeier was the next to arrive, 15 1-4 minutes afterwards. Butler came in at 4.30 3-4, and Godlee and Rucker arrived together next; then Turner, Appleyard and Thorn within 45 sec. of one another, Williams 5 minutes afterwards, and Newman, the tenth man, at 4.50 P. M. Exactly five minutes elapsed before Garvey appeared, and he was naturally disappointed on being informed that he had not won a medal, he being the eleventh man. His time was only 9 hours, 23 minutes, and he was the last man in under the ten hours. Wilson appeared 5 1-2 minutes after the time had elapsed, followed at intervals by Langdale, Dalton, Buist and Parker. This is acknowledged to be the most extraordinary performance on record, both as regards the wonderful time of the winner, which, considering the wind, beats any yet made over the road, and also for the number of men (eleven) who completed the distance well inside 9 1-2 hours.

The times, which were taken by Mr. Jolly with a chronometer, obtained for the occasion from Mr. J. Benson, are as follow:—C. Walmesley, 8 hr. 23 min. 30 sec., 1; E. Tegetmeier, 8 hr. 35 min. 45 sec., 2; A. D. Butler, 8 hr. 58 min. 45 sec., 3; F. Goodlee and M. D. Rucker, jun., both 9 hr. 5 min. 45 sec., 4 and 5; C. J. Turner, 9 hr. 10 min., 6; F. E. Appleyard, 9 hr. 10 min. 30 sec., 7; W. T. Thorn, jun., 9 hr. 10 min. 45 sec., 8; F. M. Williams, 9 hr. 15 min. 45 sec., 9; R. Newman, 9 hr. 18 min., 10; A. H. Garvey, 9 hr. 23 min., 11; H. Wilson, 10 hr. 5 min. 30 sec., 12; P. K. Langdale, W. S. Buist, W. B. Parker and P. Dalton finished the distance, but were not timed. Eight gave np.

G. P. Coleman's chance was upset when only four miles out of Bath, in consequence of his front wheel breaking at the axle.

Great credit is due to some of the riders for the unusual amount of pluck and determination shown during this trial, and the thanks of all are due to the L. B. C. men (especially Messrs. A. O. Ward and J. Williams), as well as to members of other clubs, for the kind and hearty manner in which they attended to the wants of those requiring assistance.

[IN THE SAME NUMBER of the "News," we find the following communication anent the distance. ED.]

To THE EDITOR OF BICYCLING NEWS,

SIR:—As some of your readers may have seen a paragraph in a contemporary, relative to the correctness of the 100-mile course, over which the London Bicycle Club road trial was run, I beg that you will allow space for the following explanation. As I (acting for our committee), after considerable time and trouble, measured and marked out the distance, I will state that from Hyde Park Corner to the Guildhall at Bath is exactly 108 miles. The Cleveland Bridge is 687 yards on the Guildhall side of the 107th milestone from London, which stands on the right hand of the road entering Bath, and is let into a livery stable-keeper's house wall. The 7th milestone from Hyde Park Corner is at the far end of Brentford town, and the finishing point of the race was fixed 687

yards on the Bath side of that stone. I was so careful in my measurements, that I will venture to say it is within five yards of the correct distance. At Maidenhead your correspondent may see a very large stone, on which is stated 82 miles to Bath, 26 to Hyde Park Corner; these distances will make the 108 miles. The error has evidently been made in this manner: the paragraph states, "The whole distance, 105 miles, has been ridden in eight hours, thirty-three minutes." The race herein referred to was from Bath to the "King's Arms," Kensington, two miles short of Hyde Park Corner, (the old milestone formerly stood in the wall of Kensington House), and the distance of 105 miles has evidently been taken as the entire distance from London to Bath. That this is the fact, is patent from the distance from Kensington to Brentford having been stated as seven miles, whereas it is but five miles. It is the more important that this distance should be admitted correct, as Mr. Walmsley's time of eight hours, twenty-three and one-half minutes, against such a trying head wind as Monday's, must be considered as one of the very best performances on record; besides which, I am now informed by Mr. Jolly that the start from Bath took place from beyond the "Whitie Lion," instead of the Cleveland Bridge, as in consequence of the paragraph referred to, the distance was supposed to be wrongly calculated, consequently the men rode some six hundred yards more than the correct distance. As my committee have naturally asked me for an explanation of the paragraph, I trust you will publish this letter in your next issue, and oblige, yours faithfully,

W. A. SMITH (L. B. C.)

"Tee-e-e-e-e-een ware tummend! Wee-e-e-e-eender glass puddin'?" wailed a foreign-looking, seedy person, going down the street, with the stub of a clay pipe between his teeth, a patch over one eye, and a pack on his back.

"Tee-e-e-e-e-een ware tummend! Wee-e-e-e-eender glass puddin'!" dolorously bawled another foreign-looking, seedy person, coming up the street, carrying a very red nose and an old pailful of indescribable fixings.

The two persons paused and gazed steadily at each other. Then their yearning hearts went out, the one toward the other.

"Sacerissima! Il padrone tua guigleelmo qua chia il trovatore mater dolorosa!" remarked the one person, bitterly.

"Si, Signor, infelice mia ah che la morte, prima donna basso profundo che la miserere civita vecchia?" complained the other person, looking down at his tattered garments.

"Santa Lucia! contralto nizza milan turin roma genoa napoli di luisi terra del fuega!" moaned the one party, producing an empty wallet and gazing reproachfully into its darksome, vacant depths.

"Jerusa lemma! mia hapi homa ata fiva cloean themorna? Venezia padre chia tubarosa carissima prima secondo hora!" murmured the other person, passing his hand feebly over the limp front of his vest.

Then they looked sadly into each other's eyes, and sighed in the vernacular of their own far away, sunny, native clime, and, gathering up their business establishments, moved off in opposite directions.

"Andromache," said "megas koruthiolas" Hector, as he lifted the infant Astyanax to his well-greaved knee, and searched his vest pocket for a gumdrop, "Andromache, wilt listen?" And the wife of the Trojan hero sat down on his plumed helmet with a look of ineffable tenderness, and replied, "Wilt." "Then," said the vanquisher of Patroclus, "why is your name like the first experience of our little Astyanax with green apples?" A puzzled look o'erspread the features of the fair Andromache, and she sweetly murmured, "I pass." "Because," replied the Hellenic warrior and friend of Achilles, "because it—(here he placed Astyanax on the floor and cautiously retreated toward the open door), because it ends in ache." [Hawkeye.]

THE WHISTLER.

Frogs have their time to croak and owls to hoot,
The patient flutist hath his time to toot;
The fiddler fiddleth when his work is done,
But thou, O, bore, hath no set time—ah, none,
To whistle.

We know when Bangs will play his horn of brass,
And Dingleby his flageolet, alas!
We know when comes the dulcet fish-horn's tone,
But, hang it, thou hast all times for thine own,
O, whistler.

When old pianos have worn out an air,
And voices crude have worn it very bare,
Thy puckered mouth doth still emit the strain,
For all our prayers that thou shouldst cease are vain,
O, whistler!

Long after honest folks have gone to bed,
Wearied with toiling for their daily bread,
Then thou, O, lazy, long-eared, midnight bird,
'Mid many imprecations still art heard
Whistling.

I call thee bird—one of the shrill-voiced sort;
For, 'tis quite plain that music's not thy forte;
Thou shouldst be feathered as the vultures are—
You get the feathers, I'll produce the tar,
O, whistler!

JOHN'S LETTER HOME

Workee, workee, all same workee,
No time thinkee, no time see.
Me no likee, why for workee,
Dampoor ricee, dampoor tea.

Washee, washee, all day washee,
All day gecee, one rupee;
No buy smokee, all damboshee,
No buy drinkee, poor whiskey.

Chinee countree, all one sanee,
John have pickee, big ladee.
Here no likee, big damshamee,
All John havee, one Paddee.

THE BICYCLE.

It is a little wheel
All of rubber and steel,
With a big one, rather fickle, on afor'ard;
And when it is good,
It is very very good,
And when it is bad, it is horrid!

Transatlantic.

[From our own correspondent.]

LONDON, February 4th.

Things are dull again here, like the weather and the sky; there have been a few bright days lately, in between, but Saturday afternoons have been unlucky. Nevertheless, I hear of several old staggers who keep up their riding in spite of the discontents of wet and cold. John Keen, the champion rider, has signed articles for a 100 mile match, in which he allows six miles start to his opponent, who is not yet named, but is supposed to be D. Stanton. Most people think that he will not be able to give so much in a long distance. Keen, I hear, would like to take the place of "time, in Stanton's one thousand miles affair, which begins 25th inst.; but "David" evidently does not like to undergo the double risk.

Cambridge University has produced the swiftest rider amongst our amateurs, in the person of the Hon. I. G. N. Keith-Falconer, who has twice beaten the amateur champion (W. Wyndham). Some eighteen months ago we were amazed by the statement that Falconer, on the very eve of the Inter-varsity race, for which his name was down, had given up racing for "conscience sake;" having concluded that his religious principles would not admit of his indulging in this kind of sport. This was about, or just after Moody and Sankey's visit, when many earnest and religious men allowed their opinions to become unsettled, and their fervor to overcome their judgment. Since then, however, fortunately for bicycling, Mr. Keith-Falconer has apparently determined that true religion and manly athletics are not incompatible.

But it is not in bicycle racing alone that he has distinguished himself; during the last term he has gained high honors in the Theological Tripos, where he took second place, and in the Hebrew part of the examination he carried off the first prize. From what I have seen and heard of him, he is a gentleman whom we bicyclists ought to be proud to have in our ranks. To keep him company, and, as it were, setting him off to still greater advantage, two others from the same college and University, have distinguished themselves,—Messrs. E. Bower and E. Thornton in natural science and mathematics. Thornton, it is said, is an American.

A meeting of the projectors of the "Bicycle Union" is called for the 16th inst., to settle the preliminaries of its formation.

BICYCLING IN CAMBRIDGE, ENG.

There are those who shrink from active out-door exercise from fear of being observed; or because if known to relax at all from their daily avocations, fancy that their success may be endangered. This is characteristic of Americans. In England men seem to think and to act otherwise, and the longevity of brain-workers there is well known. Apart from the walking, riding, cricket, etc., Englishmen in private life enjoy, the new form of exercise found in bicycling is appreciated by men of all ages, even when past middle life. The Rt. Hon. Robert Lowe, ex-chancellor of the English exchequer, is a noted rider. Members of Parliament are connected with bicycle clubs, and the "London Bicycle Journal" of February 1st, now informs us that at Cambridge University, England, one of the swiftest bicycle riders in the world carried off some of the highest honors.

It seems that since the end of the October term the honor lists of the mathematical, theological, natural science, law, historical and moral science triposes have appeared, in which

185 undergraduates have obtained honors. A careful analysis of the list shows that ninety of the whole number are well-known athletes in some branch of athletics. Among the bicyclists are first and foremost the Hon. I. G. N. Keith Falconer, second son of the earl of Kintore, and brother to Lord Inverurie, who has carried off nearly the highest honors, in the theological tripos getting second, whilst in the Hebrew examination he was prominent, and was awarded the Hebrew prize.

The Cambridge University bicycle club was established in the Lent term, and Keith-Falconer was the vice-president, the Hon. J. Plunkett being president. Keith-Falconer has repeatedly won in races, carrying off the prizes at the inter-university races at Oxford, and last October won the four mile invitation race against leading amateurs of England.

Mr. E. Thornton of Trinity, another ex-vice-president of the club, has carried off honors in the mathematical tripos. His best form was displayed in 1876, when he was second to Keith-Falconer in the trial university race from Hatfield to Cambridge, and in December of the same year he carried off both the five-mile and ten-mile races. Mr. Thornton is an American. So you see that it's in us, *if we only will*.—[Boston Advertiser.]

WAITING FOR THE SPRING.

A RUN WITH THE TOWER HAMLETS BICYCLE CLUB.

Being a believer in that modern means of locomotion, yclept the bicycle, and, moreover, being proficient enough in the art of managing it to enable me to perform trips to the various rural places within easy distance of this favored portion of London, I was both able and willing to accede to my editor's desire that I should avail myself of a cordial invitation which had long been extended from the Tower Hamlets Bicycle Club, that your representative should accompany them on one of their Saturday afternoon runs. Having determined to go, the next thing was to decide the day and destination, so I consulted a neat and useful card of club runs, which is issued by the club for the use of its members every two months, and fixed upon Abridge as the place to which I would accompany this celebrated company of bicyclists, that being the destination of the run one Saturday afternoon a week or two ago. For the information of your readers, who may not have carried their explorations as far as Abridge, I would mention that it is a quiet village about twelve miles from London, a short distance past Chigwell, on the road to Ongar; there is no screaming railway tearing through the place to mar the air of rural repose which seems to mark the place, and altogether it is perhaps one of the most pleasant spots within such a short distance of Town. The time for starting for the run was four o'clock, so at about 3.30 I mounted my bicycle and found my way into Tredegar square, where some of the members are generally to be found and joining those who were there, we rode over to the headquarters for runs, "The Queen's Hotel" facing Hackney Common, Victoria-park; here the members seem to have every convenience, and as they generally commence to assemble about half an hour before the time of starting, the bicycles are wheeled into the spacious garden, which adjoins the Park. There, amidst the pleasant chatting of the members, the time passes quickly and agreeably until a reference to the clock proves it to be time for us to be on the move. The order is then given to "fall in," and each member stands in line at the side of his machine, when after they have numbered off, the order to mount is given, and then the riders start off, popping into the saddle one by one, number one being fairly in the saddle before number two commences to mount, the wisdom of this rule being plainly seen when it is

remembered that if all the riders took the saddle simultaneously, as is the case in some clubs, and if one of the front men came to grief, those behind would be almost certain to be upset in consequence, but by the first mentioned plan this unpleasant contingency is avoided. Talking of this, it would seem that club drilling is considered a very important matter in the Tower Hamlets Club, the honorary secretary always being at pains to impress upon the members the great desirability of giving it every attention, and though I am told that up to the present the system has not been carried out over strictly, in consequence of its being the club's first season on the road, yet from what I saw I must say the members are to be congratulated on the orderly and efficient way in which they ride when on a club run. After starting we proceeded gently at first, until the sub-captain, whose duty it is to ride in the rear and keep the men from straggling, sees them all in the saddle, when we go along at a slightly increased, but necessarily moderate pace past the park through a short piece of road, where there are generally plenty of people about, on to Hackney Marshes, here we still go slowly, the road being at times rather indifferent, and when we get to the White Hart we all dismount and wheel our bicycles across the small wooden bridge which spans the stream at this point. We then mount again, and after crossing the railway, soon find ourselves going through Leyton, where we are confidently informed "that our wheels are going round," "that the Russians are after us," and such other intelligent remarks from the enlightened natives, but perhaps the last remark is due to the rather military appearance of the cap, in which, *en passant*, I heard that some important alterations are shortly to be made. Upon reaching the lower part of Leyton we turn off and wend our way through one of the prettiest of lanes, descending a hill where the tall trees on either side make quite a covering over the road. We then pass the farm, taking care to keep a sharp look out after the geese, who have a very foolish way about them of standing in the middle of the road staring at the bicycles, instead of getting out of the way, and some of my companions can tell of rather narrow escapes of the aforesaid foolish ones being ran over. We now find ourselves in Epping Forest, and perhaps this is one of the prettiest and most enjoyable parts of the run. We turn out of the Forest on to Assembly-row, which is rather dusty, but we soon emerge on to the Lea Bridge-road, after patronizing which for a few yards we branch off on to the road which leads us direct to the Eagle at Snaresbrook, a very favorite spot of the club—and the District Headquarters of their Wanstead division. Here the captain orders a dismount for a short time to wait for other members, and upon arriving there we found the honorary secretary, who left us at Leyton, and arrived here before us by another road, endeavoring to persuade a member whom he has just met down here, to come on with us, instead of returning to London; but after some parleying, he makes some excuse about "being back at a certain time," and a "young lady," and then we see at once the state of the case, so the "engaged one" is favored with plenty of chaff from his fellow members, and starts off home again, to eschew bicycling for the rest of the day in favor of the attractions of his fair charmer. After a few minutes, which are occupied in gossiping with some members of another club, who are met there, another start is made, and the captain leads his men up the lane which crosses the railway, and then joins the Woodford Bridge-road. However, when we reach the railway a compulsory dismount is rendered necessary, as we find the gates closed, and have to wait the arrival of a train, which eventually passes and we are released, and again proceed merrily along through Woodford-bridge, along the shady and pleasant road to Chigwell, past the residence of the Lord Mayor, until we

reach the foot of the rather steep hill just entering Chigwell; however, some peg away and ride up, while others prefer to take it easily and walk up. At the top of the hill we observe one of the party calmly observing us, and on rejoining him it transpires that on leaving Snaresbrook he took the road under the railway bridge and so got the best of us, as he was not detained by waiting for the train, but reached Chigwell about five minutes before us and took it easy there until we put in an appearance. While we were about remounting for the last stage of our little journey, the captain and honorary secretary start on a-head, and scamper along to Abridge at a good pace for the purpose of ordering the necessary tea for our lot of hungry travellers, and we travel the remaining two and a half miles at a more moderate pace, and arrive in Abridge about 5.30, your correspondent joining heartily in the numerous expressions of satisfaction at the enjoyable little jaunt down on the "steeds of metal." Our sojourning place for the time being is the White Hart, and we soon adjourn up stairs to do justice to the excellent tea provided for us. In course of time everyone is satisfied, and then, for a few minutes, the members chat on various club topics, after which a general move is again made for the open air, but we have still plenty of time before the start for home, which we are told will take place at 7.30.

Shortly before that hour the assembly call is thundered out by the club bugler (Mr. H. Jolly) in true military style, and the riders are ranged in line along the village street waiting the signal to start. Two members of the Temple Bicycle Club came up and requested to be allowed to join the company in their homeward journey; a cordial invite is at once given, and I shortly find myself again trundling along with my pleasant companions, who seem to be blessed with as large an amount of vivacity and cheerful spirits as it would be possible to find in any similar company. After passing one or two drunken men, who seemed inclined to be rather mischievous, but, however, allowed us to pass, we soon found ourselves bowling along through Chigwell, our bugler again pealing out and drawing the "natives" to their doors and some other bicyclists to the windows of the King's Head to see us pass, which we do in good order, and get along without a general disinount until we reach the railway crossing at Snaresbrook, where the railway official keeps the gates closed until we are all compelled to get off our "horses," then coolly opens them and lets us through. He is thanked for his kindness (?) and in another minnute or so we are again at the Eagle, Snaresbrook. Here I take leave of my friends, after the most pleasant afternoon it has been my lot to spend for some time past, and hope that on future occasions I may have the privilege of joining in equally enjoyable and delightful runs with the affable and courteous members of our leading East-end bicycle club, the Tower Hamlets B. C.—[Tower Hamlets Independent, Sept. 1st, 1877.]

We have not been fortunate in the matter of weather vouchsafed for our national holidays of late—and the anniversary of the birth of the "father of his country" was no exception to what has apparently become the rule. All day long the wind howled and the rain fell, and disappointed holiday seekers kept indoors, yawned, and wished that he of "little hatchet" celebrity had postponed his advent until the season of more settled weather. Out doors, slush and mud reigned supreme—but the Bicyclist as he flattened his nose against the window pane, and realized how rapidly the heaps of snow were disappearing; whistled merrily.

The American Bicycling Journal.

THE AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL will be published every other Saturday, at noon. Our country readers will much oblige by reporting any failure in delivery.

All communications should be addressed, and all money should be sent to, Editor AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL, 178 Devonshire Street, Boston, Mass. To ensure priority of insertion, all communications should reach us not later than noon on Wednesday preceding publication.

THE AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL will be sent to any address, in the United States, or Canada, postpaid, for one year, for \$2.50, paid in advance.

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As soon as the demand will warrant it, we propose publishing an edition each week, for first year. A new subscription rate will then be made—which, for the first year—will not affect those whose subscriptions have not expired.

All communications must be accompanied by the real names and addresses of the writers—not necessarily for publication—but as a guaranty of good faith. We cannot undertake to read anonymous letters, or to return rejected contributions. Write on one side of the paper only.

BOSTON, MARCH 2, 1878.

CALISTHENIC AND UTILITARIAN.

As the word Gymnastic is formed from two Greek words, meaning to exercise naked, it has, very naturally, by deriving its significance primarily from practices in the ancient arenas, been applied, and continues to be applied, generally to the more violent bodily disciplines that are adapted and intended to prepare the human frame to engage in certain competitive sports, gladiatorial and antagonistic rivalries and collisions, and even for the exigencies of real war itself. Hence, the term gymnastics and its cognates usually carry an idea of toil and tug and conflict, and the acts which they represent have for their aim and end the development of muscle, and the strenuous cultivation of hardihood, agility, speed or endurance, or a number of these qualities at once, for some specific object. These processes of preparatory training, though admirably fitted to attain those special objects, may be, and indeed usually are, not conducive to the general good of even the bodily man; nor are they a necessity, or of much use, to the majority, nor

adapted to the requirements of the average in civilization. It is but a truism in these days to say that, while moderate exercise is beneficial, an excess of it is likely to be most injurious to the system, and if persisted in for a long time is certain to shorten life and render it miserable. It is a well known fact that acrobats, pugilists, pantomimists, all who habitually practise violent performances, are especially liable to decline rapidly into a premature old age, mostly the direct effect of their muscular exertions—after making all due allowance for the collateral and secondary causes in their habits which tend to the same result. This was so manifest even in ancient times, that Plato and Galen, as well as other less eminent authors, mention it as an obvious fact.

The gentler brother of Gymnastic, in the great family of the dictionary, is Calisthenic, compounded of words bearing the meaning of beauty and strength—beauty first, as if of primary importance. Exercises in calisthenics bear about the same relation to gymnastics, as the form of Apollo does to that of Hercules; and they make the golden mean between the two extremes that we are combatting, the rough athletics, and the more ruinous total neglect of all specific bodily exertions. There is no profession or calling in which mankind can be engaged, no position or occupation, where an harmoniously invigorated frame will not be always valuable. In many pursuits, even those of the most purely and highly intellectual requirements, it is essential to success, simply as a material means indispensable to enable the mind to do its work, and to fortify both mind and body for withstanding the many shocks and the incessant wear and tear of life. As health is the first requisite of beauty, and grace is nearly akin to both, the word Calisthenic has come to be applied to any healthful and elegant exercise, by means of some light, compact and portable apparatus designed to develop equably and moderately the whole muscular system. A mobile apparatus of that kind, and well adapted to those purposes, is the velocipede of to-day,—elegant, light, compact, and not only “portable,” but locomotive, and not only locomotive but attractive, with a charm that draws us out into the vivific open air, to take our exercise there where it is most effectual. One reason, and a strong one, why we here emphasize the distinction between calisthenics and gymnastics in this matter, and why we say “velocipede” rather than exclusively Bicycle, is because of the ladies and their needs. They will hereby distinctly understand that for them our paper is not only the AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL, but

the TRICYCLING, as well ; and they will henceforward read with their mind's eye the words, " and Tricycling," upon the flying scroll of our title-head in parenthetical red letters shining conspicuous ; and if they will second us, we will keep that old fellow, their special enemy, that follows, as far behind as possible ! We have in view, also, the wants of many of the hardier sex to whom, from timidity or inactivity, or any other disinclination or disqualification, the deciduous bicycle seems to have an insufficient basis for secure locomotion. All who shall use these carriages will, in a general sense, " travel on their muscle," but not in the minatory sense ; nor in the gymnastic sense, except that such as have the latter kind of object in view, can obtain on the machines exercise severe enough to suit them. The special aim of our present writing is to commend to persons of moderate strength, means of gentle out-door activity, including therewith objects and errands of direct utility and profit. We have no doubt that the young and the strong will rapidly enough betake themselves to this method of riding, for purposes of recreation, chiefly ; and perhaps that very fact would tend to daunt and deter some of the class of persons who most need such an exercise, and upon whom we here particularly urge it. How many men there are, for instance, of middle age, ordinary strength, whose time absorbed by sedentary business in the city, and who, though living from five to twenty miles in the country, get very little of the benefits of it ! To most of these the Bicycle would be a practicable auxiliary that would at once save them each a round sum per year in travelling expenses, and give them, often without any loss of time, just what they most need, and for want of which many of them are actually dying by inches, which is regular exercise in the open air. As it is, they go by steam or horse-car, trundled or shot to and fro twice a day, boxed up in a vitiated atmosphere often chilly or overheated,—circumstances that at best neither help to fit them for the day's work, nor to refresh them after it ; and which at worst are odious evils in more than one way. Those who ride in their own vehicles are but little better off—they miss the main thing needed, which is exercise. Let us suppose, on the contrary, such an average man to have his bicycle—to master which he has given an hour a day for a week or so ;—he arranges to ride it in one direction or both for nearly the whole distance he has to go, and that can be for at least one-half of all the days in the year. Perhaps, to avoid pavements, etc., he will leave his machine say, half a mile from his business ; and here we note the odd fact that af-

ter a long bicycle ride one feels particularly brisk on his legs for a short walk. If he have hitherto used the horse-car or private conveyance, he can save time in many cases by the change ; if he went formerly by steam, the difference may be with some a trifle the other way, as compared with the rate of accommodation trains. The saving of expense, in either case, can be easily estimated for each, and can hardly ever fail of being a very large percentage on the first cost of the change, which is almost the entire outlay needed. So much for the direct question of time and money. In the matter of health and vigor, and all that they mean and bring, he would find the contrast so great as to be inestimable. He would find himself soon—plodding man of business as we suppose him, and with only utilitarian aims at first—soon getting strangely frisky as he goes, and often leaving the more direct for the circuitous routes ; and if he have begun, on account of the distance, by starting half an hour sooner than his previous habit, we shall often hear of his wilfully adding another half hour to the ride at the other end, and when at his work, rebutting all blame for the delay, in a somewhat robustious and impudent manner, by declaring that his increased vigor will doubly repair the loss : and he will prove it, too. His " sprightly port" will astonish all his friends, and he will not know himself for the same man by the end of one year. Such is our little fancy sketch, made of pieces of actual fact, and not over-colored. With the tricycle, the details would only be slightly varied, and some of the fascination be deducted ; with either, the aforesaid slave of the ear can be made juvenescent, and by the grace of the cycles, free and independent.* Closely connected with this class of cases, is the general question of " Rapid Transit," which is partially solved in New York City, and is now beginning to force itself as a problem difficult of solution upon most other large cities in this country, notably upon us here in Boston. The bicycle and the tricycle together are well calculated to modify that knoty question to some considerable extent. If the majority of those, of both sexes, who could with ease and delight avail themselves of our carriage in some form, and with immense and various benefit to themselves, would do so, it would probably change the practical aspect of the problem for the rest of the community, and perhaps even postpone indefinitely the solution of it by other

*For information on the various points as to the feasibility of the bicycle for the ordinary walking and working man, we refer him to the previous numbers of this paper.

methods, all very operose and costly. We hardly hope for that majority, but we feel sure of a choice and potent minority, and that soon.

Among the possible applications of the new self-wheeling facilities, one which seems much needed and likely to be remunerative, would be the establishment of velocipede expresses, especially across the main lines of travel and around the outskirts of the city, and through the wide spaces of the outlying districts. Even a youth, and on a bicycle, could readily do twenty to thirty miles a day and carry a considerable amount of small parcels in the usual ways, in the front wheel or over the hind one, or behind the saddle. The tricycle might sometimes be suited better to the road or the kind of freight. When it is realized that the cost of outfit is far less than the ordinary ones, and that the running expenses of the vehicle would be practically nothing, it is demonstrable that a pedomotive express for a light business would be a great success from the start, if rightly managed, on a route judiciously chosen. Many fortunes and reputations have been made in Express enterprises; and here is a new opening, though comparatively limited. We think there "is money" in the suggestion, and that it may be the seed of a fair and flourishing growth if planted in the mind of one who shall rightly cultivate it, a man of practical sense and foresight, or as Horace has it,—

Utiliumque sagax rerum, et divina futuri.

Our wheeling economy would also be suitable to the postal carrier's work in the same parts of this city, where now the constant use of horses is a large expense. Thus, as bicyclists will, we have gone roundabout over too much space, and have but imperfectly shown the bearings of the cycles and how they run upon the roads to health and vigor and other utilitarian ends.

—Our Greek compositor says that if a three-wheeled vehicle is called a "tricycle," and a two-wheeled ditto a "bicycle," then a one-wheeled vehicle (and so is a—wheelbarrow), must be an "icicle" ("eiscycle.")

This is a seasonable pun.

We propose to commence in our next number a series of short articles showing the principal progressive steps in the development of artificial locomotion from the earliest domestication and use of the lower animals, until the invention, and perhaps we may say perfection of the modern bicycle.

We shall use the best sources of information at our command, and try to be accurate in regard to important points; but the subject is so extensive that of course any thing like elaborateness is out of the question.

Book Reviews.

Ordinarily it is not pleasant to be under obligations to any one, but those which our contemporaries have, with such hearty good will, compelled us to incur, are very pleasant to us, and are gratefully appreciated.

Our genial neighbor, the Boston Evening "Transcript," has placed us under especial obligations, and our gratitude is due it in like proportion for the introduction with which it has furnished us to its myriad readers. Our theme is a family theme in its broadest sense, and the Evening "Transcript," the most readable "family paper" in this or any other city. Which deprivation would be felt the keenest, that of our dinner or of our "old Transcript," is still a moot point with us,—but to partake of the latter after the former, is luxury.

Another of our neighbors—the well-known and ever welcome Boston "Globe," has done great things for bicycling, more perhaps than any other two papers, but this is only one indication of its superior qualities. They publish also, the best Sunday newspaper in Boston. May it circulate as widely as the globe of Jupiter, and be as much read as that of Mars.

THE CHICAGO "Standard" (which by the way is an exceedingly well edited and readable paper), wonders why it is that bicycling has not been adopted in Chicago. Don't be in a hurry, friend "Standard." To-day the same query could be asked in connection with ninety-eight and a half per cent. of all the cities in the country. Give us one year, then ask us again. We have all got to learn as we live, but Chicago will be educated up to the delights of bicycling before long. Mark our words.

Correspondence Column.

THE FOOLS OF THE ROAD.

EDITOR AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL:—

I read from time to time with much interest, in your excellent journal, the various forms of advice which it offers to bicycle riders with a view to their safe and pleasant guidance amid the dangers which beset the public highway. Having had but very little experience as yet, I am disposed to pay great attention to the precepts you lay down, and to endeavor to practise what you preach.

One topic, however, I think should find a place for mention in your columns, and that is—"The Fools of the Road". You have given us pretty exhaustively, the "Rules"; now spare a little space for the "Fools", by way of variety.

By the fools I mean, men who drive with their reins hanging so loosely over their horses' backs, that in the event of a shy or a bolt—caused by the sudden advent

of a bicycle round the corner—they are practically without control of any kind over the horses they are driving. Men who get so alarmed when they see a bicycle that their alarm communicates itself to the horses. Men who get so interested when they see a bicycle that they become entirely oblivious to their horses, or to any symptoms of uneasiness which they may show. Men who drive, absorbed in thought, without looking, and to all appearances without knowing, where they are going.

Men who leave spirited horses standing unfastened at house doors and garden gates, while they are visiting within, and generally, all those who ride or drive without being competent to do either.

These fools are in danger of accident, and when the first serious one occurs, it may, awaken in some of them the knowledge that a driver of horses has duties to attend to equally as important as A BICYCLE RIDER.

A POINT TO BE MADE.

EDITOR AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL:—

Although not yet a rider of the Bicycle, I have serious thoughts of becoming one, as soon as circumstances other than my own inclination, are favorable. Calling the age of fifty the meridian of life—though I have hardly yet reached it, I have arrived at that period when few men are apt to take to new sports or exercises merely for their own sake. I don't think I am much of an admirer of "physical culture," as it is called,—that is, when it is pursued methodically—merely for the sake of physical culture. I have the same kind of dislike or disinclination to subject myself to dietary rules and regulations, or to geometrical divisions of my time, or minute classification of what are called duties. I hate to make myself a machine, in fact, in any way. I hate work for the mere sake of work, and I think that most of the talk about the "dignity of labor" is mere bosh. I never could run after pleasure—either, for its own sake, and a long-anticipated formal holiday is an abomination. What I do delight in, is—LEISURE. Plenty of time to do what I like in, or to do nothing in when it suits me better. I like to work when I feel inclined to work, and to be idle when I feel inclined to be idle. My wants are simple and my appetites easily restrained. I think there is nothing more to be avoided than the constant hurry, bustle and excitement of what is called civilized life. Civilization itself is a fraud:—that is, civilization in the common acceptation of the term. If civilization consists in burdening oneself with artificial wants and restrictions and then making oneself a slave for their gratification; if it consists in setting up a lot of tailors, dressmakers, architects, and so on—to devise ways and means to surround us with "impedimenta" to simple and natural enjoyment, to concoct a never-ending succession of fashions, styles and observances, in order to furnish them a living; if it consists in providing the ways and means of squandering a vast amount of unnecessary wealth in imitation of the barbaric splendor of

oriental sensuality; and if it compels us to devote nearly our whole time and energy to the maintenance of a stupid rivalry with each other as to which shall make the greatest display, and which shall weigh himself down with the greatest amount of care and anxiety; if to be civilized is to be the slave of fashion, the slave of custom, the slave of Mrs. Grundy; if it is to be the worshipper of every time honored absurdity, the worshipper of the great WHATEVER-IS;—then, I would rather have been born a free Indian, a hundred years before the Devil put the diabolical idea into the head of Christopher Columbus to cross the Atlantic.

But I did not sit down to write all this heretical stuff—stuff, no, say TRUTH, to the BICYCLING JOURNAL, although I do not know that it is altogether out of place in a paper having such sensible objects, either.

You will gather from all this, that I am, to say the least, a somewhat unconventional man, not a lunatic exactly, but a sort of eccentric genius; by no means a misanthrope—mind that; perhaps the somewhat vague name of "Bohemian" will suit me as well as any one word you can think of. I have a perfect love for and sympathy with all of that extensive class in all its many varieties; the "bohemian" artist, the "bohemian" player, the "bohemian" author, penny-a-liner, scribbler—what not. I love them all and every one. They know how to enjoy life at a shilling a day; they are the only really free and at the same time cultivated and educated people in the world.

But I am wandering again and must come back to the important subject I wish to ask your opinion about. Some-how or other when I do get writing, my thoughts will go "meandering", and it takes me a long while to get to the point, but when I do get to it—mind you—I make it, and make it with an emphasis.

But I shall be taking too much of your space if I try to make it to-day, so I will even leave it—with your permission—until the next time I write, and subscribe myself

Yours in the mean time,

"BOHEMIAN."

[Under these circumstances, we must call upon our correspondent to back up this assertion "to be continued in our next."—ED.]

Answers to Correspondents.

"H. A. E., NAHANT."—(1) All the good makes are good, and you will not err in choosing any of the makes you mention.

(2) It depends upon your age and physique. If you can ride the bicycle, a tricycle would never content you. See answer to "Benedict."

"WOULD-BE BICYCLIST, BALTIMORE."—Pshaw!

"J. S. D., CHICAGO."—Tell U. K. P. to inquire and become interested. He will find it "pay" in every way, and a word to that effect from you would be valuable.

[Replies to "Club Member" and "Benedict" are crowded out of this issue, and will be given in our next. "X. Y. Z." will find a response on another page.—ED.]

A BICYCLE RUN ON THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

CONCLUDED.

Notwithstanding our poor night, we were ready again by next morning for anything that might happen, and after a satisfactory breakfast, proceeded on our way. We soon crossed a valley that looked as if it might form a pass through the hills, and, confirmatory of the conjecture, when nearly at the hill on the further side, we came to an unprotected gateway, through which ran a mule track by the side of a rivulet, both spanned by an arch in good repair.

Immediately after, we reached the end of the sound portion of the wall. It broke off on the further side of the hill, and as far as we could see over the broken country, was a mere line of rubbish. This was an unexpected block to our journey. We calculated the distance we had made to be about 120 miles, not half the reach of good wall that had been promised to us! However, there was no help. Further progress was manifestly impossible, for the run was scarcely practicable for a foot traveller. We could not divine what had broken it down. Perhaps it was built at a different and more distant period, or not so well built, or possibly it may have been overthrown by gunpowder. There it was, a ruin!

The best thing to be done was to retrace our steps to the mule track, if possible, get down to the open country, and reach the town of Kashgar, where we could communicate with our train.

After leaving the wall, the soil was of sand, or light gravel, and it was laborious travelling. We pushed patiently along, however, stopping about twelve for a little lunch, and at about four, reached the pass, which we found, as usual, obstructed with rocks, and difficult of passage. We were obliged to dismount and wind our tedious way among the boulders, occasionally compelled to lift the machine up steps and over gaps, until we were well tired, not to speak of being ravenously hungry.

We had no birds left, and were running rather short of provisions, and would have been glad to see a Chinese village, where we could at least find potatoes, if nothing else. As we were proceeding with difficulty, Musgrave suddenly espied a small goat or kid, feeding among the rocks, and called to me, asking whether it was tame or wild. It was just growing a little late, and in the shadows we could not make it out very clearly, but I thought it was a kid, with its mother behind it, probably wild, as there were no signs of habitation.

"Tame or wild," said Musgrave, "we will have it for supper," and presenting his fusil, he fired. The kid fell, but, alas! with a very human cry, and, hastening to the spot, we found to our horror that he had brought down an old China woman. She had been sitting among the rocks, watching her goats, and from long companionship, perhaps, had got to look so much like one that, unhappily for us, she had fallen a victim to her resemblance.

We hastily examined her as she lay insensible, but before we could ascertain whether she was badly wounded, or, indeed, whether she was alive or dead, the shouts and cries of the villagers showed that she would not be unavenged, whatever the case.

It seemed we were close to a village, which lay just beneath us, hidden by a sudden descent and the extreme roughness of the pass, which was two-thirds filled with large boulders.

Her little grandson, who was with her, had run down and brought her kindred upon us, and before we could make any explanation, we were surrounded, hustled, knocked over,

and finally led, well bound, into the village. We were really in a very dangerous predicament, for we were in a wild part of the country, almost beyond the rule of the officials, and among a population who were very much accustomed to take the task of righting themselves, when wronged, into their own hands. Such was the noise and excitement, that Musgrave had no chance to speak to them, and we were thrust, helpless, into a stone hovel, to await the determination of the village elders. As soon as we could communicate, he told me they said she was dead, and only discussed how to send us after her, some proposing to saw us in two, others to grind us in the village mill, and other such pleasant alternatives.

"I don't believe she is dead at all," said Musgrave. "The powder in a capsule would never send No. 8 shot through such a hide as hers, and if we only had food, and knew where our machines were, I wouldn't trouble myself." I did not feel so easy by any means, for the frightful noise continued, the wailing of the women over the body forming a good part of it. By and by, two elderly men came in and asked if we could speak Chinese. Musgrave said yes, and they wished to know who we were, and what we had to say for ourselves. He answered that we were English travellers, who had lost our way, that the gun went off by accident, that the woman was not dead, and that if he had his riding cart and bag, he could cure her in five minutes. This and his perfect coolness and ease evidently made an impression. After a little consultation in a low voice, they withdrew, and after a while we heard the tramp of a number of men, and judged that our machines had been brought to the street in front of the hovel.

The same men re-entered, and we were led out, and Musgrave unbound. "What under heavens will he do," thought I, for I knew of no medicines in our outfit. He felt about in his bag, however, and brought out a box of Holloway's pills, and a little roll of mustard plasters. "If these don't pull us through," said he, "I don't know what will!"

The body lay upon a door on trestles, in front of the next house, and the whole crowd moved along. Musgrave dipped a plaster in a bowl of cold water, turned down the dress, and disclosed a bleeding surface about as large as the palm of one's hand, which he wiped clean of blood and clapped on the plaster. He then had her propped up, poured down her throat several pills, and laid her down again. Then we waited. In about twenty minutes she suddenly sat upright, looking about her in a bewildered and dazed way, as well she might. There was a great shout. Musgrave hastily caught her hand as she clutched at her breast, opened the dress again, gently removed the plaster, looked at it, and with an air of triumph, held it up for inspection. *It was covered with shot.* "The cure is complete," he said in Chinese, "I have drawn the charge out of the body." The villagers were overcome with surprise and delight. They carried the old lady in, and wanted to hurry Musgrave off to other patients, but he would hear of nothing of the kind until they had apologized for their treatment of us and given us something to eat, for it was now nearly dark, and we had had nothing of any consequence since morning.

I may as well explain here the miracle of the plaster. I thought, at the time, that Musgrave, by some legerdemain, had spread other shot on the plaster himself. But it was not so. The fact surprised him as much as the rest of us. The truth was, the old woman's skin was so tough that the shot, though it had drawn blood on the whole surface, had not penetrated, but only stuck, and adhering to the plaster, had come off with it when it was removed. We were now treated well enough, but it was easy to see they did not mean we should depart at our own pleasure.

Quarters were made for us in one of the best of the houses, clean straw spread on the Kangs (the brick sleeping place, warmed underneath by an oven), and we had plenty of such food as they could furnish,—millet cake, potatoes and boiled mutton. After that, Musgrave went on his round of visits, and soon exhausted his small stock of pills and plasters, which, I may as well here say, produced such an effect on the imagination of his patients, that they all declared themselves well next morning.

After a capital night, we awoke in some solicitude as to getting off with our machines, for the villagers had already manifested a strong disposition to retain them. After a little consultation, however, we concocted a scheme which proved successful. Musgrave announced to the villagers that we intended to give them our "riding carts," and, before we left, if they would bring them down the pass to the smooth plain beyond, we would show them how to ride them. They were joyful over this, and with great good humor all round, we proceeded. It was only a short quarter of a mile, and we were soon there. I did not attempt to mount, but stood in the crowd while Musgrave went backward and forward, showing the method, nor did I even offer to help when he invited an active fellow to take the other one and try with him. After several awkward attempts to get on, the man himself asked me to assist him, and I mounted him, and we ran the machine slowly out of the crowd. As soon as clear, Musgrave being a little in front, I let him fall over on to his feet. Then righting the machine, Musgrave called out, "let him show you how." I ran it a few feet, stepped lightly up and into the saddle, we struck a 15 mile the hour pace, and the astonished villagers saw our backs vanish in the dim distance, before they realized that we had gone forever!

Musgrave had carefully informed himself of the road, and by pressing on and using all our energies, we ran that day over 75 English miles, loaded as we were; and entered Kashgar, half an hour after sunset, tired it is true, but well satisfied with one day's performance. Thus ended as unique a journey as has yet been made on bicycles, for, not counting our unexpected and rather surprising adventures, we were the first, if not the last, bicycle riders upon the Great Wall of China, since its erection 1500 years ago.

Pickings and Stealings.

"Three faces wears the doctor:—when first sought,
An angel's; and a God's, the cure half wrought;
But when, that cure complete, he seeks his fee,
The devil looks less terrible than he."

—One by one, all the comforts of this life are taken away from the toiling millions. It used to be a great consolation for us to think in our poverty that none of our rich neighbors could ever get to heaven. Now, alas, we are assured that there is no place else for them to go! Oh, woful times! Oh, wretched, harsh and inconsiderate world! [Hawkeye.]

—An African traveller who attended the obsequies of a deceased sovereign of that country, speaks of the remains, when prepared for interment, as the largest box of black-king he ever saw.

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Will be found by the touring Bicyclist most grateful and refreshing.

**Branch Retail Store, cor. Chauncy & Avon Sts.
BOSTON.**

Country orders carefully and promptly filled.

**JOHNSON'S
LUNCH AND DINING ROOM,**

No. 5 Russia Wharf, near foot of Congress Street,

BOSTON, MASS.

A PLAIN AND WHOLESOME BILL OF FARE EACH DAY.

Our Chops and Steaks are served from the grill, and are not to be surpassed at any establishment in Boston. Prices very moderate.

Chipman Brothers,

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHERS,

191 WASHINGTON, COR. COURT ST., BOSTON.

Bicyclists' Stockings and Underwear are Specialties. Liberal discount to Bicycle Clubs.

WATCHES!

YOUR boy will very naturally want to know how long it takes him to run his Bicycle from one given point to another. One of our

TEN (\$10.00) DOLLAR

SILVER HUNTING WATCHES

Will always give him the most accurate information on the matter. They are warranted good time-keepers.

PALMER, BATCHELDER & CO.,

394 Washington Street, - - - Boston, Mass.

BRADSHAW & WHITNEY,

335 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON,

HATTERS AND FURRIERS.

BICYCLING CAPS A SPECIALTY.

The Cap proposed to be worn by

The Boston Bicycle Club

Can be obtained only at this store. English pattern Bicycle Caps imported to order.

Frank Macy,

HAIRDRESSER,

**Under Sawyer House, 6 Bulfinch St.,
BOSTON.**

All my customers "call again," and many of them have continued to do so regularly for the past ten years.

ROAD MAPS.

Bicyclists will find the **Map of Boston and Suburbs** exceedingly accurate and useful. Published by

Sampson, Davenport & Co.,
(office of the Boston Directory)

155 Franklin St., Boston.

**FINE
DRESS
SHIRTS.**

During the winter I shall make to order
MY BEST CUSTOM SHIRTS
for \$2.50 each.

As every one knows that this is much below the usual charge for a FIRST-CLASS SHIRT many will be glad to get a supply at so low a rate. Samples of style and quality will be shown, and satisfaction guaranteed.

W. C. REEVES,
641 Washington Street,
cor. Boylston.

ON THE RUN

From Fitchburg to Boston,

COL. SNOW'S HOTEL,

AT STOW, MASS.

Will be found a desirable resting place. Bicyclists will meet with special welcome and attention.

**George A. Brookes,
T A I L O R,
82 1-2 Harrison Avenue.
Bicycling Uniforms made to Measure**

And repaired at short notice. All kinds of tailor's work executed with dispatch. Prompt work and moderate charges.

American Exchange and Reading Rooms, 449 Strand, Charing Cross, London.

The Proprietors having arranged for a NEW LEASE of these Premises, are proceeding to make the alterations necessary to an EXTENSION of the BUSINESS.

Mr. ROBERT BOWLES will continue the management of the Exchange and Reading Room, and the several Departments will be placed in charge of efficient persons to ensure thorough attention to all the requirements of Travellers and Residents.

March 23, 1877.

HENRY F. GILLIG & CO.

IMPORTANT TO BICYCLISTS!

The Proprietor of the

Fresh Pond House, Cambridge, near Mt. Auburn,

Begs to call the attention of Bicycling Clubs, and all who engage in this invigorating exercise, to the short and pleasant "Run" from Boston to this

Well-known Pleasure Resort.

Besides the facilities for Skating and other sports and attractions of the Fresh Pond House,—refreshments of all kinds and

WELL PREPARED MEALS,

Are furnished at short notice to any number of guests, and excellent SLEEPING ACCOMMODATION

With secure storage for Bicycles. The run to Fresh Pond, by either of the several routes, passes through some of the pleasantest and most interesting environs of Boston and Harvard University.

Very Moderate Charges.

FARWELL & REED,

Importers and Dealers in Wines and Domestic Liquors. Sole Agents for The "Hill" & "Peabody" Whiskies,

7 STATE STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Flasks, Ponies, and Pocket Pistols, for travellers, either by rail, boat, or Bicycle. Country orders specially and promptly attended to.

THE RESERVOIR HOTEL,

Beacon St., Brookline,

(Three minutes walk from Reservoir Station on the Woonsocket Division of the B. & A. R. R.

S. P. HUMPHREY, Proprietor. B. F. BURGETS, Clerk.

This well-known Hotel is close to the Chestnut Hill Reservoirs—the superb roads round which offer the most charming rides to the Bicyclist which can be found in the State. Bicyclists will be afforded every accommodation at moderate charges.

HAVING BOUGHT YOUR BICYCLE YOUR NEXT REQUIREMENT WILL BE AN APPROPRIATE AND BECOMING COSTUME

To Wear When Riding It.

ALL THE LATEST
PATTERNS AND STYLES OF BICYCLING
UNIFORMS CAN BE OBTAINED AT

OAK HALL!

Special Uniforms either for Clubs or individuals, made to order at the shortest notice. Our celebrated

WATERPROOFING PROCESS,

As applied to the "Plevna," will be found especially desirable by the touring Bicyclist, who, thus protected, will be enabled to discard entirely the rubber nuisances with which he would otherwise be compelled to burden himself.

OAK HALL,
32 to 44 North Street,
BOSTON, MASS.

ORDERS BY MAIL PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

IMPORTED



English

Bicycles.

Cunningham, Heath & Co.,

Have Removed from their former Warerooms

At 178 Devonshire Street,

20 22 PEARL STREET, BOSTON.

Where they are prepared to receive orders for

**Duplex Excelsior, Challenge, Stanley, Premier, Nonpareil,
Norwood, Hallamshire, Empress, Tension.**

Invincible,

**Centaur, Coventry Champion, Albert, Suspension,
AND ALL OTHER MAKES OF STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS BICYCLES.**

All the celebrated makes of English TRICYCLES (which can be used by either Ladies or Gentlemen) kept in stock or Imported to Order.

Intending purchasers are requested to send in their orders at once, the demand in England being so much ahead of the supply that it has been found impossible to get orders for FIRST-CLASS Machines, of average sizes, filled in less than from two to four weeks from the date of receipt by manufacturers.

By telegraphing per Atlantic Cable, a fortnight can be saved, and C. H. & Co. are now preparing a special code with the manufacturers for that purpose.

C. H. & Co. intend eventually to keep all the first-class machines in stock, but at present, for reasons stated above, they can only supply purchasers in rotation, as their orders have been, or may be received.

WESTERN, SOUTHERN, and CANADIAN purchasers are informed that, pending the establishment of Branch Agencies, their orders should be forwarded to C. H. & Co., direct, who will give their favors special attention.

C. H. & Co. would notify intending purchasers that, should the proposed silver bill become law, they will at once quote their prices in GOLD, in which case their current price list (which now refers to U. S. Currency), will be subject to alteration.

Price lists will be forwarded on receipt of application, with which stamp should be enclosed.

CUNNINGHAM, HEATH & CO.,

IMPORTERS,

22 PEARL STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

A Commodious Bicycle Riding School on the premises. Lessons Fifty Cents each, or Twelve Lessons for Five dollars. Purchasers of machines taught to ride without charge, Open each day from 9 a. m. till 9 p. m.



VOL. I, No. 7.

BOSTON, MARCH 16, 1878.

TEN CENTS.

—International Club courtesies—we shall find among not the least important of the topics which our Bicycle Clubs in this country must soon discuss. When, in the not very distant future, our Clubs become sufficiently numerous to warrant it, a Bicycle Union, to be composed of representatives from every Club in the country will doubtless be formed, and this topic carefully considered.

In the meantime, every facility should be given for the interchange of courtesies between bicycling visitors to and from this country. Our own men are waking up to the fact that in no way can so much of a foreign country be seen as by bicycle travel, and that no other means of locomotion can afford a tithe of its enjoyments and benefits. We are sure that the English Clubs will give their American brethren cordial welcome, and gladly furnish them with all required information as to routes &c., and we will answer for it that our one Club here will heartily reciprocate.

Both the English and American Clubs will recognize the importance of having their visiting members duly authenticated on either side. A letter of introduction from the Club captain or secretary, and duplicate of the same sent by mail, will be all that is necessary to effect this.

—Mrs. Grundy is a terrible despot, but her despotism is a wholesome one just as long as it is legitimate. A proper regard for one's neighbor's opinions, and a desire not to offend his or her prejudices, is conducive to the well-being of society; but the rule should work both ways, and opinions and prejudices be kept within the proper bounds. Because the bicycle is not—as yet—commonly seen on Beacon Street or Commonwealth Avenue, and riders therefore attract considerable atten-

tion from the residents and passers by; is not, with those who have the slightest spark of individuality in their composition, any reason for foregoing our glorious exercise, or of seeking to indulge in it in secluded places where they are the least likely to be seen.

—Because perfect enjoyment of bicyclic exercise demands a style of costume which differs somewhat from ordinary citizen's dress, is no reason why a MAN (and when we say "man" we mean all that the word implies) should hesitate to engage in a good cause, even if so engaging does, until bicycling costumes become more generally worn, render him somewhat conspicuous.

—The moral courage which introduced the first umbrella, is worthy of emulation by those who would lead in the bicycle movement in this country. —Shakespeare knew nothing of the bicycle, but he unwittingly gave to those for whose benefit this article is written; noble advice in these words:—

“ Be stirring as the time, be fire with fire, threaten the threatener, and outface the brow of bragging horror; so shall inferior eyes that borrow their behavior from the great, grow great by your example, and put on the dauntless spirit of resolution.”

The question before you is—are yours of the “inferior eyes” referred to?

—We always did think cobble-stone street paving rather below the standard of progress and civilization which our good City of Boston is supposed to have attained.

Riding our bicycle over it has only confirmed us in the opinion.

—Some day, not long hence, the City fathers will all be bicyclists, and then—

Professional Bicycling.

MR. CHAS. A. BOOTH took a twenty mile spin against time at the Boston Skating Rink, on Saturday March 2d. Frank Moran acted as scorer, and E. K. Page as time keeper.

The time with which Mr. Booth was credited on this occasion, was fifty-nine minutes and fifty-seven seconds, or in other words *nearly at the rate of twenty-one miles per hour*. Now twenty-one miles per hour means an average of two minutes, fifty-one and three-sevenths seconds to the mile, which no living man has yet accomplished on a bicycle.

Booth certainly kept up an exceedingly high rate of speed during the lapse of time mentioned, but it is preposterous to say that on a course like that at the Rink he could beat the best time yet made on one of the best bicycle tracks in the world: that of Lillie Bridge, Brompton, England, where on the eighth of December, 1876, John Keen, Champion of England, accomplished twenty miles in one hour, five minutes and thirty-four seconds.

The Skating Rink, with its short laps and sharp corners, is not the place to attempt, much less to accomplish, any unprecedented rate of speed, and the statement gravely made in reference to the above affair, that the first mile was made in 2.56, the fourteenth in 3.05, and the twentieth in 2.50, would be laughable, were it not for the graver aspect it wears of an attempt to deceive the public.

Of course Booth is not a party to any such attempt, but for his own sake, in future cases he should insist on accurate measurement of the course, and a sworn statement of the same, to be made by a competent surveyor.

ANOTHER "CHALLENGE."—It is reported that W. E. Harding the pedestrian, is in the field with an offer to ride anyone in the country, from twenty-five to one hundred miles, for \$100 to \$500 a side.

If Harding really means business, the challenge issued by Booth some weeks back, and which appeared in the AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL, is worthy of his attention, and a manly acceptance of it would not partake of the characteristics of that kind of talk known as "cheap."

"**HAPPY JACK**"—as John Keen, Champion Bicyclist of England, is called by his friends—is said to be much puzzled to account for the large crop of "challenges" which American soil produces, and the lack of replies to his own challenge, issued long ago,—to give any man in the world five miles in one hundred, and ride him for any amount of money his antagonist can produce.

A LETTER FROM BOOTH.

BOSTON, MASS., March 1st, 1878.
EDITOR AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL,

DEAR SIR: The article which appeared in the Boston papers, in which I am credited with riding one mile in 2.38 1-4, and five miles in five minutes and thirty-nine seconds, was not guaranteed by me as to the distance; what I did was simply this: I rode ten times round the Boston Skating Rink in 2.38 1-4; and twenty times round in 5.39, and while riding for exercise, I have ridden two hundred and four times round the Rink in one hour. It is a matter of impossibility to get the exact distance, but I can give you a description and the size of the place, and you can form your own opinion. The Boston Skating Rink is one hundred and fifty feet long and one hundred and twenty-five feet wide, and ten times round is five thousand five hundred feet, without allowing for the corners; it is a matter of impossibility to get the exact dis-

tance that is ridden over in a place like the Boston Skating Rink, because in some laps the rider makes a larger circle than in others. I do not claim any time until I have had the Rink surveyed by a surveyor whose voucher will stand without question, and then I will ride one, five, twenty, fifty or one hundred miles, and let the time go on record in the AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL. I may say further, that the counting of laps in the above was done by one of the reporters of the "Boston Herald," and not by one of my friends. I am, sir, yours respectfully,

CHAS. A. BOOTH.

Club News and Wheel Talk.

THE BOSTON BICYCLE CLUB held their third meeting at 178 Devonshire street, on Monday March 4th. Several new members were elected. Work was done on the proposed By-laws. The question of uniform was settled, and a Club meet for Saturday March 9th was arranged. Mr. F. W. Weston was elected Acting Captain during absence of Captain and Sub-Captain, and other matters were disposed of, after which the meeting adjourned to Monday 11th, same time and place.

On Saturday March 9th, punctually at three P. M., fourteen machines came into line on Boylston street, opposite Trinity church; the mounting was accomplished in good order, and the Club, after proceeding slowly twice up and down Columbus avenue, proceeded through the Chester Park extension and over the Milldam to Longwood, where a halt was made at the President's house.

After a quarter of an hour spent in doing justice to the President's hospitalities, the Club again mounted, and a most enjoyable trip terminated at the Brookline drinking fountain, the first club run of the first Bicycle club formed in this country.

THE FOURTH business meeting of the Boston Bicycle Club was held at the Secretary's office, on Monday the 11th inst., when Saturday, March 16th was appointed for the next club run.

The "meet" is to take place at three o'clock, on Boylston street, opposite the new Trinity church, and the extent and direction of the "run" to be at the discretion of the Acting Captain.

THE BOSTON BICYCLE CLUB.

In spite of the secrecy observed by those most immediately interested, the fact that Saturday (March 9th) was appointed for the first "meet" and "run" of the first bicycle club formed in this country became during the past week, to a certain extent, public property. The exact time and place was known only to a few, and a number of people betook themselves to Columbus avenue, with serene consciousness that if the "meet" was not there, some part of the "run" would certainly take place over its smooth asphalté pavement, the temptations of which to the "hardy cyclist" have even already become proverbial.

Your ubiquitous reporter, guided—as defectives say, "by information received," and having, as was his wont, partaken of his chop at Whitney's—lighted the fragrant Havana and strolled leisurely across the Common and up Boylston street to Trinity church, opposite which he halted and made one of a small knot of people, among whom were several ladies who were evidently there for a specific purpose. After a few minutes spent in walking up and down and admiring the architectural features of the neighborhood, an ejaculation of

"Here's one of them" drew his attention eastward, where, sure enough, one of the bicyclists mounted on his iron steed could be seen approaching. When I first saw him he could not have been much further west than Arlington street, and yet, in little more time than it takes to write these words, he was abreast of us, and gracefully saluting some friends who were standing near me in the quite numerically respectable crowd which had by now assembled.

We were, I think, all hoping that he would at once dismount, for although we had proof positive of his ability to get ON to his machine, it did not seem possible that he should get OFF without imminent risk of a broken neck. Our cyclist, however, did not at once oblige us, but continued leisurely on to Dartmouth street, where as if by magic, he was joined by another rider on another bicycle, and the two then rode slowly side by side behind the church. When they re-appeared on Boylston street, lo! there were three of them; then up came a large express wagon loaded with bicycles, and some of the component parts of our crowd left us, and producing the jaunty cap which the Club has adopted, claimed their machines, mounted them with—as it seemed to us—a dexterity almost marvellous, and joined their brother riders. In a few minutes another sensation appeared in the shape of a tricycle, propelled with great swiftness and apparent ease by the rider, whom it afterwards appeared was no other than Professor Pitman, the well known teacher at the riding school. As it still wanted some minutes to the appointed hour, the Professor dismounted from his three-wheeler, and mounting a bicycle the owner of which had not yet arrived, gratified us all with an exhibition of consummate grace and skill in the management of the machine.

While this was going on most of the riders had dismounted and engaged in the process known as "oiling up," which, it appears, is one of the most, if not the most important of the necessary preparations for a ride.

Precisely at stroke of three, an exceedingly long and shrill whistle startled us, and in a minute fourteen riders and their glittering machines were in line. Then came another whistle, equally shrill, but short; and then, one by one, beginning at the left, each of the riders mounted and proceeded slowly in Indian file round the enclosed space in front of the church. After circling this twice, at a swifter pace, the Club turned up Dartmouth street and disappeared over the bridge.

Thus was carried out an event, the like of which has not been seen in this country before, but which may well prove to be of greater importance than at first appears. As soon as it is recognized (and the time is close at hand) that the bicycle is a practical as well as theoretical, a useful as well as an enjoyable aid to locomotion, then the machines will undoubtedly be largely used among us, and the day of the first club run of the Boston Bicyclists—become worthy of honor and commendation.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF AMERICA.

"PUT UP OR SHUT UP."

Mr. Booth is very naturally beginning to be out of patience with the very "cheap" kind of talk lately indulged in by the various so-called professionals of this country. When any of them can make it worth his while—and legitimately so—to meet him in a contest for the title of "Champion of America," he is ready to do so; but he expresses most emphatically his disapproval of attempts to swindle the public by advertising races which really are not races at all, and for sums of money which have no greater basis of reality than the imaginations of the so-called competitors.

When Mr. Booth races, it must be for something more than a share of the gate-money, or for a paltry medal,

The "Advertiser," in its issue of March 11th, has the following:

"Charles A. Booth, the professional bicyclist, sends a note in reply to an inquiry as to the reason of the absence of his name from the list of entries for the race in New York for a medal and the title of Champion of America. He says he is ready to ride against any of the men entered for the New York race, at any distance from one mile to a hundred miles, for any reasonable sum that will pay him for his time and training expenses; but, he adds, 'I do not propose to go to New York and run for a medal, as I have plenty of them now on hand. If they want to race for the championship of America in New York, let them get up a champion medal and a purse of \$1000, the winner to hold the medal three years and take the purse, and I and one or two others that I know will be glad of the chance of racing. My challenge has now been issued two months and I have received no reply. Any one wishing to ride a race with me can make a match through the AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL, Boston, Mass.'

THE FIRST "MEET" AND "RUN" of the Boston Bicycle Club, of which we have given a pretty full account on another page from the pen of our own reporter, seems to have excited a pretty general public interest, if we may judge from the number of letters we have received, and from the comments of our contemporaries. We regret that we have not space this week to lay before our readers the many pleasant and the few funny things that have been said about the pioneer bicyclists; nor do we wish to unduly stimulate their vanity. We cannot, however, forego either for ourselves or for them, extracting a few passages at random that appear to be indicative of the first impressions of the public.

One correspondent says: "I had little time or opportunity, however, to observe them closely as they wheeled round the corner [of Dartmouth street and Columbus avenue] on their aerial carriages in close order, and passed before me one after another like a flash, and soon became indistinct in the distance. I really had not time to notice anything about them except that their attitudes were upright, manly and confident; that their countenances gave no indication of labor or anxiety; that they were perfectly self-poised, easy and nonchalant."

Another says: "As I gazed after them they first reminded me of a bevy of skaters, as—exactly contrary to the idea I had formed of their motion—instead of keeping along in a straight line, their direction was distinctly serpentine, and symmetrically tortuous. Viewing them from behind, as I was, they appeared to be engaged in some kind of fantastic dance! winding in and out and swaying right and left in harmony with the arabesque pattern they were describing on the asphalt."

Then again we have another correspondent who signs himself "Human Naturalist," and who says that he had come from watching the sparrows on the Common, noisily engaged in their spring work, and had strolled on the Avenue, "musking on frogs, swallows, spring-flowers, butterflies and such gear," and to whose poetic imagination we resembled in the hazy-distance "dragon-flies flitting to and fro along the margin of some stream," and whom we reminded, too, "of the swallows of his dear native town on the banks of an English river."

We have been compelled by the stress of matter to delay our first article on "Machine Locomotion" until the next issue. We shall follow up the subject in consecutive numbers.

Our "Bohemian" correspondent has not toed the mark, which is just what might be expected of him; we gave him one chance, as we would lend him a half-dollar—to get rid of him.

THE BAT VERSUS THE BICYCLE.

[We reproduce the following from the "Transcript," as a curious item for the especial delectation of bicyclists, who are now so firmly established in their peculiar mode of pursuing happiness, that a new element—that of *jealousy*—seems to have entered the lists against them.]

The italics are our own, but we will not attempt a single comment, for the caustic pen which so utterly "squelches" both the "fond young man" and his comparisons, needs no assistance from ours. ED.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRANSCRIPT:

The writer, as well as some other male members of his family, is a conscientious and interested reader of your paper. In his own name, and in behalf of a good many persons who share his views, he would like to have the "Transcript" "rise" and "explain" why it persistently and, it might be said, aggressively turns a cold shoulder to a certain outdoor sport. To go further, it is no exaggeration to hint that the "Transcript" has often seemed to be guarding its doors against the said outdoor sport, ready to resist any attempt to enter, or to bundle it out, neck and heels, if perchance through editorial inadvertence it should obtain a lodgment.

Now it is not many weeks since certain *bicycle* enthusiasts took possession of a number of columns of the "Transcript" and expounded their doctrines at great length. In fact, the "Transcript" appeared to egg on the disputants, and some very good reading of that kind was the result. Whether the "Transcript" itself ever steered a bicycle, of course may never be known, but it certainly refrained from treating the subject of bicycle riding with indifference; if memory serves, it did not, to any noticeable extent, turn up its nose at the idea of anyone's indulging in that innocent amusement. The machines used in that particular sort of play, or work, were not held up to ridicule, nor the infatuated devotees of the sport, or labor, placed under the ban of the "Transcript's" disapproval.

The "Transcript's" course toward the outdoor sport of *base ball*, however, has for a long time been such as to grate harshly upon the sensibilities of the base-ball men. Perhaps the "Transcript" doesn't go to ball matches; possibly the "Transcript" hasn't a male heir, to define for the "Transcript's" benefit the difference between a "corker" and a "hot ground-er." Undoubtedly there are many other things which do not receive a tittle of the attention paid to such seeming trifles as bicycle riding and base-ball playing. For all that, not a few men enjoy the former, and thousands of men, women and children in this city and vicinity take a good deal of pleasure in the latter amusement.

It is fair to suppose that of these thousands a certain proportion, like the writer, read the "Transcript."

Why, then, may not their favorite sport receive from the "Transcript," if not whole-sale praise and encouragement, at least a discriminating consideration, and the toleration due to a decent, exciting and harmless outdoor exercise?

YOUNG MAN FOND OF THE GAME.

Bicycling is new, comparatively, and there is a very natural curiosity concerning it. Moreover, a controversy arose as to whether it was or was not a safe recreation. Hence the space given to the discussion. Base ball is not new, and has never been attacked, so far as we know, as a dangerous sport under ordinary conditions. Bicycling, in its most approved form, gives healthful exercise and pleasure to those who engage in it. Base ball, in its latest and, apparently, most approved form, gives exercise and a livelihood to a score of experts, and excitement not altogether healthful, and associations not al-

ways the most desirable, to the men and boys who affect this form of sport,—and this is where we draw the line. ED. TRANSCRIPT.]

THE TREAD-WHEEL SONG.

[Adapted to the Bicycle by Jagy Tolton.]

The stars are rolling in the sky,
The earth rolls on below,
And we can feel our twinkling wheel
Revolving as we go.
Then tread away, my gallant boys,
And make the axle fly;
Why should not we go rotiform,
Like planets in the sky?

Wake up, come up, you walking men,
And stir your heavy pegs;
Arouse, arise, my gawky friend,
And ply your spider legs!
What tho' you're awkward at the first,
'Most any one can learn—
So hold upon the handles, man,
And take another turn.

They've built us up a noble steed
To beat the vulgar rout;
The motion is almost the same
As just to walk about.
You're seated on horse-back afoot,
To speed your distant ends;
Beside the pleasant rolling round
Among one's honest friends.

Mark, fellows, 'tis a Traveller,
And useful work is done,
As well as on its spinning wings
To fly around for fun.
You'll say, when our revolving colt
You shall have better known,
"Now, hang me, but I must have one
Bicycle of my own!" —Boston Globe.

[Our readers will hardly need to be told that the foregoing is adapted from Dr. Oliver W. Holmes's old "Treadmill Song." To such as will trouble themselves to read the original side by side with our imitation, it will be interesting to note how slight an alteration of words has adapted it to our "steely steed."—ED.]

RELIGIOUS COMMON SENSE.

To be a bicyclist—means to be one who from earth's solid cares may snatch many an hour of pure unalloyed happiness. There are those among us who, even in Boston, in this latter half of the nineteenth century seem to think that to be happy is to be sinful. In their eyes gloom of the gloomiest is identical with true religion. We reproduce a few words by the Rev. R. Laird Collier (who should himself be a bicyclist) for their especial benefit.

"A great many elderly Christians take their pleasures very slyly, if indeed they dare indulge in pleasure at all. With the dictation of common sense, with the facts of nature all about us, we find ourselves not only responding to pleasure, but possessing natural attributes for our own gratification. We moreover find all about us in physical nature, facts of grandeur, of beauty, of color, which give great pleasure If joy, if frolic be, sinful, then He who made the birds sing,

the stars to sparkle, the flowers to bloom and children to romp was the first transgressor. Indeed, we need recreation first of all to make us human and sane."

CONGRATULATORY.

About Bicycles and Riders—Racing, Amateur and Professional.

EDITOR AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL:—

It was with great pleasure I received the three first numbers of the AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL. I have often wondered why our go-a-head Brother Jonathan had not mounted a bicycle. Now he has got his foot on the step I hope he will not be satisfied until he can ride as well, if not better than his English cousin.

For a few days my diaphragm was seriously disturbed, owing to the titillating matter with which your paper was loaded. "The young man afraid of his bicycle," and the outrageous individual whose modesty was content with the simple, short and euphonious cognomen of the "Young Man" who was "afraid of his Duplex Excelsior Bicycle!" were too much even for a phlegmatic Britisher, the humor was contagious. I must congratulate C. and hope to see some more of the same stamp. You certainly have plenty of able partisans who are perfectly capable of passing the knife into any opponent of bicycling. These opponents may be set down briefly as, afraid, or envious, or prejudiced. Either may be the case with one or other, or the three combined. Bicycling is THE exercise, par excellence. To it I owe good health and strength, and no end of delightful recollections of tours, difficulties and hair-breadth 'scapes, as well as pleasing anticipations. Another feature is that bicyclists as a rule are a well conducted class. There are exceptions, as there are to every rule, but those who can afford to buy a bicycle are more than less likely to be good acquaintances. You have a glorious future before you. With all our experience to guide you, your way is easy. The shoals which beset the pioneers of the bicycle in England are all mapped out for your benefit. Would not our bicycle riders be almost frantic with delight at such a vast country to rush about in? What rapture would a five thousand mile tour, and that without having to leave one country, create in the breast of the "hardy 'cyclist!"

It is rather "hard lines"—thirty-five per cent. duty on each bicycle makes one come to a respectable figure—but nevertheless have a good one. See that it is firm, no shake, and yet easy running. The latest improvements are hollow spokes, forks, handle-bar, spindle, felloes and hubs. These make a machine firm and light.

As for riders, I wish you could get our John Keen across. We speak of him with bated breath; we never know what wonders he has in store for us. One week we are startled by a mile in 2.56; next week we hear of him doing a fastest on record for 50., then twenty miles in sixty-five minutes. Before we have got our respiration in a state of serenity, we hear of 2.44 for a mile, and lately I have been staggered by 2.36? If you could get "Happy Jack" on a smooth track, decently level he would show you how to run over your own shadow, after the manner of a certain speedy Yankee.

Bicyclists take to racing as naturally as a duck takes to water. I would just point out a sore point which we have, that is, amateur and professional. You may see what bother it has caused here in England and learn to avoid it. An amateur never competes for money, or with professionals. Many among us did so in ignorance when first our sport commenced. but now it is established, you have all this vexation spared you.

In conclusion, my Brothers and Cousins of the Common Wheel, I wish you every success. Non-breakable machines and backs and limbs, muscles of steel and lungs of leather, unlimited tours, delightful weather, unity and harmony among clubs. The secret of which is pull together, and if ever I get across the herring pond, the favor of a mount.

I am, yours faithfully,

FREDRICK STRIFFLER, { Hon. Sec. and Captain Middleton Zephyr Bicycle Club.

MIDDLETON (near Manchester), ENG., Feb. 10, 1878.

[In connection with the above we may mention that Mr. Striffler, is well known in England, not only as one of the hardest of the "hardy 'cyclists" but as the originator of several ingenious inventions, now used in most of the high-class machines.

His latest, a mile gauge, measures miles, not revolutions, and not only English miles, but German, Irish or French. It can be made to show a *double* record if great accuracy is required, or can be adjusted to show only half the distance traveled, if the rider so chooses. Mr. S. would no doubt be glad to hear from any of our riders, who may wish further information. ED.]

THE BICYCLE UNION.

[The following will be interesting to New England Bicyclists, as showing the manner in which the English clubs are combining for mutual support.

If the Bicycle movement progresses here at the same rate as it has commenced (and we believe it will) the time is not far distant when we shall have to combine our forces in a similar manner. ED.]

CONSTITUTION OF THE BICYCLE UNION OF ENGLAND.

I. *Objects of the Union.*—The "Bicycle Union," shall be a means by which bicyclists can co-operate together (by representation) for the following and other purposes:—

1. To secure a fair and equitable administration of justice as regards the rights of bicyclists on the public roads.
2. To watch the course of any legislative proposals in Parliament or elsewhere, affecting the interests of the bicycling public, and to make such representations on the subject as the occasion may demand.
3. To consider the existing relations between bicyclists and the railway companies, with the view of securing, if possible, some modification of the present tariff for carriage of bicycles, and greater security in their conveyance.
4. To examine the question of bicycle racing in general, to frame definitions and recommend rules on the subject. To arrange for annual race meetings, at which the amateur championship shall be decided.

II. *Proposed Constitution of the Union.*—It is proposed:—

1. That the Union shall consist of all such bicycle clubs as may be willing to join it.
2. That the method of representation be as follows:—
 - (a.) Every bicycle club having 25 active members to be entitled to a representative.
 - (b.) Every club having more than that number to be entitled to an additional representative for every additional complete fifty over one hundred.
 - (c.) That clubs with less than 25 members be invited to combine for the purpose of electing a joint representative.
 - (d.) That the delegate of a club shall not necessarily be a member of the particular club he represents, provincial clubs can nominate some metropolitan bicyclist as their representative.

3. That the representatives thus elected be called "The Council of the Bicycle Union," and that it shall be their business to discuss the above mentioned and other such matters as occasion may suggest, and to pass resolutions and take order concerning them.

4. That every club joining the "Bicycle Union" shall contribute annually to the funds of the Union a sum equivalent to a capitation charge on each member of the club, the amount of such charge to be fixed annually by the Council of the Union, such charge for the first year to be one shilling for every member.

"CYCLICUS SCRIPTOR."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRANSCRIPT: The following rotatory verses have, naturally, been of interest in certain circles where they have been seen. The eminent author whose initials are attached is said to have viewed the "narrow-gauge horse" with one Twain, the day after the Maga-Whittier festival last December. With such a companion and the physical and spiritual influences of the two occasions, it is no wonder if his style more than maintains its elevation, but lacks its usual serene and ethereal grace.

JAGY TORLTON.

THE OVER-CYCLES.

BY R. W. E.

Lo! New England answers Old.
Walker, break this sloth urbane;
A Wheeling voice bids be uprolled
Mist of gray dreams which thee detain.
Mark how the climbing cycle-boys
Beckon thee to all their joys,
Horsed on a tipsy hoop of steel—
Pedepulsion on a wheel.
Youth, by a 'mount' make free thy way,
Teach thy feet to feel the pedal,
Ere yet arrives the wintry day,
Time with thy feet shall meddle.
Accept the bounty of the high cycle,
Taste the lordship of the bicycle.

O, what is the cause metaphysical
Past ages have scarce met a bicycle—
That Menu and Plato,
And Plutarch and Cato,
Should have seldom bestridden the bicycle?
The Sphinx don't know nothing about 'em;
Monadnoe inclineth to doubt 'em;
Bold Caesar went onward without 'em;
But how Eze-kiel
Often plieith "the wheel"!
Have the prophets best ridden the bicycle??

—Boston Transcript.

Transatlantic.

[From our own correspondent.]

LONDON, February 18th, 1878.

During the past fortnight the weather has shown a little improvement but the roads remain in such a state of muddiness from day to day, that none but the hardiest and most enthusiastic rider would care to face or try them more than once or twice. Our climate is so humid, that in winter, when we have but little or no sun for days or weeks at a stretch, it is almost an impossibility for the roads to dry up, even when the rainfall is merely nominal. However, oe day

last week was bright and fine, and yesterday and to-day mild and sunny—quite a foretaste of the returning spring. Not the least welcome, too, is a good drying breeze from the south west, and under its influence the roads will soon be fit for riding.

I see in the annual report just issued (to the members) by the committee of the London Bicycle Club, on their progress and proceedings during the past year, a list is given of the distances ridden by some of their members during that period. Mr. G. P. Coleman leads the list with five thousand and two, Mr. M. D. Rucker (captain) is next with four thousand and three hundred and twenty, and eight others have each passed three thousand.

The first general meeting of the Bicycle Union was held in this city on Saturday evening. At the third time of asking this movement has been set on foot. When the present institution was originated, many hard words were said of the manner in which the promoters went to work. I think your American expression, "caucus," is the most accurate description of the preliminary meetings, which were held by two members from four of the leading clubs (London, Pickwick, Temple and Surrey,) last autumn. Twenty-seven clubs (eighteen of them metropolitan) sent in their names beforehand, and a similar number of delegates were present on Saturday. The business was of a formal character, and somewhat tame, the most remarkable feature being the almost unreasoning unanimity with which the proposed constitution and rules were carried. The chairman, Mr. G. F. Cobb, M. A. (President of the Cambridge University Bicycle Club), occupied the chair and did most of the speaking. As now formed, the Union will consist of any clubs that choose to join it. After voting the Constitution the meeting was adjourned for a month. If properly supported, it will do bicycling a deal of good, for there are men at the head of it who work hard, and will give the movement that respectable status, which is of so much weight with the public.

GOING TO COVENTRY.

On Thursday, September 6th, we left Cheltenham at twelve o'clock for Coventry. After passing Presburg, the road to which place was lumpy, we had a long walk of nearly two miles over a vile road to the top of the downs, but we were rewarded with a splendid run down of quite two miles, "feet up," the surface being good, and only one or two sharp shoots; the water-courses sometimes run across the road, and want a little care in riding over them; from the bottom to Winchcombe the road remained pretty level, but very rough. Passing on through this village, where the bngle created a great sensation, we rode on to Broadway, the road being still level, but rough. We now left the main road to avoid the hills, and passed on to Campden, the road being splendid, very good on surface, and level. After getting through Campden we got into the low country below the hills, and found the roads in a vile state, very muddy, though level for six miles, the last two miles into Stratford-on-Avon being fair; there was one long up gradient about three miles, and one descent about five miles from Stratford. Here we visited the birthplace of Shakespeare, and the interesting collection of Shakesperian relics in the museum, and about five o'clock we left, and rode to Warwick over a level road with an excellent surface. On reaching Warwick we found it full of people, the races being on, so we hurried on to Kenilworth; the road, though hilly, was good in surface. Pushing on we reached Coventry shortly after seven. We devoted Wednesday to an inspection of the various bicycle manufactories in that town.

The first we visited was Messrs. Singers' establishment. Here we were shown a large stock of the justly celebrated Challenge, at least, it appeared to us a large stock, though Mr. Singer styled it "a few." One part of the works was partially dismantled preparatory to the removal of the machinery to the new premises recently purchased by this enterprising firm in Alma street, which, after a close inspection of the present "shops," we visited. The building, a fine modern red brick construction, with frontage to two streets, was recently occupied by Messrs. Skidmore and Co., Art Manufactory, and is the establishment where the Albert Memorial was constructed; it covers close upon three-quarters of an acre of ground, is very lofty and well lighted. The large forge-room covers thirteen hundred square yards, and contains sixteen forges. There are a large number of other rooms or "shops," all very extensive, some being fitted specially for bicycle building; a foundry and yard are also connected with it. As the whole will be devoted solely to bicycle building, it will be the largest bicycle works in the world.

Leaving here we were conducted by Mr. Singer to the "Premier" Bicycle Works belonging to Messrs. Hillman and Herbert. We inspected and rode the "Premier," which was comparatively new to us, and as a special favor we were permitted to inspect a new tricycle, which is in course of construction. It is on a new principle, will accommodate two persons if necessary, is equally suitable for ladies or gentlemen, and altogether is, I think, destined to create a sensation.

Now that bicycles have been brought nearly to perfection, inventive genius seems to have been turned to the tricycle, so as to permit those "grave and reverend seniors" who "fain would climb, but that they fear to fall" off a bicycle, the pleasure of a "cruise upon wheels," and I hope that some happy day the fair sex may follow the example of one of their number at Coventry, and also journey in the same pleasant manner.

We were also shown a bright iron lubricator, suitable for "all-bright" bicycles.

The next establishment we visited was Dedicoat's Pegasus Works, but Mr. Dedicoat was absent, so after a passing glance at his numerous ingenious devices, such as "rising step, springless bicycles, brakes with the cord inside the backbone," &c., we hurried on to the Coventry Machinist Co.'s Works. Here we saw a large number of machines in store, and also went through the works, which are very extensive and splendidly arranged, every department having its appointed task.

The Company also manufactures sewing machines. We here saw many very ingenious methods and machines used in the construction of the machines, and for the first time we were asked if we were connected with any bicycle-making establishment. My reply was, "Thank goodness, no!" for the clatter and noise is something appalling. The new pattern Coventry is a nice machine, but they still keep the hand-wheel roller brake and make the hind wheel rather too large, to my idea.

From here we went to the "Ariel" Works of Messrs. Haynes & Jeffries, where we saw one of those monstrosities, a "seven-foot" Ariel, and the driving-wheel of the one exhibited at Philadelphia. We also saw several Coventry bicycles, including the one on which the lady rode from Coventry to London, covering sixty miles the first day; we were told that a large number of these machines had been sold. In the yard was a case of Ariels going to Van Dieman's Land. By this time we were pretty well tired out, and had to relinquish our idea of visiting Messrs. Bayless Thomas' works, which we much wished to do, as we saw a very nice "56" of their make, which was ridden by a gentleman who conveyed us into Coventry on our arrival. Any bicycle rider on visit-

ing Coventry should make a point of inspecting the bicycle works, as they amply repay a visit.

G. L. H., C. C. & D. B. C.

—*From the London Bicycling Times.*

Miscellanea.

"The Marblehead Messenger."

Who does not know the pleasant, breezy, social, chatty, chaffy, quaint old town of Marblehead? To the seeker of healthful repose, its famous neck needs no word of commendation from our pen. To the yachtsmen whose dainty craft crowd the waters of its well-sheltered harbor,—and whose enquiries at the bakery for beans and brown bread are hardly less in number than the anxious expressions of solicitude as to the whereabouts of "Blake", with which each fresh crew are greeted,—Marblehead is endeared by many a pleasant recollection.

There are two institutions in this town of which its inhabitants may well be proud; one, its Abbot Hall—whose commanding position and picturesque sky line make it a prominent land mark to those upon the sea in ships; and the other its local paper, the "Marblehead Messenger," whose well read columns discuss with fairness and fearlessness, not only local items but all the news topics of the day.

Local papers are usually dull and uninteresting to the outside reader, but this is not the case with the "Messenger" as its wide circulation in Boston, and other cities sufficiently attests.

We are glad to hear that the Marbleheaders are waking up to the advantages of the Bicycle, and we advise them to investigate it thoroughly and at once. No town on our coast offers more picturesque runs, or greater opportunities for Bicycle enjoyment.

Who will bring the first bicycle into this town? Its got to come. Let us give it a genuine Yankee welcome, and hope soon to see its graceful contour in the ancient streets of Marblehead. [Marblehead Messenger.]

A correspondent writes us: "Chicago has miles upon miles of macadamized roads, where bicycling would be a pleasure."

Another correspondent says: "St. Louis is only just beginning to hear of the bicycle, but depend upon it, our Queen City will not be far behind yours in this matter."

Now then, which is to be first—Chicago or St. Louis?

Washington's birthday gave our brother bicyclists a good opportunity to polish up their steeds, and prepare for the brighter days which the "Old Farmers' Almanac" distinctly asserts, are soon to come.

By the way, a talented "Cycler," anxious to peep into the events of dread futurity, hied him to an astrologer's the other night. The weird reader of the stars showed him divers strange things, amongst others the Derby of 1900. The only animals taking part in the struggle for the blue riband of the turf of that date were the riders; they were men; the horses were made of steel. The time recorded was just a shade under one decimal.

The American Bicycling Journal.

THE AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL will be published every other Saturday, at noon. Our country readers will much oblige by reporting any failure in delivery.

All communications should be addressed, and all money should be sent to, Editor AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL, 178 Devonshire Street, Boston, Mass. To ensure priority of insertion, all communications should reach us not later than noon on Wednesday preceding publication.

THE AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL will be sent to any address, in the United States, or Canada, postpaid, for one year, for \$2.50, paid in advance.

We will forward single copies of this journal, postage free, on receipt of price—Ten cents.

As soon as the demand will warrant it, we propose publishing an edition each week, for first year. A new subscription rate will then be made—which, for the first year—will not affect those whose subscriptions have not expired.

All communications must be accompanied by the real names and addresses of the writers—not necessarily for publication—but as a guaranty of good faith. We cannot undertake to read anonymous letters, or to return rejected contributions. Write on one side of the paper only.

BOSTON, MARCH 16, 1878.

BAGS AND BAGGAGE.

In travelling, whether by bicycle or any other mode of conveyance, no one wants to be over-encumbered with baggage. This remark, it is hardly necessary to say, does not apply to the gentler sex, but with men the case is different. A friend of ours prides himself upon his ability to start for the South End, or the North Pole at ten minute's notice,—and, although we doubt his ability to get ready for the latter named destination in so short a time, we well remember on one occasion, his being suddenly called to Europe, and practically commencing his journey by being in a hack and on his way to the railroad station in less than ten minutes from receipt of the telegram. Subsequent inquiry elicited the fact that it was his habit to keep a valise always partially packed with toilet and other necessaries for travel, and pasted inside the said valise a plainly written list of those articles which it would ordinarily be uncomfortable to be deprived of during a journey. In the case of a hurried summons, such as the above, it would take but a very few minutes to pack the valise with those articles which

were named in the list, and the packer would be spared the anxiety which the occasional tourist so frequently experiences, of assuring himself by many unpackings and re-packings that nothing had been forgotten. If on a journey it was found that some particular article of comfort or convenience was absent, down went the name on the list; but if, on the other hand, some article in the valise proved itself to be superfluous or unnecessary, its name was at once erased, and subsequent packings were troubled with it no more.

In this way our friend, having subjected the list to the numerous revisions dictated by experience, at last arrived at a point where he was able truthfully to say, that although his baggage was smaller in compass than that of most other travellers, his one valise contained more of comfort and even of luxury, than did many of the heterogeneous collection of bags, parcels and bundles with which the less experienced traveller is so often surrounded and perplexed.

In the use of the bicycle for touring purposes, the amount of baggage which the rider can conveniently carry is so limited, that the above plan will be found well worthy of his attention as operating to increase the comfort and enjoyment of his journey, and to lessen the perplexities of preparation. For a two or three day's run, the bicyclist can carry with him all he is likely to need, but for a longer journey a supplementary valise—sent on by rail or express, to await the rider at those stopping places where it would be most needed—will be found very convenient. Thus equipped, the touring bicyclist can contemplate with equal serenity a possible necessity for clothing repairs, or an invitation to dinner.

How to carry baggage on a bicycle—is a question which must needs be answered, before the baggage itself can be determined upon, and it is a question, too, of such importance, that all replies thereto are worthy of careful consideration. The "Stanley Bicycle Club" of London, have recently held a public debate upon the subject, at which a variety of opinions were expressed. Without following the language of their debate, we may, by our own experience, deduce therefrom the following items of information for our readers:—

No method of carrying baggage upon a bicycle has yet been devised, which is entirely free from objection. If we discard those which have been found the least practicable, we have left to our hand only three methods more or less convenient. The first of these which we will consider, is—the "multum in parvo," or, as it is familiarly known in England—the "M. I. P." bag; this consists of an oblong bag, which fastens at its upper

end by straps under the saddle, and at its lower end—by an ingenious clasp—to the “back bone.” The opening is at the top, and the construction such that the bag is capable of considerable expansion. Various objections to this bag have been urged, but the only one which seems worth notice is the difficulty in mounting and dismounting when the bag is in position. This difficulty, in our experience, is more than balanced by the many advantages which the bag possesses.

Another form is—the “wheel bag,” which is carried inside the front wheel, and wound, sausage fashion—round the axle. This, as far as weight is concerned, is the best place to carry it, for it will not cause the machine to drag when going up, or to kick when going down hill. It is open, however, to one very grave objection, the bag must be placed inside the wheel before it is packed, and must be unpacked before it is removed. We notice that it was suggested at the “Stanley” debate to remedy this by making the bag in two portions, by which it was supposed that both portions might be packed first, then inserted between the spokes and fastened together. This might be done in machines of—for example—the “Grouts’ Tension” kind, where the spokes are wide apart and few in number; but in machines like—say, “Keen Eclipse,” where one hundred spokes are often used in the driving wheel, it would be simply impossible.

The third method consists of a valise carried transversely across the machine, either before or behind the handles to which it is attached. As an auxilliary, this method is valuable, but a large and heavy valise carried thus in front of the handles, will give the machine a tendency to kick, while if carried behind the handles, it will be in the rider’s way, impede his movements, and be found to be an unmitigated nuisance.

To carry baggage either by knapsack or haversack is exceedingly irksome and fatiguing, and we would not advise any of our readers to attempt it, except in cases where the distance to be traversed is very short, and the parcel to be carried very small and light.

Another means of carrying baggage is by means of a double valise, hung pannier-fashion over the hind wheel. This was the method adopted by the “Coventry Machinist” Company in their earlier bicycles, and the peculiarly shaped spring which they used in those days for their hind wheel, rendered this method practicable. We believe, however, that this company have now discarded the old fashioned hind wheel spring, so that the use of a bag of this shape necessitates a light framework of iron attached to the lower part of the “back-bone, from

which to suspend it. This statement, however, our readers must take with certain reservation, as we are not in a position to verify it, for, for some unexplained reason, machines of this make have not found favor here, and we are not aware that there is a single one in the country. Such a framework as we have referred to above, could, however, be easily attached to a machine of any other make, but a heavy valise hung over the hind wheel, would, we think, be found too much of a drag when going up hill, to admit of its becoming popular, in this hilly part of the country.

Our own method of carrying baggage we have found tolerably satisfactory; it consists in the use of a small satchel hung to, and in front of the handles, and an “M. I. P.” bag carried behind the saddle as before described. Both the satchel and bag are as small as the articles to be carried will admit. In the satchel we put a towel, a case containing comb, brush and tooth brush, a razor and strop, and shaving brush, and last, but not least, a supply of the “weed” and a good old “G. B. D. briar-wood,” in which to burn it. The means of ignition—warranted to light “only on the box”—we carry in our pocket. The “M. I. P.” bag, which we have made as narrow as practicable, contains coat, vest and trousers, a pair of bicycle stockings, a soft felt hat, a neckscarf, some linen cuffs and collars, and a pair of felt slippers. The interstices afford convenient stowage for a supply of clean pocket handkerchiefs.

To the best of our belief, the foregoing describes about the ultimate of the baggage carrying capacities of the bicycle, but for all ordinary touring purposes, it will be found amply sufficient. Where more is required, a valise and the expressman must be called into service.

THE BOSTON BICYCLE CLUB—proudly pre-eminent as the first organization of the kind in this country—is doing well. The first “Club Run”, mention of which is made in another column, was not only a most enjoyable success for those who participated, but the mere fact of its being accomplished, speaks volumes for the energy and ability of the members.

Five months ago, and the bicycle had scarcely been heard of here, except in connection with the two or three riders that were then occasionally seen in our suburbs, and only three months ago to-day arose the “Bicyclal Tempest” described in No. 2 of our journal, and dawned upon the world that name—destined to undying fame in ‘cycle annuals—“The Young man afraid of his Duplex Excelsior bicycle.”

To day, a Club a quarter of a hundred strong, is only one of the facts which serve to show how popular our pedal horse has become, and to indicate the ratio in

which, at least that popularity, may reasonably be expected to increase.

"B. B. C." "Here's to you and your family, and may you all live long and prosper".—

Correspondence Column.

THROUGH BROOKLINE AND JAMAICA PLAIN TO QUINCY.

EDITOR AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL:—

For nearly one long month has my trusty "Coventry Champion" looked at me;—yes sir, looked at me,—with that mutely reproachful gaze which only a bicycle, snowed up and confined to the house through stress of weather, can wear. Though its spokes and bright work shine with silver sheen,—result of repeated applications of elbow grease and emery cloth,—though every bearing is as perfectly lubricated as its enforced inactivity will admit of, and though neither dirt nor dust doth mar the spotless beauty of its glittering varnish (painted in two colors as per advertisement), yet an air of indescribable melancholy seems to surround it; and, like the canary bird in the fairy tale, it seems ever to be crying: "Let me out, oh let me out?"

Only too willingly would your correspondent have "let her out," and in more ways than one, had "old Prob" but consented; but with such roads as we have been having how was it possible? Nothing could be done except to practise patience, and console oneself with the thought that sleighs, skates and sleds were all, for the nonce, equally impracticable. When one is unfortunate, what is more soothing than the reflection that others are equally as bad off as yourself?

But, "a nos moutons," I started this letter, Mr. Editor, with the notion that perhaps some of my brother bicyclists would like to hear about the latest ride I took, and I did not know but that some of them might oblige me in a similar manner. When the season opens again you will of course get plenty of this kind of information; more, probably, than you will want; but then in these times when you can't do anything else, telling what you have done in the past is almost as pleasant as comparing notes of what you mean to do in the future. After such a lengthy introduction as this, some of your readers may be disappointed at the commonplace brevity of the story it prefaces.

"What did you say sir? Something of the same description as a 'Bicycle ride on the Great Wall of China'? No sir!! I am poor but I am honest, and although I write to you under a "nom-de-plume," I am compelled to entrust you with the knowledge of my real name, and—I have a character to lose."

My last ride of any importance this year was on Saturday, the 19th of January. For the previous days of the new year, alternate frost and thaw had rendered our roads well nigh impassable for wheeled traffic, and for bicycle traffic, wholly so. The week preceding the above

date had, however, been one of continued hard frost, so that by the Saturday in question, the roads had become worn smooth enough for our purpose, and Ned and I gladly availed ourselves of the opportunity of travelling from our offices to our homes by that most enjoyable of all methods of locomotion, the bicycle. At half past two we started, wheeling our machines before us, and picking up a constantly increasing escort of small boys as we went. Crossing the Common and resisting—out of principle—the temptation to mount and ride over the smooth paths, sacred to pedestrians, our escort was suddenly and alarmingly increased by at least ninety-five per cent. of the small boys who were skating on the Frog Pond, who with shouts of, "Here's two ferlosserpeeds." "My eye, Bill, ain't they whoppers," cast off their skates with marvellous rapidity, and joined the delegation of which we, or our machines, were the much admired centres. Of course it was no use telling them to go away; what boys would go away under such circumstances? But when, in crossing the bridge in the Public Garden, about two hundred more boys joined the procession, all pushing and scrambling and eager to get near enough to look at our wonderful machines, the ridiculous began to merge into the serious, and we made all haste to the end of Commonwealth Avenue, and then, never did two bicyclists mount their machines with fewer introductory remarks, or more rapidly leave small boys behind. Even then, however, the boys did not give up, but as we turned down Exeter into Beacon street, I could discern in about the latitude of Clarendon street, some dozen or so of them still running, and probably hoping that some lucky accident would again give them a view of the "ferlosserpeeds."

Just before crossing the Milldam we dismounted and Ned put on his gaiters, which the unexpected honors we had just escaped had prevented his accomplishing before. I then discovered that I was minus some half a dozen copies of the AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL, which I had bought in the forenoon, meaning to distribute them among the unenlightened (i.e. non-bicycling) portion of the community in which I reside. They probably had fallen from my pocket in my hurried mount, so consoling myself with the hope that they fell into appreciative hands, I helped Ned to button his gaiters, when we oiled up, and, mounting once more—leisurely this time, proceeded on our way, Ned following my lead.

It was now about half past three, the Milldam was crowded with vehicles, and the road somewhat heavy from the effect of the noon thaw. The horses took no more notice of us than of each other (which I always find to be the case where horses are numerous,—it is only on country roads, and not very often then, that horses object to the bicycle), and we, or at least I, wound in and out among the vehicles, slowing up or quickening as was necessary, until "the forks" were reached, when I found that Ned, whom I had supposed to be close behind, was not in sight. Unwilling—as usual—to dismount, I amused myself by riding round and round a hay cart, much to the astonishment of the horse, which, however,

stood perfectly quiet, and seemed much interested in my proceedings. In a few minutes Ned, who it appeared had dismounted to tighten his saddle clip, joined me and we proceeded along Brookline avenue in company. At Brookline we turned to the left to Heath street, where we encountered the rise, which though easy enough to surmount when the roads were good, was as much as we wanted in their then heavy state, so on reaching the top we dismounted for a breather.

In a few minutes we were in the saddle again and proceeded at an easy pace to Day street, and so on to Centre street, soon after which Ned left me to make a call, and, as I afterwards found out, to rehearse his part in some private theatricals, which—I may here remark—turned out, as everything does which Ned attempts, a gigantic success. After Ned left me I had an amusing spurt with a horse car, the driver of which, owing to my keeping alongside, thought I was racing with him, and whipped up his horses with the avowed intention of leaving me behind. I humored his conceit for a few minutes, and then doffing my cap to him, shot ahead and turned up Elm street, where I dismounted at the foot of the hill, which I found too heavy and too steep for riding. Before mounting again, I too made a call on some friends in the vicinity, but they were not at home, so I walked my steed down the labyrinth of hills to the depot, where I mounted again, ran down Green street to Washington street, then on to School street, where the hill was again too heavy for me and I had to dismount. At top of Seaver street hill I mounted again, and soon reached Blue Hill avenue, and then Washington street, turning to the right at the Consumptive's Home. Looking up at the windows of the latter, I could not help hoping that the introduction of the bicycle into this country would soon lessen the necessity for such institutions, nor could I help comparing my own feelings as I rode along—lungs expanded, every joint supple, every muscle in healthful exertion, blood in vigorous circulation, and whole being in active consciousness of perfect health,—with those of the poor people for whom such feelings had long since vanished, if they ever existed, and for whom those walls possibly enclosed all they would ever know on earth of comfort or of home.

Of all things, sadness—when mounted on a bicycle, is the least possible, and the splendid road for bicycling which Washington street, Dorchester, affords (no better road in this or any other country), is in itself irresistible temptation to spurt. As if that in itself was not enough, I overtook a span attached to a light buggy, the driver gave his horses the rein, and for a few minutes we went at it, "nip and tuck." The horses were too much for me, however, and finding that they were rapidly overtaking me, I eased up and let them shoot ahead.

The rest of my journey I performed steadily and enjoyably at about a ten mile gait, and finally dismounted at my door at 5.20 P. M., without another dismount. On referring to the chart I found the distance to be a trifle under thirteen miles; so, taking into consideration

the time used in stopping at the various points I have mentioned, I call my average pace between eight and nine miles an hour, which of course was very slow—but very pleasant.

I would not be at all astonished, Mr. Editor, if you were to call this long yarn "much ado about nothing," and refuse to insert it, but I tell you frankly I don't care one pin if you do. This is Washington's birthday, and as long ago as Christmas a run for this day has been mapped out. But the clerk of the weather has not permitted us to carry out our intentions, and so, as the next best thing, I have lived a most enjoyable run over again by sitting down and telling you about it. My pen has kept up a running accompaniment to the patter of the rain against my window, and some of the same feeling I experienced on that run comes over me as I write. If you think your readers will be at all interested, I shall be most pleased to see this letter appear in your columns. If you think otherwise, to quote your own words some few numbers back, "paper is worth something per pound" and it is paper that this is written upon.

"JACK EASY."

Answers to Correspondents.

"J. L. C.," SAN FRANCISCO.—Your copies must have miscarried. Have sent you duplicates. Please always inform us of any failure in delivery.

"SLOW AND SURE," SAN FRANCISCO.—(1) We give decided preference to the front wheel brake. Any brake which acts by means of a cord of any kind is unreliable, for the cord has not yet been made which will not some day break. When it does it will be caused by your using it with more than usual force; you will never so use it except in an emergency, and then is the time that you need to feel sure that your brake is in every respect thoroughly reliable. The front wheel brake has no cord to give way when most wanted, but it has this disadvantage, that it operates very quickly, and if applied too suddenly it will result in your going over the handles. With proper care, however, this need never happen. You should never use your brake unless compelled to, and then apply gradually, until by treading back you regain control of your machine. (2) We do not feel competent to advise you as to choice of a machine, and if we were, still we should hesitate. We will say this, however: we do not know a "cheap" machine but is dear at any price. In quality, all the "best" machines are about equal, and personal preference must decide as to mechanism. (3) You certainly will not economise by delaying your purchase, and you certainly will lose much valuable time and enjoyment. Buy at once.

"CLUB-MEMBER," Middlesex, Engl.—We shall be very pleased to see you, and will guarantee that the B. B. C., now formed, will be ditto.—Of the two, we should say, time. Ask your secretary or captain to advise the secretary of the B. B. C. of the letter of introduction you bring, so that there may be no mistake. The address is Frank W. Weston, Sec'y Boston Bicycle Club, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

"BENEDICT," NEWTON.—Certainly. It is no unknown thing in England to see a lady riding a tricycle accompanied by a gentleman on a bicycle, and we see no reason why your wife and yourself should not follow so worthy an example. We intend to, as soon as we can afford to buy the tricycle. Of course you will remember that your horse is the fastest, and keep a tight rein so that your companion may not fatigue herself.

A BICYCLE STORY OF A BY-GONE DAY.

[Glancing over an old number of "Every Saturday" (1869) we happened upon the following doleful tale—originally told, by the way, in "Cassell's Magazine." We have already shown, by reproducing from other papers criticisms upon the bicycle and its riders, our fearless confidence in its merits, so that the sad *dénouement* of the first ride of a rash adventurer on the old-fashioned machine of '69, does not deter us from transferring it to our paper as a graphic story, though it may seem to tell a little against us.

Doubtless this same literary gent—if he has not already lost the power of stirring physical exercise—is now taking his daily ten or twenty mile stretch on a modern machine, and realizing all the delights he expected from his first venture.] The story is headed,

ON A BICYCLE.

Aristocratic wielders of the pen have seized hold of an accident or two, and the reckless riding of a few enthusiasts, to make them handles for a wholesale condemnation of the velocipede. This piece of mechanism may certainly be an intrusion, but for all that it seems to have its good qualities; and as to the objections that have been made to its use,—well, upon racking one's brains a little it is possible to recall objections having been made to steam in days gone by. Tramways have been driven off our roads, but they are trying to creep back; perambulators have been crushed endlessly, and they certainly are unpleasant when the forewheel is thrust between your legs and you feel about to be transformed into a baby murderer; but perambulators increase in number, fast as do their occupants, and the green four-wheeler that fathers of families used to draw about on Sundays is now a thing of the past. And doubtless, if some opponent of the good old conservative notions of England were to introduce a comfortable street cab, to take the place of the hideous jangling vehicles of the present day, he would be cried down,—perhaps ruined.

For my part, being a very mild, inquisitive individual, I have felt rather disposed to welcome the new means of locomotion, and mentally exclaimed, "How delightful to spin along upon land more independently than the Rob Roy canoe on water! How glorious to be free of tolls (?), ostlers, taxes, and trouble! To ride where one listeth, and then,—double up your perambulator."

The name was enough to tempt one to invest, so I bought a "bicycle," and anxiously smuggled it into the little coach-house, ready for an opportunity of trying its paces.

Being such a revolutionary method of going over the ground one naturally felt a delicacy about appearing in public until able to perform with grace and effect. Here was a difficulty: privacy was required, but not to be obtained. I had learned skating upon a ditch, riding in a school, dancing in so many private lessons; but velocipeding how was it to be attained? A garden seventy feet by thirty, with narrow gravel paths at right angles, was certainly not adapted: and, besides, inquisitive people could have looked over the walls. One could not do it in a room,—what was to be done?

I had that horrible vehicle in bed with me for nights. There was a complete reverse of circumstances; it sat upon me, nightmare fashion, instead of me riding it; I dreamed of it, and saw myself ignominiously dragged off to the station-house for bowling my hoops upon the pavement. I saw myself brought to ruin by people thrusting walking-sticks in my spokes. I was laughed at; shouted after; hunted by a mob of boys, who would catch me, paddle hard as I would; and time after time I sat up in bed, in a violent state of perspiration, avowing that I would either burn or sell the thing which threatened to be the bane of my existence.

Weeks passed, and the bicycle had not even been looked at without a shudder, when one bright, frosty night, when taking my customary look out before retiring, the thought occurred to me, "Why not try in the dark?"

Why indeed? Five minutes after I was stealing down to the coach-house, and trying to smuggle the thing out, but the doors would creak horribly, and the wheels grated on the gravel. I knew that another sound would bring people right and left, to their windows anticipating doctors or fire-engines; so, lugging the machine in my arms, I bore it to the railings, lifted it over, tearing my coat in the act, and then followed it into the road.

We are to have gas our way, but at present it is "under consideration;" and upon this dark, cold night, as I stood beside my vehicle, looking in all directions as cautiously as a burglar, suddenly a light was thrown full upon me, and from behind it a gruff voice inquired,—

"What's your little game?"

Game indeed! it was no sport, but a piece of serious earnest; and it was only with difficulty that I induced police-constable John Dorhead to believe that this was not an infernal machine, and that he might turn off his bull's-eye and leave me to my own devices.

The ground was dry and hard.—Oh, how hard!—and lifting the incubus once more, I made the best of my way past the last house. Pausing for breath, I set the thing down, straddled across it, settled myself in my seat, and then,—well, then I went forward, very slowly, walking upon the tips of my toes and taking the thing along with me. I knew I ought to give myself a good start, thrust my feet upon the treadles, and then go along rapidly. I say I knew all this, but that was all. If I lifted one leg from the ground, I inclined that side; if I lifted the other, the inclination was but the reverse; and as to taking both feet up, I freely confess it, I dared not.

However, I got on slowly, with the thing between my legs, telling myself that I was progressing fast; and I chuckled as I congratulated myself upon the fact of my being unobserved. At last, as time was getting on, I grew more daring and made a rush, performing a wild curve which sent me into the ditch on the left, while the next attempt sent me into the hedge on the right.

"Perseverance conquers in the end," I muttered, as I prepared for another try; and so I went on until, conceiving that I had done pretty well for one night, and that even if I had acquired no skill I had done something toward overcoming my timidity, I turned back and walked, or rather waddled, the instrument till I reached the top of the hill, where I paused to consider.

Should I? Shouldn't I? There was nothing to do but to sit firmly and to steer carefully and it would go down hill of itself. The maker told me that the faster I went, the safer. If I meant to learn, I must be a little bold. I'd a good mind to let it go, and I walked it down a few yards. Why, even if I did fall, I could not hurt myself much; it was not like being upon a restive horse, and being dragged by the stirrups, and,—wasn't it though! I only lifted my legs for an instant to touch the treadles when the wretch of a thing was off down the incline. Mazeppa's ride was nothing to it; the bicycle cycled, the wind rushed past my ears, and I believe I shouted, "Stop it!" feeling for the moment that I was off at express speed; then there was a crash, a sudden halt, and O, how hard and firm was that new road!

"I thought you'd get up to something afore you'd done," said a gruff voice, and once more I was illuminated at the expense of the ratepayers.

I only groaned as I asked the constable to assist me in with my wheels of misfortune. I did not scruple about making a noise now, all I wanted was to get the thing locked up, and

to go and bathe that large lump swelling upon my noble forehead; but I believe the fellow was grinning when I gave him a shilling.

I don't know whether mind or body was the sorer the next morning, but I was very ill at ease, and said I to myself, "here's a lesson for me," while I ran over in my own mind the list of my enemies, being at last fully determined to send my compliments to the gentleman who cut up my last book, and with my compliments the gift of the bicycle.

Humbly and sincerely I trust that he may not break his neck.

Pickings and Stealings.

Outside the meetin'-house: Deacon Norwood (to Elder Tompkins)—“Yes, sir: a man with hope and without no faith is just like a young man in a row-boat, who ain't got only one oar, and rows round and round in a circle and don't get nowhere.” Small Boy (at a safe distance)—“If he warn't a darned fool, he'd scull.”

[Lampoon.]

A sad incident was evolved when the train halted for lunch about twenty miles ago. A negro stepped up to the lunch counter and called for a cup of coffee. A Caucasian standing beside him objected to the presence of the negro at the counter. They quarrelled, and the white man snatched up a sandwich and hurled it at the African's head. It fractured the man's skull and killed him instantly. The murderer was arrested, and his only defence was that he “didn't know it was loaded.” These lunch-counter sandwiches are terrible weapons, and the State should enact the severest laws against handling them carelessly. [Letter from Burdette.]

“I can drink or let it alone.” We heard the words fall proudly from the lips of a young man who gloried in his untrammelled freedom, his broad mindedness, his standing in Society, his power to toy with the tempter without becoming its victim. Only a few moments after he had made his boast the young man stood before the bar, looking from a whiskey cocktail to a strange bar-keeper, and feeling in his pockets for the pocket-book that was left at home, twenty-three blocks away. Where then was his proud boast? “Could he drink, or let it alone,” as he pleased? Ah, he could let it alone mighty well.

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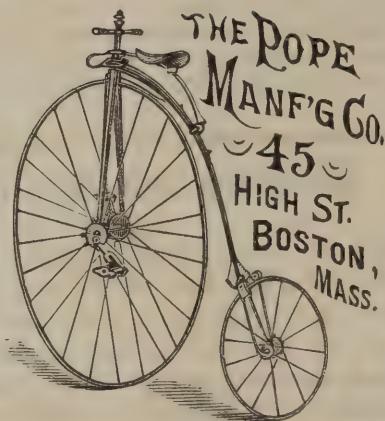
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By telegraphing per Atlantic Cable, a fortnight can be saved, and C. H. & Co. are now preparing a special code with the manufacturers for that purpose.

C. H. & Co. intend eventually to keep all the first-class machines in stock, but at present, for reasons stated above, they can only supply purchasers in rotation, as their orders have been, or may be received.

WESTERN, SOUTHERN, and CANADIAN purchasers are informed that, pending the establishment of Branch Agencies, their orders should be forwarded to C. H. & Co., direct, who will give their favors special attention.

Price lists will be forwarded on receipt of application, with which stamp should be enclosed.

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VOL. I, No. 8.

BOSTON, MARCH 30, 1878.

TEN CENTS.

We read in story of Bellerophon,
Of Icarus and others, who essay'd
To ride a league or two towards the sun.
But what a mess they made!
What are they and their doings, and indeed
All would-be Ariels since, compared with us?
We put to shame the arts of Archimede,
The skill of Daedalus!

* * * * *

Spirits nor angels we, albeit we fly,
Nor wish save good to all that breathes and feels;
True, we have pinions, but, like Mercury,
Our wings are at our heels!—*DRUIDÆ.*

Bicycling Times.

The Weather Clerk and the Boston Bicycle Club appear to have arrived at a special understanding. The glorious weather which was vouchsafed to the latter for their first run on the 9th inst. was followed by rain and unpleasant weather for several days; then came the sun again, and by the 16th, the roads were in magnificent condition, and the second Club run was held. The next day "down came the storm," which in its turn subsided and allowed the roads to attain a most delightful and smooth hardness for Club run No. 3. This run came off in good style on the day appointed, the 23rd, though the morning showed ominous signs of refusal. At 3 p. m., however, it was all serene, and the club made a delightful trip to Milton and back. Verily the planets must have been in their most benignant aspects upon the happy day when the "B. B. C." was born.

The open space on Boylston street, opposite Trinity Church, is a grand place for club meets. Ample room for the bicyclists and good vantage ground for the spectators, who increase in number on each of these occasions. The presence of a few more police officers, however, to keep the juvenile portion of the sight seers from incommoding riders, would be to their mutual advantage.

—Mem. for suburban real estate owners—Good sidewalks are a great recommendation to house-hunters.—[Transcript.]

That's true, and when that house-hunter happens to be a bicyclist—GOOD ROADS, as well as sidewalks, are desirable.

The motto of the Boston Bicycle Club is:—
“Pedibus bicyclus addidit alas.”

May they find it so.

—We think that we shall be doing a real service to gentlemen intending to make the European tour the coming season, by calling their attention to an article on page five, descriptive of bicycle travelling in the Alps. We subjoin another paragraph from the same writer:

If a person would see the Alps cheaply and expeditiously let him procure a bicycle; he will save its cost in a single journey across Switzerland, even if he never use it afterwards. My bicycle has earned what it cost me and more, in the few hundred miles it carried me in Switzerland. I had ridden it thousands of miles before I took it abroad. I have ridden it hundreds of miles since, and I hope to ride it for thousands of miles yet. Oh! for a poet to sing the praises of my Pegasus.

During the war of the Rebellion in this country, many Brigadier Generals were in much the same case as some bicyclers are likely to be now; they are at once inexperienced, unlucky and inconsiderate. "Vanity Fair," the comic journal of the period, gave them the following concentrated piece of advice: "When you don't know what to do, don't you do you don't know what." We repeat it for the benefit of such of our fraternity as may have a tendency to "go it blind" in any way. To maintain the mental balance is of the first importance in bicycling, as in almost everything.

Professional Bicycling.

A BICYCLE RIDE OF ONE THOUSAND MILES IN SIX DAYS.

David Stanton, the English long distance champion, has successfully accomplished this unparalleled feat, and on Saturday March 2d, completed the last mile of his long ride. The course was at Agricultural Hall Islington, London, on a boarded floor and measured two hundred and thirty-six yards, the measurement being taken one yard from the outside edge. Seven and one-half laps were reckoned to the mile, and as Stanton averaged more than a yard out, there is no doubt of his having done more than the full distance. The "London Bicycle Journal" computes his actual distance to have been one thousand and five miles, twelve hundred yards. It gives the following as Stanton's times for every fifty and one hundred miles with and without stoppages:—

Miles	Time in the saddle.			Time including stoppages.		
	H.	M.	S.	H.	M.	S.
50	3	41	36	4	36	35
100	7	13	0	9	15	9
150	10	48	47	14	42	45
200	14	29	40	26	9	15
250	18	7	12	31	0	19
300	21	44	41	36	35	49
350	24	22	56	48	50	7
400	28	0	49	53	48	14
450	31	35	22	59	33	11
500	35	16	34	64	37	22
550	38	57	22	76	39	35
600	41	38	59	81	56	18
650	45	23	36	87	6	32
700	49	12	7	99	27	26
750	52	59	15	105	12	27
800	56	40	23	109	56	0
850	60	22	11	121	8	36
900	64	4	22	126	3	12
950	67	36	23	131	26	50
1000	71	28	38	137	5	33

The time in the saddle includes a delay of several minutes in the 741st, 745th, and 896th miles.

Several well known bicyclists accompanied the champion at various times during his ride.

Club News and Wheel Talk.

THE SECOND CLUB RUN of the Boston Bicycle Club was made on Saturday, March 16th. The meet occurred on Boylston street, opposite Trinity church, where a number of spectators were assembled. Precisely at three P. M. the signals to fall in and mount were given, and twenty riders responded. The route was along Beacon street, Chester Park, and twice through Columbus Avenue; thence via Boston Highlands and through Dorchester to Milton, where the run terminated. Although this was close to the railroad, and in time for the train, it is worthy of note that not one of the riders availed himself of this mode of locomotion, but all—to a man—rode their machines to their various homes. Many of the riders got twenty miles out of the afternoon's run, and two of them had taken a forty mile run in company the same morning.

THE BICYCLE movement at Harvard progresses somewhat slowly, but very surely. Several of the seniors, some of the sophomores, and not a few of the juniors own machines, and the formation of the College Club is only a matter of time. A bicycle match between Cambridge, Mass. and Cambridge, England, is one of the probabilities of the future.

THE THIRD CLUB RUN of the Boston Bicycle Club took place on Saturday, March 23d, the meet being as usual, opposite Trinity church. Previous to the "mount" being sounded, the members present, numbering about a dozen machines, were brought into line, and a photograph of the Club was taken by Mr. Drew, the well known photographer. This delayed the start somewhat, and it was not until a quarter past three that the signal to mount was given, and the Club proceeded via Beacon street and Chester Park to Columbus avenue. After a couple of turns on the latter, the course was shaped for Milton, where the run terminated, and each rider took the most convenient route for home.

The roads were in splendid condition, but the wind was blowing half a gale right in the teeth of the riders, retarding them on the run out, but giving them by way of amends, a splendid and speedy run home. A large concourse of people assembled at Trinity church and on Columbus avenue to witness the mount and the departure.

THE ARRANGEMENTS for the season's racing are beginning to assume definite shape. The club races bid fair to be numerous and well contested, but in addition to these, numerous other races are already being talked of. Rumor has it that the Nantasket hotel proprietors, and also the energetic and popular manager of Downer Landing are fully alive to the interest manifested by the public in the bicycle, and contemplate offering prizes for competition. A bicycle race on the hard smooth sands of Nantasket, or the splendid roads of "Downers" would attract thousands of spectators, but we caution the promoters not to forget in such case the strict line between amateur and professional.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN—AGAIN.

Since the article on page four was put in type our attention has been called to another letter in the "Scientific American" (No. 13), written from Chatham and signed "Velocipede." The writer says:

"I may state that I am not the possessor of any extraordinary amount of muscular development; on the contrary, I am rather under the average in that respect, my weight being about one hundred and forty pounds; yet I have ridden a velocipede on 'a good country road' in one day a distance of fifty-two miles, the actual running time, or the time deducting stoppages, being seven and one-half hours, a feat which I could not have performed on foot under any circumstances, yet I accomplished this without feeling any unusual fatigue. This is the greatest distance that I ever had occasion to make in one day, but I have frequently ridden a distance of thirty miles for amusement."

Referring to the expenditure of power required to run a velocipede, he then remarks:

"Let us look at it for a moment and it will be evident, that in walking the whole weight of the body must be supported on each foot alternately, which, in my case, would mean a force of one hundred and forty pounds expended every step, besides that required to propel the body forward a distance of about thirty-three inches. Now let it be remembered that in riding the velocipede, the whole weight of the body is borne by the vehicle, which allows the rider to exert all the power employed for the purpose of propelling himself for-

ward; and it must also be remembered that in riding the velocipede with, say, a forty-two inch wheel, the rider at each step can propel himself forward a distance of one hundred and twenty-six inches, or 3 and 27-33 times the distance he would move in walking at an ordinary gait.

"I have never actually tried the force required to be exerted on the pedals of a velocipede to propel myself forward, but I am satisfied that it does not require more than that which is required to sustain the weight of the body and propel it forward in walking. [Not nearly as much. ED.A.B.J.]

"I might draw your correspondent's attention to the fact that one man can move a loaded car on a level railway track, yet no one would expect him to carry it.

"Your correspondent's idea of a man going on a journey and drawing a velocipede after him is simply ridiculous, and reminds one of a person who, in attempting to draw a saw log lying on the ground, would refuse to attempt to draw it on a truck on account of the additional weight.

"I am perfectly well satisfied that a man of 'ordinary muscular development' can travel a distance of twenty miles on a properly constructed velocipede with a less expenditure of power than he could walk the same distance."

[The long and short of the matter is, that the value of the modern bicycle as a practical labor-saving machine is beyond controversy, and although we were surprised to find the letter, which we have here largely quoted, in the columns of our "Scientific contemporary, still his editorial utterances in reply to "G. O. A.", coupled with the fact that *such an exhibition of lunatic ignorance* as the letter of "Jno. B." displays (which letter we have quoted in full) could find admittance in a paper of such standing, indicates that it is, or has been, in entire ignorance of the whole subject. ED.]

MR. PITMAN'S RIDE.

Those of our English cousins who have read the Boston papers of the last week's issue, must have been amused at the amount of "splurge" which has been made on the above topic, and we are afraid that their respect for the average "item" man of the American newspapers has not been increased thereby. That there was anything extraordinary in the intention of a bicyclist to take a forty mile ride is out of the question, but to read our newspapers one would have thought that it was an unheard of feat, worthy of the most special and particular mention. We thank, however, our brethren of the pen for helping us to draw public attention to our favorite mode of locomotion, and although the subject matter in question was of small consequence, still they have done us good service in giving to it the publicity it has attained.

The facts of the case are as follows: Mr. W. R. Pitman, who is perhaps as skillful and graceful a rider as we have among us, having a day to spare, announced to his friends his intention of returning from Haverhill, (where he had been visiting) on his bicycle, instead of by ordinary mode of travel. Some members of the Boston Bicycle Club hearing of this, expressed their intention of meeting him on his journey and accompanying him back to this city. These facts got into the papers, and so widely, that when, on Tuesday last, Mr. Pitman mounted his machine, he found to his no little astonishment that there were upwards of a thousand persons assembled to witness his departure. All along his route of about forty-three miles, the people were in expectation of his coming, and lining the roadways almost from beginning to end, gave him a perfect ovation. At Medford, or a mile or two beyond, he was joined by another rider who accompanied him nearly to the end of his journey. Mr. Pitman left Haverhill at 12.30 P. M., and for thirty miles had to traverse one of the roughest and most difficult roads he could have

found in all Massachusetts. To use his own words, "Ride a yard and walk a mile," was about as much as he could do. From Medford, however, the roads were in splendid condition, and he was able to put on the pace, finally arriving at Hotel Brunswick at 6.10 P. M. A large crowd were even then awaiting him, and greeted his arrival. Neither Mr. Pitman nor his splendid "Stanley" seemed any the worse for the journey.

[The following letter arrived too late for our "Correspondence Column."]

MR. EDITOR: I don't see why Mr. Pitman selected that route from Haverhill to Boston for his early and brave attempt to show the road paces of his iron steed. It has about as few attractive features as any road of same length running city-ward. For the bicyclist it has the smallest attractions. It is, to a moderate extent, a hilly road, and many sections of it are quite rocky, while other portions of it are very sandy. The scenery along the road is for the most of the way of an uninteresting character, and the houses of entertainment few. The only part of the road deserving of a first-class recommendation is that lying between Seminary Hill, Andover, and Haverhill, and that road may not have been enjoyed by Mr. Pitman, since he may not have passed over the high lands of Andover at all, but may have passed into Haverhill over a lower, and flat and uninteresting route. What we term the "home stretch" of the route from Haverhill to Boston is particularly a bad one for bicyclist or rider or driver. If the direct line is taken into the city, a long and horrible pull over the many miles of cobble stone pavements of Charlestown neck must be encountered. If a detour is made, and the city is reached by the way of Somerville and Cambridge, some roads of a very unattractive character must also be encountered.

There is one point of great interest to bicyclists that I wish to allude to at this time: The railroad system of New England has ruined, for the most part, the common road tavern accommodations. Pedestrians have found this out to their sorrow, but they have been too few and too weak to effect any reformation in the premises. We now look to the bicyclist for the needed help in the work of putting again in the place where it will do the most good, the good old-fashioned inn for man and beast, and with the new-fashioned addition of accommodations for the bicycle. Many, many years ago, it was the custom of a good old Dr. Peabody, an old-fashioned minister living in this same town of Andover through which Mr. Pitman passed, to build a large open fire in his kitchen on retiring at night, in the cool seasons of the year, simply for the benefit of the travellers passing his house—after he had retired—on the way to and from Boston. His door was never locked; his latch-string was always out. And many and many a time, he writes in his diary, did he hear in the quiet watches of the night strange voices by his kitchen fire,—voices of passing strangers who had tarried for a while under his roof to enjoy his fire and the shelter. Is not this a story to warm the heart of a bicyclist! I have condemned the route lately taken by Mr. Pitman; in my next I hope to introduce to bicyclists some charming back-country routes. On the whole, I think Mr. P. did well as regards time; though I have passed over the same route in saddle scores of times at a higher rate of speed.

OPEN AIR FOREVER,

A PAIR OF DONKEYS.**POWER REQUIRED TO RUN A BICYCLE.**

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN:

In your issue of February 9th G. O. A. says: "Is there a practical bicycle made at present—that is, one which would enable a man of ordinary muscular development to travel a distance of twenty miles on a good country road in less time and with less fatigue than he could do it on foot?"

For some years past it has been necessary for me to use a velocipede as my only means of locomotion, and under the conditions asked by the above inquirer. I therefore do not hesitate to say that, on the strength of my practical experience, it is impossible to run a velocipede over a given distance in a given time with less expenditure of power than it would be to walk the distance in a given time.

In fact, under the most favorable circumstances, it is impossible to run a velocipede through a given distance with the same expenditure of power as that required to walk the given distance.

Who is it that would fail to see the absurdity of a person who on walking along a road had hitched himself (horse fashion) to a velocipede, with the vain idea that by drawing the vehicle after him he could more easily accomplish his journey. Certainly in the above instance he would have a better mechanical advantage than if he sat upon the machine and propelled himself, because the weight of his person would increase the friction of its moving parts.

Persons who perform great feats on velocipedes must practice continually, in order to keep their muscular powers trained up to the proper degree, as the force necessary to this end is greater than that required by the ordinary pedestrian.

JNO. B.

[The above slip was sent to us with the following note. They will do to appear together,—as a sort of bicycle of imbecility, or span of jackasses, but neither is fit to go alone.]

SIR: The inclosed is a most convincing argument against the possibility of using the giddy whirligig which you glorify; but that flimsy and *fallacious* thing is, in itself, beneath my notice. I send the extract to avoid the charge of plagiarism, for it applies so well to another bigger delusion that I can use much of its given language and logic to express my settled contempt of the other. I mean railroads. As you are somewhat in opposition to them, and offer to hear the other side in regard to your own particular craze, I trust you will insert both statements.

Some years ago it was once necessary for me to use a rail-car as my only means of locomotion to go twenty miles, rather than do it on foot. It was drawn by one of those fearful water-gas things, and I was very uneasy and dusty and scared, and got a cinder in my eye. I therefore do not hesitate to say that, on the strength of my practical experience, it is impossible to run a given rail-car over a given distance in a given time with less given expenditure of given power than it would be to walk the given distance in a given time on a given road to a given place. In fact, under the most favorable given circumstances, it is impossible to run a given rail-car, etc., as aforesaid, in any given way!

Who would fail to see the absurdity of a person who driving along a road had lifted his team on to the fence with the vain idea that by getting on a rail he could more easily accomplish his journey? Yet in that case he would certainly have a better mechanical advantage than if he sat with a crowd of others on *two rails*, because these and the weight of those persons would increase the friction of the moving parts. Persons, if there are such, who ride on railroads,

must practice continually keeping their nervous powers strained up to an improper degree, and the force necessary to this end is greater than that required to "hoof it" the given distance in the given time.

JAGY.

[We had observed the dull perversity of the "Scientific" in putting that noodle forward only to repeat and muddle a weak question, instead of noticing the complete answer to it by a writer in our issue of Feb. 16th, a copy of which was sent. We should have made a mere allusion to this but that a dunce of our own steps up and, in the spirit of the proverb, answers a Scientific according to its "science." Though even more "given" to iteration, ours is hardly more idiotic than t'other one, and his style and logic are a trifle better. Really, for that paper to dwell on this silly twenty-mile conundrum, is too much! Why, it can be solved by any rider of the old velocipede with a week's practice, not to mention the present bicyclé, which is as superior as three to one. It is out of the question to accept that paper's plea of ignorance on such a subject, and why it should so grossly stultify itself by this affectation of not knowing what has been a familiar fact all over England for several years, passes our comprehension. Query,—is there a new disease to be called Bicycophobia? and has the "Scientific American" got the first sulky symptoms of it? ED.]

ROLLING ROUND THE RINK.*

Swinging round the corners
Swooping down the stretch,
Crowding on the mourners—
(Oh, you heedless wretch!)
Like a lilly bending,
Blooming like a pink,
Deftly, safely, wending,
Rolling round the rink.

Watch the graceful motion,
Like the bird in air,
Like a ship in ocean,
When the wind is fair.
Threading all the mazes,
Spread from brink to brink,
Grace in all its phases,
Rolling round the rink.

* * * * *
Timid tyros creeping,
Sticking close to shore,
Envy us brave sweeping
Round and round the floor.
While the strains inspiring
Swell and softly sink,
'Tis a joy untiring,
Rolling round the rink.

All is mirth and laughter,
Pleasure fails to none,
Up from floor to rafter
Rise the notes of fun.
Up from every stumble,
Quicker than a wink,
No one needs a tumble,
Rolling round the rink.

Cheeks grow red as cherries,
Ruddy in their glow,
Like the holly-berries
'Mid the winter snow.
Eyes grown dull with crying
Flash as black as ink,

As we circle, flying,
Rolling round the rink.

When the blues oppress you,
As they sometimes will,
When dull cares distress you,
And will not be still,
You the imps may banish
In a trice, I think,
If you bid them vanish,
Rolling round the rink.

[Philadelphia Bulletin.]

*Can the writer have been to Pearl Street?—ED.

BICYCLI-PATHY.

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE MACHINE FROM A MEDICAL STAND-
POINT.

BY DR. GODDARD.

The majority of people are almost wholly responsible for their physical condition. Bodily strength and sound health, like mental accomplishments, are the results of cultivation; and the greater part of mankind can as easily obtain them as they can acquire a knowledge of mathematics in school or college.

Let anyone place, side by side, the closely confined student or clerk, and the man who has paid special attention to his physical culture. Compare the pale or sallow face, the flat chest, the narrow, stooping shoulders of the former, with the development of the latter, whose vigorous frame defies disease, whose strength gives a consciousness of power that makes him fearless of danger and who can exult in that greatest earthly possession, exuberant health.

These two classes of men will be the fathers of the next generation. The great disparity between them can be obviated by physical training on the part of the former. If not, then, merely as a means of happiness to ourselves, is it not a duty we owe to succeeding generations, that we cultivate those means of raising man to the summit of his nature, physically as well as mentally?

The condition of civilization (if one avoids its vices) does not weaken bodily vigor, provided the locomotive system is kept in thorough activity. The masses should not only have the necessary amount of exercise in the open air, but a perfect exercise of every muscle in the body.

Neglect in the development of the powers with which our Creator has endowed us, is punished by their withdrawal. Allow the intellect to remain idle and it will become sluggish. All parts of the human organism not sufficiently worked, are liable to degenerate; the nerve force which should guide and govern is allowed to sleep; the muscles become inelastic fibre of but little vitality. Tie up an arm for months, and it withers away. Let the muscles of our young men and delicate young ladies remain idle; they degenerate and cause atrophy.

“Everything that prolongs human life, ameliorates human suffering, and elevates or develops the human frame, is an element of progress, an element that all true men admire and cherish.”

As such, the Bicycle is one of the finest inventions of the nineteenth century. It is a physiologically constructed machine, is an invaluable means of promoting health, and bids fair to emancipate our youth from the too common muscular lethargy and debility.

Bicycling, as a mere exercise, is superior to skating, horseback-riding, baseball, or rowing. While skating is good for the legs, horseback-riding for the chest, base ball and row-

ing for the legs and arms, the benefit derived from exercise on the bicycle, is not local. *It gives a natural exercise and general development to every muscle of the body, it strengthens the drooping shoulders, facilitates respiration, expands the lungs and develops the chest.* No position can be maintained upon the Bicycle inconsistent with ease and elegance of motion, or incompatible with the laws of health.

Some physicians of prominence pronounced against the old velocipede, but the profession generally give the modern bicycle their hearty and cordial support. Medical men are among its most eager votaries. One of the best physicians in our country, who makes diseases of the lungs a specialty, rides the bicycle two hours a day and prescribes it for his patients. He considers it a great preventative of that terrible scourge of our climate, consumption; a grand aid to the development and improvement of the human body, and regards this particular preparation of steel (the bicycle) as better than any in his *materia medica*.

THE BICYCLE FOR TOURING AMONG THE ALPS.

[We extract the following passage from an interesting narrative of “A Month’s Bicycling Tour through Belgium, Northern Germany, Switzerland and France.”]

The narrative forms a series of articles in the “Bicycling Times.” ED.]

There are three methods of riding in Switzerland:—1. Riding in a horse carriage. 2. Walking. 3. Riding on a bicycle. The first is the most pleasant method; to recline at our ease in a carriage, surveying the country around us, and to feel quite fresh when we alight to climb an Alp, is the most easy and pleasant method of travelling, especially over Alpine passes and rough roads. A person to whom money is no object will find this old orthodox method the best. But there are many persons who yearn to see these magnificent mountains, who fully appreciate sublime scenery, who would be enraptured with the grandeur of creation, and delight to see the habits and customs of other nations, yet are debarred from this pure and elevating pleasure on account of the expense generally incurred by the old mode of travelling. Money is, alas! an object to many men, and riding in a carriage will not suit their exchequer, and therefore they stay at home. The voiturier will carry a person about thirty-five miles a day. The second method, walking, is an old and general mode of travelling, and is practised by those who desire to do the country cheaply and thoroughly. This mode has some advantages over travelling in a carriage; it is cheaper, and the traveller can stay where he likes to view any point of scenery on the road. As the pedestrian goes slowly the scenery around the road will be longer before his eyes, and consequently more indelibly impressed upon his mind. But walking is the most fatiguing and slow method; little comparatively can be seen in a limited time. Thirdly, bicycling. This is a novel mode of travelling in Switzerland, and it has not yet, perhaps, been fully tested. I can only argue on it from my own experience. A tourist on a bicycle can travel twice the distance a voiturier or carriage can take him in one day. The greatest advantage a bicycle has over a carriage is its cheapness; it costs nothing. To travel over the country I covered with my bicycle in Switzerland would, by a two-horse carriage, cost £21, by a one-horse carriage £14, besides being two days longer on the road than it took me. The bicyclist can travel nearly three times as fast as the pedestrian, and therefore can see a country for about one-third of what it costs a pedestrian. The bicycle combines in itself the advantages of the other two methods; it is quicker than a carriage and cheaper than walking. It is very evident, therefore, that bicycling is by far the most advantageous mode to a person of moderate means.

Transatlantic.

[From our own correspondent.]

LONDON, March 1st. 1878.

The great event of the week is D. Stanton's ride of 1000 miles in 6 days, at the Agricultural Hall. He began on Monday with 172 miles, rode 168 on Tuesday, and 164 on Wednesday, and 162 on Thursday, bringing him up to 666 miles for 4 days. So far he has stuck well to his work, though doing 4 miles less each day, which he could afford as he had some to the good from the first day. Some people think, however, that he will break down on the last day; and that he will not be able to stand the eternal spinning round, which is apt to make a man giddy and mazed. Such is the opinion of some, and I have heard even practical riders express similar views. The track used by Stanton is 7 1-2 laps to the mile, on boards, and of an elongated oval shape. His travelling rate varies from 12 to 14 miles an hour, and occasionally he spurts, but does not exceed 17. Considering that so far his health has kept good I see no reason why he should not finish to-morrow night, and I believe he will win without difficulty.

The weather last week and for the first two or three days of this week was really good, and the roads on Saturday were in capital order. Several clubs improvised runs.

The Stanley Club discussion on "Bearings, Springs, Lamps and Bells" last Friday was another success, and some interesting papers were read.

Mr. Cobb, the excellent President of the "Bicycle Union," writes to the papers on that interesting subject in reply to some criticisms that have appeared concerning the first general meeting. Mr. Cobb both speaks and writes well, and as chairman is the chief mainstay of the Union movement; but his arguments are peculiar, if not weak, and I am curious to learn the effect his letter will produce amongst clubmen. *Apropos* of this, the remarks on 'Bicycle Clubs' in your fourth number are very applicable; and I am glad to see that you observe the danger ahead, and trust American bicycle clubs will steer clear of the rocks whereon we have grounded. Within the last few months, however, a more generous and forbearing feeling seems to have arisen amongst these metropolitan clubs, and perhaps the good time is coming when these petty jealousies shall cease.

[From the "London Sporting Life."]

TWENTY MILES RACE—KEEN VS. MEERE, RAWSON, PHILLIPS AND PATRICK.

When the bell rang to clear the ground for the event, there were quite ten thousand persons present and the greatest excitement was manifested. Keen came on the course attended by old Harry Andrews, his trainer, exactly at half-past four o'clock—the time fixed for the start—looking the pink of condition, followed by A. Patrick, who was drawn to compete against Keen for the first miles. The course being five laps and a half to the mile, to complete the twenty miles Keen had to go one hundred and ten laps, and his opponents twenty-seven and a half laps each. At precisely twenty-two minutes to five Keen and Patrick were despatched on their journey. They finished the first mile together in three minutes, twenty seconds, but in the eighth lap Patrick forced the pace, and kept in front till the end of the third mile, when Keen once more went to the front, and never allowed his opponent to pass him afterwards, being at the end of the five miles about six yards ahead, the time being sixteen minutes, twenty-six seconds. Phillips, who next took up the race, got off well, but Keen soon passed him, and made the whole of the running for the next four miles. In the last mile Phil-

ips did not exert himself until the last two laps of the tenth mile, when, with a marvellous spurt on the far side, he shot past Keen, and looked like winning easily; but he had evidently made his effort too soon, for Keen, with a succession of spurts, quickly closed the gap, and amidst the greatest excitement, caught and passed Phillips again in the last lap just before reaching the bridge, wherenon the latter, who had evidently lost his bolt, ceased to persevere, leaving Keen victorious by over forty yards. Time of second five miles, sixteen minutes, seventeen seconds. Rawson got off badly, losing quite ten yards; but, nevertheless, he soon drew up, and in the first mile and a half each led in turn. Afterwards, however, Keen never gave the young Derbyshire rider a chance, leading for the rest of the journey, and finishing ten yards ahead, doing the third five miles in sixteen minutes, forty-three seconds. Meere, the last man, lost even more than Rawson at the start—quite twenty yards—and after he had overhauled Keen, he did not attempt to go by for some laps, following the example of the others by making a waiting race of it, hanging on the latter's back wheel for four miles. In the last mile, however, Meere dashed past and took a commanding lead. In the next lap, however, missing his treadle, Keen got by again, and was never repassed, beating his old opponent at the finish by about fifteen yards—the last five miles having been ridden in sixteen minutes, thirty-six and three-fifths seconds. The time of Keen's fifth mile was three minutes, eight seconds; tenth, three minutes, three seconds; fifteenth, three minutes, twelve seconds; and twentieth, three minutes, three and three-fifths seconds. Both Keen and Meere came in for an ovation. The winner's times for each mile were:

Mile.	h. m. s.	Mile.	h. m. s.
1	0 3 20	11	0 36 3
2	0 6 38	12	0 39 31
3	0 10 5 1-2	13	0 43 01
4	0 13 18	14	0 46 14
5	0 16 26	15	0 49 26
6	0 19 46	16	0 52 50
7	0 23 5	17	0 56 13
8	0 26 22	18	0 59 35
9	0 29 40	19	1 2 59
10	0 32 43	20	1 6 23-5

Mr. George W. Atkinson, (of the "Sporting Life" officiated as judge and timekeeper, and Frank White as starter on both days.

LONG RIDES.

LONDON TO YORK BY HORSE.—On the 24th of August, 1873, Captain Muleaster started on this journey, riding a friend's mare; Mr. Walker competing against him on a horse of his own. The horse tired at Tadcaster, and died next day. The mare, which drank twelve bottles of wine *en route*, occupied forty hours thirty-five minutes over the journey, and was none the worse for wear. Distance, one hundred and ninety-five and one-fourth miles.

LONDON TO YORK BY BICYCLE.—On the 5th of June, 1876, Mr. Stanley Thorpe, of the Pickwick Bicycle Club, rode his machine over the same course in twenty-two hours thirty minutes. He, like the mare, was none the worse for wear.

A HUNDRED MILES ON HORSEBACK.—On the 25th of July, 1793, Mr. Crockett rode his grey mare a hundred miles in twelve hours. The horse finished in good condition, but the rider had to be held in the saddle for the last ten miles.

A HUNDRED MILES ON BICYCLE.—On the 21st of May, 1877, Mr. Charles Walmsley, of the London Bicycle Club, rode his machine a hundred miles on the Bath road in eight hours twenty-three and one-half minutes. The bicycle finished in

excellent condition, so did the rider, who immediately went for a stroll and watched his distanced competitors arrive.

Particulars of the journeys on horseback are taken from our contemporary the "Referee." —

Book Reviews.

We have received from England a pamphlet entitled "Bicycles of the year 1877," which contains full descriptions of many of the principal makes of Bicycles and improvements introduced during the last season; it is designed to assist intending purchasers in the choice of a machine. Written from personal examination by Harry Hewitt Griffin, of the London Athletic Club, Wanderers' Bicycle Club, &c.

Published at the Bazaar office, 170 Strand, W. C., London.

It would astonish most of our readers, and far more the public generally, to know of the vast proportions that bicycle manufacture has already attained in England. Some interesting statistics are given in the pamphlet before us, showing the rapid development of the use of the bicycle. There are said to be more than one hundred makers scattered throughout England; the chief manufacturing points, however, being London, Coventry, Birmingham, Wolverhampton and Sheffield. Some of the larger firms employ as many as one hundred and fifty workmen. Coventry seems to be the great "head centre" of the trade, there being no less than nine large firms carrying on the business; employing not less than one thousand workmen, who turn out some six hundred to eight hundred machines per week.

[From the "Transcript."]

THE BICYCLE.

Tennyson plus J. G. D.

Sure never yet was any heel
Could flit so lightly by.
Keep off, or else my bicycle
Will hit you coming nigh.

How lightly whirls the bicycle!
How fiery-like you fly!
Go, get you one; this ticklish wheel
Be taught before you try.

Thou darest—give me now to reel
The rapid miles, or die.
There, take it, take my bicycle
And break your neck thereby.

ROUND THE WORLD ON A BICYCLE.

"Forty miles in four hours" was very well by way of diversion; but round the world in four minutes will startle even Jules Verne. Yet the feat has been performed. A few days ago I strolled into the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia. Where thousands of visitors were to be seen the year before, I now noticed scarce half a dozen, and these few were lost in the immensity of the place. A little weary on entering, I was soon fatigued with the extent and variety of

the show. There were no rolling chairs; I was about to leave, when of a sudden I discovered an exhibit of seven bicycles. Here was the greatest bicycling rink in the universe. It was a chance not to be lost. A few words to the attendant; my overcoat was laid by, and I was off with the world all before me. There was a quickening of the pulse; at home in the saddle, and at rest, I could now fly wholly free from fatigue.

A few circles in a corner of Canada; then a quiet run in the countries near by; now dismounting for a clearer gaze, now seeing it all from the saddle. But there was a wish to be off; so I took the grand aisle, and bore down with a rush toward the centre. Did an official give chase? what folly! With grand curves I swept by the fountains and seats. Scarce a visitor was seen, so the way was all clear. Now I threaded the intricacies of the Brazilian arcades; now I dashed under the entrance to Spain; and then I was seen afar off in Bengal on the way to the sights in old China. Taking an aisle at one side, the run would be made at a rate that defied all pursuit; and for sport I would wind round each alternate pillar, till the speed was too great for a curve. Again, darting by lofty cases and mirrors, where a spill might have cost a large sum. I raced round the world till the world seemed so small, that I stopped from sheer surfeit of travel.

My frolic was over; I had condensed a year into a day, yes, much less; so taking my coat and cane I walked out with a bow to the officials.

C.

TO OUR CAMBRIDGE READERS.—We have received numerous complaints of difficulty of obtaining the AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL at "Richardson's." We are sorry; but if the said Richardson is the only newsdealer in Cambridge, and is so blind to his own interest as not to keep us on sale, our would-be readers have one very sure remedy, and that is, subscribe, and by so doing receive your paper regularly as published. ED.

A CORRECTION.—In No. 5 of our journal we stated that Mr. Thomas, of Bayliss, Thomas & Co., was Captain of the Redditch Bicycle Club of England. This we find is incorrect. Mr. Thomas is Captain of the Coventry Bicycle Club (perhaps the oldest Club in Great Britain), but the Redditch Club is commanded by Mr. J. Edgar Warner, to whom we are indebted for a very pleasant letter correcting our mistake.

Mr. Warner visited Boston in 1875, and when he found what splendid facilities for bicycling our roads afforded, he experienced the keenest regret that he had left his machine at home. Next time he will know better.

Mr. Warner will at all times be glad to welcome his American bicycling cousins, and to afford them all the information in his power—a courtesy which we on our side will heartily reciprocate should he afford us the opportunity.

OUR READERS' ATTENTION is particularly directed to an interesting letter on the third page; we endorse our correspondent in every word that he says anent those good old-fashioned country inns. They are amongst our most cherished recollections. It will not be among the least of the advantages of bicycle-riding to be hoped for and expected, that an era of restoration of country roads and country inns should set in. We can conceive of no other agency but a general use of the iron steed likely to bring about "a consummation so devoutly to be wished." We shall be glad to hear from our correspondent again; none the less because he is not a bicyclist, though he is in the right spirit for one. ED.

The American Bicycling Journal.

THE AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL will be published every other Saturday, at noon. Our country readers will much oblige by reporting any failure in delivery.

All communications should be addressed, and all money should be sent to, Editor AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL, 178 Devonshire Street, Boston, Mass. To ensure priority of insertion, all communications should reach us not later than noon on Wednesday preceding publication.

THE AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL will be sent to any address, in the United States, or Canada, postpaid, for one year, for \$2.50, paid in advance.

We will forward single copies of this journal, postage free, on receipt of price—Ten cents.

As soon as the demand will warrant it, we propose publishing an edition each week, for first year. A new subscription rate will then be made—which, for the first year—will not affect those whose subscriptions have not expired.

All communications must be accompanied by the real names and addresses of the writers—not necessarily for publication—but as a guaranty of good faith. We cannot undertake to read anonymous letters, or to return rejected contributions. Write on one side of the paper only.

BOSTON, MARCH 30, 1878.

IS IT POSSIBLE TO FLY?

In a recent number of the "English Mechanic" we find an interesting report of a lecture on the above subject delivered lately at the Grimsby Mechanics' Institute by Mr. Breary, the hon. sec. of the Aeronautical Society. The topic is presumably interesting to our readers as pedal equitation is the next thing to flight, so we give the substance of the lecture and make some extracts, particularly as the speaker alluded to the Bicycle in the course of his argument. He explained the principles by which he thought aerial navigation must be attained, if it ever should be. He held that the balloon was useless except for the purpose of waftage, and detailed the various experiments that had been made in aerial science by English and foreign inventors. He maintained that the flight of birds and other creatures was mainly a mechanical effect, and capable of being imitated; that it did not depend so much as has been supposed upon a high degree of levity. In support of this he contrasted the creatures in the air with those in the water, pointing out the curious fact that the former are many times heavier than their bulk of atmosphere, while the latter, the

fish, are only about the same weight as the element they move in; moreover that the currents of the air are much swifter than those of the water. He described a fish as a bird without wings, and if it were of proportionate weight to the birds of the air, would require to be heavier than platinum, as water is eight hundred times heavier than air. The ability of birds and insects to fly, therefore, was due more to mechanical action than to levitation. He instituted some exact and surprising comparisons between birds and insects as to weight and surface presented to the air; taking two extreme instances, he showed that a gnat is three million times lighter than the Australian crane, but had in proportion one hundred and forty times more surface. He thought that in the consideration of the above facts lay the most hopeful hints toward navigation of the air; that if a man could get surface enough, he could surely get power, and that it was only a question of its right application. It had been said that steam could not be used for the purpose until an engine be made to weigh not more than twenty pounds to the horse-power; which had now been accomplished. There was also the important question of balance: how a bird poised itself with its wings in rapid motion, sometimes above and sometimes below the centre of gravity, seemed marvellous; "but," he added, "with the example of the Bicycle, the question of balance would not present much difficulty." The report says that the lecturer classified the various kinds of flight as those "by projection, gravity, force, surface, weight, and propulsion by a plane surface"—which, as it stands, is not very clear. He illustrated his ideas by models of bats, butterflies and birds, which flew about the hall in a most life-like manner. One was an albatross, with a spread of wing twelve and one-half feet, natural size; and it flew also, but "came to grief on a gas pendant." We do not feel the want of a flying machine much just now, being quite content with our ability to "wheel an airy flight" and reel off the rapid miles on the spinning wings of the nimble bicycle. Nevertheless we should like to see such a thing perfected and used—by others; we for the present would prefer to look on and remain about five feet from the ground, in case of those little accidents that will occur to the best regulated men and machines. Any dispute with the equilibrium of a flying machine would be no such trifling matter. We should prefer to gaze and admire as one paased over, and reflect, with a sort of fellow-feeling, that they got and kept their balance, as Mr. Breary says, by "the example of the bicycle"; though we might see no more clearly than now the analogy of the two cases.

On the whole, we think we can wear out more than one first-rate bicycle before anything better be offered, and then we doubt whether it would be advisable to soar, for daily purposes at least. Our present chariot will do; we do not aspire to the position of a Phæton or the pinions of Icarus.

PRACTICAL REMARKS ON WHEELS.

SINGER & Co., the well-known sewing machine and bicycle manufacturers, of Coventry, England, write thus to the "Bicycling Times":—

In answer to "50 in. Roadster" we should like to give a few practical remarks on "wheels," and our reasons for using spokes secured by nipples and locknuts. 1st. The strength of the spoke is much greater, because it consists of the wire used instead of only the thread, as in the case of spokes screwed into the hub. 2nd. The great facility of repairing; in many cases it is extremely difficult to repair wheels without nippled spokes, and in some cases impossible to do so. It is a mistake to suppose that the strength of the wheel depends at all upon the thickness of the spokes or upon their stiffness, the felloe of the spider wheel being suspended from the hub, not supported by the spokes, the felloe being unable to get out of shape simply because all the spokes pull it equally towards a centre. The strength of a wheel depends mainly upon the condition of the felloe before it is made up into the wheel, next upon the strength of the felloe, next upon the number of spokes, and lastly upon the skill of the workman constructing it. The reason why wheels "buckle" (apart from heavy falls) is because the felloe is defective. Your correspondent "53-in. Roadster" gives as his reason for preferring the "direct hub spokes" the wheels cannot go into the hub in case of a collision, but where do the other ends go in that case?—

SINGER & Co.

A BICYCLISTS' CONTROVERSY.

Our bicycling cousins across the sea seem to be having quite a lively time in genteel controversy as to the propriety or impropriety of using their bicycles on Sunday. We have before us half a dozen recent numbers of "The Bicycling Times," each of which contains several letters on the subject, and all are written in a spirit of earnestness and with an absence of bigotry that, considering the nature of the subject—which in England is a much more delicate one than it is here—speak well for the gentlemanly tone and consideration for the feelings, and even for the prejudices of each other—with which the matter is debated. The subject is very well reasoned too, on both sides; and, as the time will probably come when a similar discussion will arise in our own ranks, we will cul from our "exchange" a few of the salient points in dispute:—

The battle was opened by Mr. Holding, a prominent bicyclist and touring champion; he is quoted as arguing:

"That because a man rides on a Sunday, therefore he

has neglected the special duties of the day, and stolen for his own pleasure the hours given him for devotion and attention to religious duties, instancing the lax observance of Sunday on the continent as the goal to be reached by those who ride on the road to ruin."

Again, it is said of Mr. H. by another writer, that:—

"He condemns Sunday riding for pleasure, as in club runs, &c., but admits that 'as to actual riding on this rest day it must, of course, be left to a man's conscience and sense of duty and right,' and yet 'he will endeavor to discourage to the uttermost, Sunday riding for pleasure, both of individuals and clubs.'"

Mr. Holding is supported in these opinions by a correspondent who says:—

"On reading your paper the other week I was very pleased to see taken up by my late fellow clubman, Mr. T. H. Holding, the subject of 'Sunday riding for pleasure.' This is an important question in our sport, and one which I hope will be discussed without any ill-feeling on either side; for my own part (even putting on one side the religious question pure and simple) I think that the effect of allowing club runs on that day cannot but be to lower us in the eyes of the public, especially that portion whose support we should most endeavor to gain."

And by another as follows:

"Whatever may be said in its favor, and however much it may, and of course it will be upheld, it must undoubtedly be to the interest of clubs to discourage this bad and, I am afraid, growing practice, for I am certain many who have the blessing of parents and friends who respect the Sabbath would neither join nor remain in a club in which so immoral an example was set. Moreover, no club could more firmly establish its respectability and superiority of tone than by strictly prohibiting 'Sunday riding for pleasure' among its members, and in this way paying, as it ought, due and proper regard to its Sunday."

On the other side it is argued:—

"Mr. Holding will, no doubt, have many supporters, for I know there are many riders who do not agree with Sunday riding. Of course if a man has plenty of time during the week he has no excuse for Sunday riding, for there are many who do not get out till after dark all through the week, and, I think, that is the class which ride most on Sunday. We are to understand Sunday as a day of rest, but in the acceptance of the term I do not understand it to mean that we are to do nothing but go to church and eat our dinners. How many men take a walk both before and after church, just to get fresh air, as they say, and I cannot see any more harm in a man's riding a bicycle for a few hours than in taking a walk; I maintain that fresh air can be got at better on a bicycle than by walking."

"One who rides on Sundays" says:—

"If Mr. Holding had known anything of continental life, he would be perfectly aware that the amusements he condemns as interfering with the duties of Sunday, have

only followed their observance in most instances. The relaxation that may lawfully be indulged in on Sundays will, I think, always be a matter for individual decision, and it will be a case of extreme nicety to decide that a man forfeits his claim to respectability because he rides a bicycle fifty miles on a Sunday to visit a friend rather than make the same journey by train, or that half a dozen young men do worse by riding in company than by a lazy stroll in the country and a probable finish at a public house. Mr. Holding is a little uncertain in his condemnation of riding on Sunday, as he would permit one man to do that which he would forbid to half a dozen, and on this point I must entirely differ from him. If bicycle riding is legitimate 'per se,' it can only be wrong by the fault of the individual, and I hold that no greater guarantee for the good behaviour of a party of riders can be offered than that they are under the control of their officers, and in their uniforms and badges they bear a mark by which men may know them."

Another writer says:—

" Well, I am certainly not going to uphold Sunday riding for the sake of a ride, but I think there are times when it may be indulged in without harm, except the harm which may be caused by creating a bad impression on the minds of non-riders; and yet why should it do that when there is no more harm, nor as much, in bicycle riding than in turning out with carriage and horses?"

A writer with the modest signature "W." makes his point nicely and quietly:—

" I will venture to ask your readers the difference, looking at it in a religious point of view, between a walk on Sunday afternoon and a quiet bicycle ride. Both walking and bicycling come under the head of athletic exercises, and either of them can be taken quietly. My question is, why should one be wrong and the other not? For I maintain there is no more work in a quiet ride than in a walk."

Correspondence Column.

EDITOR AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL:

Where will the Boston Club hold its races? Would not one of our trotting parks make a good course, and would it not be well for the Club to look this matter up?

FORE-HANDED.

THE POINT STILL TO BE MADE.

EDITOR AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL:—

If I was not the most tolerant and forbearing of men, or else the most persistent and determined when I have "a point to be made," I should respond to the delicate insinuation contained in the allusion to the non-appearance of a second letter from me in your last, by leaving you to do your "bicycling" without let or hindrance from my pen.

But I have learned by experience the way of the world, and am used to kicks and rebuffs of all kinds and from all sorts of people. I always console myself with the reflection that an indignity put upon a man—especially if it is undeserved—degrades the bestower far more than it does the bestowee; on

the same principle as that "it is more blessed to give than to receive," so it is more cursed to kick than to be kicked. Light your cigar with that, Mr. Editor, the next time you go cycling about on Columbus Avenue, and see how you like the flavor it will impart to the most delicious havana.

I said "especially if it is undeserved," and I claim that it was undeserved in this particular case (though I admit it is not always so in my experience), because my promise was to make my point "in my next," which does not mean "in our next," not by any means. Catch me making a promise to do some definite thing at some definite time! What sort of a "bohemian" should I be if I were to commit myself in such an absurd way? Whether ever or when I "make my point" will depend upon whether or when this shall be printed.

With all due respect,

BOHEMIAN.

Answers to Correspondents.

"B. L. LA FAYETTE"—Be careful about your races. Remember there is a strict dividing line between Amateurs and professionals and the one must not compete with the other. Offer no money prizes to Amateurs, and be sure that the most valuable Cups or other prizes are given to the Club men. Those who do not belong to Bicycle Clubs must be content with the lesser values.

Shall be glad to receive items of interest from your locality.

"COLLEGIAN."—We have written to Richardson and hope you will find no further difficulty. See item on same subject in another column.

"NEW BICYCLIST."—Certainly. A gentleman will raise his hat to a lady always, whether mounted on bicycle or horseback.

"CAPTAIN RAND, D. B. C."—Thanks for your correction, and kind letter.

"PUZZLED ALSO," St. Louis.—We are not surprised. We have noticed the "Scientific American" and its latest, in this number. Fortunately, the "practicability" of the bicycle is too well established to be affected by the remarks of any newspaper, however influential it may be, and the "S. A." will soon recognize this fact.

"AMATEUR," So. Boston.—We think your choice exceedingly good; in fact, no better machines are made. Have an "Irish" roadster.

"SCRIBE," Highlands.—We will use your letter in a future number. If you take your proposed tour we shall be glad to hear from you. The B. B. C. have a good many long runs under consideration, but have not yet established the programme. We feel sure, however, that the run from Boston to Newport will take place.

"INQUIRER," Lowell. The "Herald" was misinformed. The club run you refer to was purposely finished at Milton in time to admit of certain of the members taking the 5 P. M. train, and being home to dinner. This they did not do; the delights of the wheel were irresistible, and ALL the riders returned home on their machines. They were home to dinner, too.

"DOUBTFUL," Marblehead.—Don't be so apologetic, and don't expect a reply to such an absurd question. Do you think we are a millionaire? and if we were, is it likely we should establish a paper like this, if bicycling was "not practicable"? We are losing forbearance with the term. Buy our back numbers, subscribe for the future ones, and get wisdom.

[From "Hunt's Yachting Magazine."]

BORN TO GOOD LUCK.

"Everythin' in this world," said the old sailor as he set his empty glass upon the table and resumed his pipe, "is according to luck. Not as I don't mean to say as a smart man can't git along better than a fool, or a honest man better than a rogue, or a good man better than a bad man; but whether he's smart or foolish, honest or contrariwise, good or bad, his course is subject to good luck or bad luck accordin' as it's reckoned up for him when he's launched into life, and do whatsoever he may, he never escapes from this reckonin'."

"It's so in humans, it's so in beasts, and it's so in ships, as I've show'd you a many times. One ship is builded, and they wedges her up all right and splits out the keel blocks and knocks away the spur shores, and off she goes, fetches up in the mud stickin' in launchin'. Well, what are the consequence? Why, of course it stands to reason as that are to be an unlucky ship all her life long. She'll always be in the right port at the wrong time, and miss the good freights. She'll always have headwinds and gales when at sea; she'll leak and damage cargo; she'll go ashore continual and always come off to be a bill of expense to either underwriters or owners. She'd do everythin' except git lost outright, for that are what these unlucky ships never does do, not on no occasions. Well, then there's other ships as is always lucky. I were in one ship for a whole year in the Liverpool trade, and I never seen that ship's topsails close-reefed. She never were more than sixteen days on the passage out, and never more than thirty days comin' home. Jist think of that, now—(yes, fill 'em up)—that were luck, and nothin' else."

"I knows you don't believe it, bnt never havin' been to sea, of course your eddication has been more or less neglected; but it's so for all that with ships, and it's so with humans."

"Now there were a chap I were shipmates with once, of the name of Duck Beach; which 'Duck' wern't his name as I don't remember, but 'Duck' because of his bein' sich a chap for to swim, and never know'd by no other name, except onto the articles, which I don't know what it were, bein' always 'Duck to us for'ard, and Beach to the officers. Well, sir, that chap were a pictur of good luck. I hasn't a doubt, not knowin' but believin', that when he were born his mother had as easy a time as could be expected, and he had the measles and hoopin' cough lighter than ordinary, and so continued on through life, with the wind always dead aft. I've know'd that chap, sir, knocked off a top-sail yard in a gale of wind. Most people under sich circumstances would either have come down on deck and smashed themselves to pieces, or else have gone overboard and been drowned, but whatever do he do but land in the slack of the mainsail, which were hauled up ready for furlin', and, takin' his knife out of his pocket, he cuts some steps in the sail and goes up onto the yard jist as good as ever he were."

"He were a good-lookin' chap, were Duck, and there were seldom a day in Liverpool that the Landlady didn't stand the beer for Duck, which she never did for nobody else as didn't have his luck."

"I losed sight of Duck, sir, for about a year arter bein' shipmates along of him for a matter of five or six Liverpool v'yages, and I comed upon him in New Orleans one mornin' lookin' like he'd been dragged through purgatory and beat with a soot-bag."

"Hello, Tom!" says he.

"Why, Duck, my lad," says I, "what's amiss?"

"Have you the price of a drain?" says he, "for I'm clean broke."

"Of course I has," says I.

"Jist my luck," says Duck, and so it were. Well, we goes into a place and has a matter of three or four drinks a talkin' over old times. Duck telled me as he'd been a blackbirdin'—it wern't so disrespectable then as it got to be arterwards—and had landed two cargoes of niggers on the coast of Cuba, and had landed in New Orleans some six months afore with a thousand dollars in gold in his belt, which of course were his luck, and since that time had been swayin' away on all taut ropes, till that blessed mornin', when he found hisself dead broke, and, of course, it were immediately his blessed luck to come athwart me as had jist been paid off and had enough for to carry both of us through two whole days.

"Of course, we bein' so throw'd together, had to ship into the same ship, which were done for us by Black Wash, a shippin'-master there, she bein' the Araminta, for Liverpool, we goin' aboard of her at ten o'clock at night, in less than a week arter fust meetin'."

"Arter we got straight and to sea all right, we found that there was on board that ship a couple of passengers—a old man nigh gone into a consumption, with a young wife as pretty as a picter and as spry as a kitten."

"Of course the old man had plenty of dollars, else he never could have fastened onto such a craft as she, and as long as he lived I'll say this for her, she were dreadful kind and attentive to him; but when off the Tortugas me and Duck Beach went aft for to sew him up, we both agreed that she was better off without him, and neither of us believed she were takin' on for anythin' but form's sake."

"Them's regulation tears she's a-sheddin'," says Duck to me, arter we'd got the old chap done up beautiful in bran new No. 4 canvas, with lead to his feet, very snug indeed; "and here she is now a widder as a man might be proud to go to the devil for. If I hadn't spent that fortin' of mine, Tom," (he alluded to the money he'd made a-blackbirdin'), "I'd buy a suit of long togs and a claw-hammer coat, and I'd go for her, sure."

"The old man read the sarvice beautiful over that old chap never skippin' a word, I don't believe, the ship bein' hove-to and all hands mustered into the lee gangway, the pretty little widder a-standin' by the old man and sobbin' delightful just at the proper times, when the old man kind of paused like in the readin'. At the words, 'we therefore commit his body to the deep,' me and Duck Beach, as was kind of actin' as undertakers, gently tilted up the skylight shutter on which we had him laid, and he slipped off as easy as any man ever done and went down feet fustwards as straight as a deep sea lead."

"Altogether, it were as pleasant a berryin' as ever I seen, and one which any man might be proud on. If he'd been the same age as the widder and she'd a loved him as hard as a stone, I'm sure she couldn't have helped bein' pleased with the way we done things; but bein' as he were old enough to be her grandfather, I feel sure she must have been delighted."

"Some chap had telled him that sea air would do him good, but whether the widder had stood in with that chap or not, I never know'd."

"It were, I s'pose, about a week arter that, havin' had light winds and dead ahead, that we were headin' over for the Isaacs on the port tack a carryin' main to gallant sail over single reefs. It were a fine sunshiny arternoon, and the widder were on deck, as she generally were in fine weather, Duck Beach being at the wheel. There were a heavy bank of cloud to the east'ard, and all the indications of a hard squall from that quarter, which bein' reported to the old man, he come up and ordered all hands for to tack ship. We'd swung the main-yard, and were goin' to the head braces, when the squall burst onto us with wind and heavy rain. However it happened I don't know, everythin' were in confusion; we had to start the topsail halliards, and take care of the main

to'gallan'-sail, and, with the wind a-roarin' and the rain a beatin' down, it were difficult at first to tell what the old man wanted, but finally we found out that the widder were overboard and Duck Beach had gone after her. I suppose the way it were, the main-yard, not bein' sharp up, were a playin' a bit, and at times slackin' in the weather braces, and that a bight of these had got under the widder's arms somehow, and when the surge of the yard draw'd it taut, it had lifted her and fling her over the rail. Duck Beach seein' her go had let go the wheel and gone arter her, and the old man, who were the only other person aft, were busy to leeward a lettin' go the mizen topsail halliards, and he didn't miss 'em till they'd been gone a couple of minnits and he found there were nobody at the wheel. He didn't think then that the widder were gone overboard; he thought she had gone below out of the rain, and suspicioned that Duck had runned for'ard for to get his sou'wester and pea jacket; and so it come to pass that it were ten minnits or so afore we know'd Duck and the widder were gone. All this time the wind had been blowin' heavily, and the ship had gone a long distance from the place where she was tacked, and there were little chance of savin' 'em. Hows'ever, we wore her round, and stood back in our old wake, and when we thought she were about back where she had come from, we hove her to and got out a boat; but after huntin' round for a hour in the drivin' rain the search was giv' up, and we hysted in the boat and went sadly on about our business.

" Us chaps for'ard was sorry about Duck, and we also grieved mildly over the widder, but of course as she didn't belong to our end of the ship it didn't come so home to us as the loss of Duck did, his goin' meanin' one less wheel and one less lookout in the watch.

" Well, we went on to Liverpool and the old man reported the deaths of his passengers at the Consulate and had their dunnage all sealed up for shipment home.

" A couple of years arter that as I were goin' up by the Post Office in New Orleans a regular swell sort of a chap stopped me with, ' God bless my soul, if this aint my old messmate!' Well, sir, I looks at the chap, and though his face seemed familiar, I'm blessed if I could place him till he hails agin, and says he, ' Why, don't you know your old shipmate, Duck Beach?' Sure enough, when I come to look agin it were he and no mistake, but so rigged off in long shore toggery that it were no wonder I hadn't know'd him. He had on a funnel hat and a stand-up shirt collar, and his mustache were waxed till the eends stuck out each side of his mouth like stunsail booms. Below this was a fancy shirt with a big breastpin stuck into it like a figger-head. From out of the becket of a fancy weskit were lead a big gold cable with a anchor onto it, and below that were regular swell breeches and shiny boots; and we thinkin' as Duck was long ago at the bottom of the sea, it wern't no wonder as I didn't 'cognize him, he bein' so transmogrified.

" Come along with me, old feller," says Duck, " and we'll have a bite of somethin' to eat and a bottle of wine for old acquaintance sake." Well, I tried to git shut of him, cause he were so togged off that I felt kind of ashamed to go with him in my plain rig, but he wouldn't have it not at no price, and he lugs me off to Victor's restaurant, where he seemed to be well known, and gettin' a private room up stairs, he orders a swell feed and some wine.

" He were just the same old Duck as ever he were, except for his clothes, and as he sat there eatin' and drinkin', he spun me the yarn of all that had happened to him since I seen him, and the short and long of it were that if it had been anybody but Duck Beach as had jumped overboard into the Gulf Stream arter a woman he'd been drounded sure; but, of course, Duck wern't, else he wouldn't have been there

along of me. He said when he seen the widder chucked over by the mainbrace he went over arter her afore he stopped to think even, and had her into his arms as soon as she come up. When he seen the ship sailin' away from him he said he felt pretty mad, but there was no help for it, and he set hisself a tryin' for to keep alive as long as possible. The widder behaved herself like a trump, Duck said, and got astern of him just puttin' her hand onto his waist-belt, and steadyin' herself so as she weren't more than a feather's weight onto him, Duck said. He knowed by the direction of the wind which way the Banks was, and he know'd he weren't more than two miles off of 'em, and so he set himself the job of swimmin' ashore. As I told you afore, he was one of the greatest swimmers as ever was, which were why ' Duck; ' and he just paddled on like a fish, occasionally addressin' a cheerin' word to the widder over his shoulder.

" It were about five bells when he went overboard; it were just dark when he landed, so he must have been about six hours a swimmin' ashore. The place where he landed were a outlyin' kay on the Bahamy banks, and uninhabited 'cept by birds. Duck said he were so tired when he got ashore that all he could do were just to lay down on the grass and sleep, and he thinks the widder done likewise, but he said for that fust night he were kind of dazed and didn't recollect much about it. In the mornin', though, he woke up hungry as a shark and dry as a fish, and rousin' up he went to see where he were, and find some grub. As he went he seen the widder layin' asleep on the sand, ' And, blow me,' said Duck, ' if I didn't fnst off think she'd slipped her wind, and that I'd had all my trouble for nothin'. Bendin' over her, howsever, he were rejoiced to find she were peacefully sleepin', and, leavin' her there, he went on to hunt for water, which fortunately he found in a spring about the centre of the kay, and for grub there was lots of mussels and other shell-fish growin' on the rocks. Havin' had a square meal, he went back and sat by the widder till she waked up, when he giv' her her breakfast, arter which both of 'em felt first class.

" Duck know'd they wouldn't have to stay there long, as there war plenty of wreckin' vessels always a dodgin' arouud there, and he told her so, and arter that she were as merry as a cricket, and seemed rather to consider the whole thing a good joke.

" Well, sir, they stayed there two days, and then a wreckin' schooner come along and saw Duck's signals and sent a boat and took 'em off, carryin' them to Nassau, and the Consul took charge of the widder and see that Duck were provided for. He know'd the name of the chap what we had buried off the Tortugases, and were willin' to give the widder all the money she wanted. She had got kind of familiar with Duck, bein' with him so long on the kiy, and when she got a passage to New York, she insisted on Duck goin' with her, and then of course she got more familiar, and in New York the lawyer there told her she'd better take Duck to New Orleans, so as he could tell about sewin' up and launchin' her first husband, and by the time all this were done she'd got to have a kind of han erin' for Duck, and though he would never have mentioned it for the world, bein' a good sailor as know'd his place and could keep it, he were dreadfully delighted when she kind of give hint that splicin' would be agreeable to her, and accordin' they were hooked together out of hand. Since then they had been to Europe on what Duck called a 'tower,' and Duck said he'd been as happy as a clam at high water. The old chap we had sewed up off the Tortugases were worth over a million dollars, every cent of which were left to the widder, ond all Duck had to do were to help her spend it, which he were adoin' to the best of his ability; which makes me say agin as there's everythin' in luck."

Pickings and Stealings.

SLIGHT MISTAKE AT A CHRISTENING.

CLERGYMAN (who has forgotten the day of the month). "Let me see, this is the—ah—the thirtieth, I believe?"

FOND MOTHER (not catching the idea exactly, but thinking of her family). "Why, bless me, no; this is only the eleventh."

"What makes that noise?" asked a little boy on the train, the other day. "The cars," answered his mother. "What for?" "Because they are moving." "What are they moving for?" "The engine makes them." "What engine?" "The engine in front." "What's it in front for?" "To pull the train." "What train?" "This one." "This car?" repeated the youngster, pointing to the one in which they sat. "Yes." "What does it pull for?" "The engineer makes it." "What engineer?" "The man on the engine." "What engine?" "The one in front." "What is that in front for?" "I told you that before." "Told who what?" "Told you." "What for?" "Oh, be still; you are a nuisance." "What's a nuisance?" "A boy who asks too many questions." "Whose boy?" "My boy." "What questions?" The conductor came through just then and took up the tickets, and the train pulled up at the station before we could get all of the conversation. The last we heard, as the lady jerked the youngster off the platform, was, "What conductor?" [Keokuk Constitution.]

Half an hour's practice on a piano every day will bring on fatal attacks of paralysis in eight months. (This is a lie, but if the press will kindly assist in giving it the widest circulation, a grateful people will neither misinterpret nor fail to reward the generous and humane motive which prompts the item.)—Burlington Hawkeye.

An Eastern paper, in answering a question on etiquette says, "When a gentleman and lady are walking on the street, the lady should walk inside the gentleman." This may be etiquette, but we should think it would be somewhat uncomfortable for the gentleman, as well as inconvenient for the lady. [Vallejo Chronicle.]

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AND THE

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All Bicycle riders, and all persons desirous of promoting the adoption—as an American institution—of this healthful, manly, and useful means of locomotion and exercise—*the modern Bicycle*—should see that the AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL is on sale at the various Railway Stations and News Stores that come within their influence. It is within their power to do much to further our efforts in this way. Back numbers from No. 1 can be furnished.

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Open from 9 a. m. till 9 p. m. each day.

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Admission, without lesson, 10 cents, or 10 admission tickets for \$1.

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The Proprietors having arranged for a NEW LEASE of these Premises, are proceeding to make the alterations necessary to an EXTENSION of the BUSINESS.

Mr. ROBERT BOWLES will continue the management of the Exchange and Reading Room, and the several Departments will be placed in charge of efficient persons to ensure thorough attention to *all* the requirements of Travellers and Residents.

March 23, 1877.

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Intending purchasers are requested to send in their orders at once, the demand in England being so much ahead of the supply that it has been found impossible to get orders for FIRST-CLASS Machines, of average sizes, filled in less than from two to four weeks from the date of receipt by manufacturers.

By telegraphing per Atlantic Cable, a fortnight can be saved, and C. H. & Co. are now preparing a special code with the manufacturers for that purpose.

C. H. & Co. intend eventually to keep all the first-class machines in stock, but at present, for reasons stated above, they can only supply purchasers in rotation, as their orders have been, or may be received.

WESTERN, SOUTHERN, and CANADIAN purchasers are informed that, pending the establishment of Branch Agencies, their orders should be forwarded to C. H. & Co., direct, who will give their favors special attention.

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VOL. I, No. 9.

BOSTON, APRIL 13, 1878.

TEN CENTS.

A TOAST.

HOLMES PLUS J. G. D.

BIBAMUS AD PRIMUM BICYCLICUM CLUB,
IN URBE EORUM CUI NOMEN EST "HUB";
ET FLOREANT, VALEANT, VOLITANT TAM,
NON PEIRCIUS IPSE ENUMERET QUAM.

Englished, freely.

Here's luck to the pioneer Bicycle Club,
That starts in the place entitled "the Hub";
May their growth, example, and circling be such,
Not Peirce's own chalk can reckon how much.

—Speaking of the various methods of locomotory amusement, we ought not perhaps to forget to record one of the remarks of the Y.M. N.S. M.A.O.A.D.E.B.A.H.U.T.B., and which he made at the "meet" he has written about in another column. It was to the effect that "if any one liked that sort of a machine, it would seem to be the very sort of a machine he would like."

Really, there is considerable hope for the young man with the initials, after all.

—Washington, D. C., in its opportunities for the use of the bicycle, has not a superior in any city in the Union. The doorkeeper question has, however, of late, wholly engaged the administrative mind, and matters of real importance have—like some of the good things intended for this issue of our paper—been "crowded out." Now that the above momentous question is settled, we may hope that the matter of who shall clean the legislative spittoons will meet with prompt adjustment, so that the popular mind will have leisure to turn its attention to the really vital topic of the hour—bicyclic locomotion,

—“Old Prob.” seems kind as ever, and despite his persistent storm signal and rain prophecies of the past few days, the weather vouchsafed for the club run on Fast-day was—with the exception of being just a little too warm—all that could be desired. The weather clerk evidently repents having prevented the club run on the 6th inst., and made ample amends in his kindness for the 11th. We do not feel called upon to take back any of the remarks we made on the first page of our last issue, and as we go to press, the elements—as if in acknowledgement of our confidence—are engaged in a determined effort to arrange matters so that the club run to Arlington of the 13th, shall not be postponed.

—Just a little more of drill, and a little closer attention to discipline—gentlemen of the B. Bi. C., and your appearance as a body will be wholly creditable. At present, when riding in single file, your line is not so well kept as it should be; and when riding by twos, your distances are not accurately observed. These things the public notice, when you do not.

—If the “Young Man Afraid” &c., increases his initials in the same ratio that he loses his fear, it may eventually result in our having to print an eight page supplement on his especial behalf.

—“Our own correspondent” gives us this week an unusually interesting letter from England. Our riders here will find the information which it contains, of exceeding value. See our inside pages.

—Pluvi-ass and Bori-ass, is the way bicyclists will spell them, if we have any repetition of the weather which postponed our club run on the 6th inst. Messrs. P. and B. will therefore please ter-r-r-r-remble.

MACHINE LOCOMOTION.

[Contributed.]

I.

Now that the artificial application of mechanical powers to the purposes of locomotion may fairly be said to have taken a new departure; and that too in a direction in which the propulsive power is in the man himself and entirely independent of outside agencies—either of the lower animals or of such forces of nature as steam, wind, or water; now that man is enabled by the scientific development of the mechanical capabilities of his own physical organism, aided by the inventive faculty of his own brain—to propel himself over the surface of the earth at a speed somewhat commensurate with his desires, and with an expenditure of labor that needs hardly ever exceed the limits of the agreeable,—the time seems to have arrived for taking a retrospective view of what may be termed the evolution of machine locomotion through successive stages of progression, and a prospective view of the results likely to be reached with the full development of the various mechanical principles now combined, and others that may yet be combined in the modern bicycle.

It is entirely beyond our knowledge to attempt anything like a scientific treatise on the subject, our effort will be rather in the nature of an historical narrative, and this of a very superficial character. We propose to skim over the page of history, resting only at such periods and places as seem to be remarkable for the invention of some new idea, or some practical application of a new or old idea that indicated a decided advance in man's power of removing himself or his property from place to place.

We shall also, for the present at all events, confine ourself to the means of locomotion on *terra firma*; the various favoring circumstances that have made the element of water so important and easily utilized a highway for travel and traffic, especially in all but the most recent periods of civilization, have of course led to an equal application of the inventive faculty in contrivances suitable for water locomotion as in those only adapted to the land; but with these we have nothing to do for the present except so far as they may explain or throw light upon our immediate subject.

So also we shall consider foreign to our theme everything relating to aerial locomotion, in which so much effort and so little advance has been made, and yet which is so fascinating that, notwithstanding what seem insurmountable obstacles, the time may come when it will supersede, or at least rival—at all events as a method of travel—all other forms of locomotion.

Our subject will be more than sufficiently extensive if we confine ourself to the narrowest limits consistent with a comprehensive survey of the means adopted by man from time to time, back through the ages, for adding artificially to his power of motion and transportation on the element most natural to him.

In estimating the degree of advance made by the adoption of any new form of locomotion, we shall submit it to these two tests: (1) To what extent did it economize labor? (2) To what extent did it economize time? which is only another way of saying, to what extent did it increase speed? To economize labor and to economize time being the chief *desiderata* of locomotive invention. We shall have to consider also—in every case—how far either of these objects was attained at the expense of the other. Such a question as:—How far did this or that invention make locomotion more pleasurable or more healthful? is absorbed in the still greater question: How much did it increase the sum total of human happiness? Who can doubt that any invention that effects a saving of labor and time, or either of them, provided the gain in one respect is not balanced by a loss in the other—is an absolute gain to civilization, and is a step in advance just in proportion as these two primary objects are realized. In this sense, and it is the true sense in which to consider the subject, the application of steam-power to locomotion by means of the railway train, for instance, was an immense gain to human happiness, notwithstanding the fact that it by no means affords the most pleasurable kind of travelling, nor the most healthful; but it does not deprive us of the use of other means for pleasurable or healthful purposes; on the contrary, it actually increases our opportunities of enjoying them by the very economy of time and labor that has been effected, and in various other particulars that we must not stop even to enumerate.

With this preface we will proceed to relate all that seems worthy of remark, or that is probable, in regard to the motive powers of our race in the pre-historic or traditional times which present their main evidence in sculptures and hieroglyphics, and in exhausted remains.

TO BE CONTINUED.

EMMA.

We had just dropped in at the store of the Domestic Sewing Machine Company, and were listening with much interest to the efficient and gentlemanly manager who was detailing the incidents attached to his last bicycle ride, when she came in.

Rather short, but of stature very stout, eyes bright, and shawl and cheeks equally crimson, she approached the counter, and addressing one of the lady attendants inquired briefly:

"Got any Emmas?"

"Any—I beg pardon," said the young woman.

"Emmas! Have you got any Emmas?"

"Oh, Emmas! Yes; that is, no—at least—Emily, mam, is the nearest we have to that name, but as we frequently call her Emma, perhaps that is how you make the mistake. That is her, mam, the one with the yellow hair over there, in—"

"I don't want no gal." "I want a Emma. Here you sir," addressing the manager, "will you be good enough to tell me whether you sell Emmas here or not;" and the old lady planted her umbrella on the floor with a bang that made the gas fixtures jingle.

"Well, ma'am," began our manager, cautiously, and then—the thumb in his left hand vest pocket happening to strike a small book which his well trained memory told him was "Laws of the Game of Poker," by "Scheneck"—the interpretation of "Emmas" became immediately clear to him, and with a genial smile irradiating his whole visage, he hastened to remark, "Oh yes, ma'am, I see now; I understand: Emmas—mining stock. No, ma'am, we don't deal in the article. State street, ma'am, is the place where—"

"Great heavens!" groaned the lady; "what is the man driving at? I don't want no stocks, I want a Emma—a thing what you 'ems with—that's what I want, and Mrs. Smith," as bought her machine from this very place only last week, says to me, says she: "You jest go to the Domestic store and you will get a better Emma there than anywhere else in Boston, which is why I comes here; and now young man, if you 'ave got any Emmas I'll take one, and these hussies can get through their giggling after I 'ave gone."

"Madam," said the manager slowly, and with a certain spasmodic twitching of the facial muscles, "do I understand that you wish for a hemmer?"

"Certainly! What have I been asking for, for the last half hour?"

"We shall be delighted to serve you, madam," apologetically observed the manager, "and to what description of machine is the hemmer to be attached?"

"Eh?"

"What kind of a machine do you use?"

"Oh! you want to know the name of it. Why didn't you say so before? Well, hits a Hetna!"

Cramming our handkerchief into our mouth we beat a hasty retreat; but we had scarcely reached the sidewalk when a flash of red went by us, and ere it vanished in the distance, we just caught these words: "Hin hall my life such himperence I never did see!"

THE SCHNITZERL & BREITMANN PHILOSOPEDE.

BY CHAS. G. LELAND.

[This was written about 1869, and we reprint it as one of the few notable poems as yet, on the velocipede, in any form. The author's jovial and dashing genius is well suited to the qualities of the present Bicycle; he should now strike up a higher strain, and sing of that in his best vein of lyrical gaiety. The piece was so long that we have omitted here and there a stanza easily spared, and have divided it into two parts, the second of which will appear in our next issue. ED.]

PART FIRST.

Herr Schnitzerl make a philosopede,

Von of de pullyest kind;

It vent mitout a vheel in front,
And hadn't none pehind.

Von vheel vas in de mittel, dough,
And it vent as sure ash ecks,
For he straddled on de axel dree,
Mit der vheel between his lecks.

Und vhen he vant to shtart it off

He paddlet mit his feet,

Und soon he cot to go so vast
Dat efery dings he peat.

He run her out on Broader shtreed,
He shkeeted like der vind,
Hei! how he bassed der vancy crabs,
And lef dem all pehind!

De vellers mit de trotting nags

Pooled oop to see him bass;

De Deutschers all erstaunished, saidt,
"Potzausend! Was ist das?"

Boot vaster shill der Schnitzerl flewed
On—mit a ghastly shmile;
He tiddn't touoch de dirt, py shings!
Boot vonce in half a mile.

Oh, vot ish all dis eart'ly pliss?

Oh, vot ish man's soocksess?

Oh, vot ish various kinds of dings?
Und vot ish hobbiness?

Ve find a pank node in der shtreedt,
Next dings der pank ish preak;
Ve falls, und knobs our outsides in,
When ve a ten shrike make.

So vas it mit der Schnitzerlein
On his philosopede.

His feet both shlipped outward shooth
When at his exdra shpeed.
He felled opon der wheel of coarse;
De wheel like blitzen flew:
Und Schnitzerl he vos schnitz in vaet,
For id shlished him grod in two.

Und as for his philosopede,

Id cot so shkared, men say,

It pounded onward till it vent
Ganz tyfelwards afay.

Boot vhere ish now der Schnitzerl's soul?
Vhere dos his shbirit pide?
In Himmel droo de endless plue,
It takes a medeor ride.

Vhen Breitmann hear dat Schnitzerl

Vas quardered indo dwo,

Und how his crate philosopede

To'm tyfel had been flew,
He dinked und dinked so heafy,

Ash only Deutschers can,

Denn saidt, "Who midghdt peliefet
Dish is de ent of man?"

"De human souls of peoples

Exisdt in deir idees,

Und dis of Wolfram Schnitzerl

Mighdt drafel many vays.

In his *Bestimmung des Menschen*,

Der Fichte makes pelieve

Dat ve brogress oon-endly

In vat pehindt ve leave.

* * * * *

"O! vliest dou droo borning worldts

Und nebuler foam,

Mit monsdrous mitnight shiant forms,

Or vhere red tyfels roam;

Or vhere de chosdts of shky-rockets

Peyond creatior flee?

Vhere e'er dou art, Oh Schnitzerlein,

Crate Saindt! Look town on me!

"Und deach me how you maket

Dat crate philosopede,

Vwhich roon dwice six mals vaster

Ash any Arap shteed.

Und deach me how to stonish volk,

Und knock dem oud de shpots;

Coom pack to eart, Oh Schnitzerlein,

Und pring id down to dots."

Shoost ash dish vordt vent outvarts,

Hans dinked he saw a vlash,

Und oontervards de daple

He doompelt mit a crash.

Und to him, moong de glasses

Und pottles ash vas proke,

Mit his het in a cigar pox,

A foice from Himmel shpoke:

"*Adsum, Domine Breitmann!*

Herr Copitain, here I pe!

So dell me rite honeste,

Quare inquietasti me?

Te video inter spoonibus,

Et largis glassis too,

Cerevisia repletis

Sicut percussus tonitru."

Denn Breitmann ansver Schnitzerl,

"*Co-arctor nimis, see!*

Si quidem Philistium

Pugnant adversum me.

Ergo vocavi te

Ash Saul vocavit Sam-

Uel, ut mi ostenderes

Quid tyfel faciam?"

Denn de shpirit (in Lateinisch)

Set, "Bene, dat's de talk,
Non habes in hoc shanty,
 A shingle et some chalk;
Non video inkum nec calamos,
 (I spouse some bummer shdole 'em,)
Levate oculos tuos, son,
Et aspice ad linteolum!"

Denn Breitmann see de biecee of chalk

Which riset vrom de vloer,
 Und signed a fine philosopede
 Alone, opon de toor.
 De von dat Schnitzerl fabricate,
 Und onderneat, he see:
Probate inter equites,
 (Try dis in de cavallrie.)

* * * * *
 Denn out he seekt a plackschmit,
 Ash vork in iron-steel,
 To make him a philosopede
 Mit shoost an only wheel.
 De dings vas maket simple,
 Ash all erate idees shoudt pe,
 For 'tvas noding boot a gart-wheel,
 Mit a dwo-feet achsel dree.

De dimes der Breitmann doomple,
 In learnin' for to ride,
 Vas ofdener ash der sand-crains
 Dat rollen in de tide.
 De dimes he cot oopsettet
 In shdeerin' left und right,
 Vas ofdener ash de cleamin' shtars
 Dat shtud de shky py night.

Boot de vorstest of de feadures
 In dis von-wheel horse, you pet,
 Ish dat man couldt go so nicely,
 Pefore he get oopset.
 Somedimes he co like plazes,
 Und doorn her, extra-fine;
 Und denn shlop-ofter—dis is vot
 Hafe kill der Schnitzerlein.

A FACT.

A lady who lives—not one hundred miles from Cambridge—astonished her family one day last week by declaring that she had just seen a man flying with apparent ease through the air. She described him as being about three or four feet above the ground, appearing to hold something in his hands, and keeping his feet and legs in constant and graceful motion.

The lady it appears was extremely short-sighted, and the bicycle upon which the man was mounted, being an "all bright" one, she was not able to see it at all. Her assertion, however, was, in one respect at least, nearer the truth than her hearers at the time believed.

A reckless individual propounds this: "What is the difference between the present excitement in England and a bicycle? Ans.—One is 'war feeling' and the other is for wheeling."

The above is from the "Norristown Herald," except the substitution of a word of our own for "push cart." Thus, wherever the bicycle goes, it is seen to be a great improvement.

[From our own correspondent.]

LONDON, March 28th, 1878.

Since my last quite a change has come over the scene, and we have experienced for the time of the year an almost unprecedented spell of fine weather; May almost seemed to have changed places with March for the nonce. The first three days of the month were wet, then on Monday it cleared up, and except that the following Sunday was a little damp, has been fine and dry up to yesterday. The "pleak winds that plow noppoty good" have been anything but bleak; in fact, the real east March winds have been conspicuous by their absence. The roads have been in capital riding order, more particularly during the last fortnight, though there are still lots of stones to look out for. For bicycling, one could not hope for anything more favorable, and we have taken advantage of it to the full. Club runs have commenced, though many do not properly begin till next month, when bicycling will be in full swing; that is, of course, provided we are not flooded out. Since Friday it has been much colder, and yesterday, after a fine bright morning, snow fell in the afternoon, and again this morning.

Stanton duly finished his 1000 miles' ride on the 2d, winning pretty easily, although an unfortunate accident near the close threatened an abrupt termination about 26 miles from the finish. This was caused by some stupid person getting in the riders' course, an awkward floorer being the result for Stanton and two other riders who were keeping him company; happily no injury was done, and Stanton was able to bring the affair to a satisfactory conclusion. The total time he was in the saddle out of the 144 hours, was 73 hours, 40 minutes 16 seconds, giving an average of about 4 minutes, 25 seconds to the mile, or nearly 14 miles an hour. During the week Stanton lost 2 stone in weight, and at the finish he looked very haggard and tired, owing chiefly to want of sleep. Stanton is holding a benefit to-night at Agricultural Hall, when there will be several races; certainly after all his hard work he deserves to succeed in it, for he has fairly earned the title of long-distance champion. Nothing has come as yet of all the challenges that passed between him and John Keen. At present the latter has something better in hand, in the shape of the Easter handicap (one mile) at Molineux Grounds, Wolverhampton, April 22d, 23d, and 24th; he is also to meet his old opponent, Fred. Cooper, the ex-champion, in a mile match for the championship, for which £50 is offered the winner by the enterprising proprietor, Mr. O. E. McGregor. Both men are, I believe, undergoing a careful training, but looking at their previous performances I think Keen is bound to win; he it is who has done on this ground the best time for one mile—2 min. 54 4-5 sec., in a handicap last Whitsuntide; he has also done 5 miles in 15 min. 35 sec., his second mile occupying 2 min. 43 sec. Out of 14 times the pair have met, Keen has beaten Cooper eight times. The 100 mile match, in which Keen had to concede 6 miles start to an "unknown," has fallen through, it is said, by Keen forgetting to post the

money in time, but I have my own opinion about the affair.

The first meeting of the Bicycle Union, on 16th ult., fairly established the movement; but I fancy the promoters hardly expected such a back-hander as the prompt withdrawal from their ranks of the West Kent Club, an important body of bicyclists having their headquarters in the southeastern suburbs. The ideas promulgated by Mr. Cobb (chairman of the Union and president of Cambridge Bicycle Club) have roused up a lot of latent opposition, and but that many are convinced of the absolute necessity of some such institution, it would have been knocked on the head at the very first meeting. The first signs of dissatisfaction were displayed on the following Friday, when a meeting of the West Kent Club was held to consider the altered programme and views adopted by the Union, and the result was the almost unanimous declaration in favor of withdrawing. The chief objection is the admission of *all* clubs, professional as well as amateur, but there are other minor points. The other club that has withdrawn is the Amateur B. C.; but besides these it has been much argued upon by other clubs, and possibly more may go out yet. I see the Bicycle Union started with twenty-four clubs, seven of which were country; four other clubs have joined since, so that now there are twenty-six. I may mention that the number of clubs in the metropolitan district alone is over sixty. The second general meeting of the Bicycle Union was held on Thursday, last week, when only thirteen clubs were represented, as against eighteen at the former meeting. Good progress, however, was made, and further details of the constitution were settled, and the racing and amateur questions were discussed. The most important were the resolutions affecting the last mentioned, which breaks down the old amateur law and limits the status of a "professional" to one who races for money, follows bicycle racing as a professional pursuit, or makes bicycles for profit. It was also recommended that the value of prizes for amateur race meetings should not exceed £5, except in case of challenge cups. The last resolution was one to hold an Amateur Championship Race meeting. It now remains to be seen if the clubs, whose delegates have, like sheep, followed their leader in voting for these broad measures, will back up their words by deeds.

I was somewhat surprised to see that the Pickwick Club have taken up again the Hampton Court Meet and Parade. Last year the affair was spoilt through the want of police to keep a clear course; but this year they will provide against that defect. A preliminary meeting of club delegates was held on Tuesday evening, when the large assemblage and the interest displayed contrasted almost painfully with the Union meetings. Forty-five clubs were represented by eighty-five delegates, and the date fixed upon for the meet is May 18th. A committee was appointed to carry out the necessary arrangements. If proper arrangements can be made, last year's experience ought to ensure a grand success.

It is wonderful how some people seem to command success, and how everything turns right side up with them. This is *apropos* of an interesting conversazione and exhibition of bicycles "got up" by the enterprising Stanley club, on 11th and 12th inst. This club has been exceedingly active throughout the winter; discussions, musical and social evenings and concerts, have followed in rapid succession. The exhibition was a very happy thought, and turned out a grand success: about thirty makers exhibited nearly sixty machines, besides miscellaneous articles; there was nothing absolutely new, but a good deal could be seen that one has only heard talked or read about.

The racing season has now begun, and promises to be very full. There have been one or two odd events before, but the only one worth mentioning is a fifty miles' road race amongst some members of the Cambridge University Club, on 12th.

The winner was A. A. Hovey, who covered the distance in three hours, fifty-one minutes; the roads were in bad order, chiefly through stones being newly laid over part of the course. The Cambridge University Club races were held at their ground on 21st, 23d, 25th, and also extend over 27th. The four miles' amateur championship, held under the patronage and rules of the Amateur Athletic Club, is fixed for April 11th, but I have not heard yet if it will be competed for by last year's winner, or any other prominent racing men; most probably it will be run as usual, especially so, as the championship race meeting of the Bicycle Union is, as yet, *in nubibus*. After Easter, on April 27, the spring races of the Surrey Bicycle Club take place at Mennington Oval, and a five miles' race will be the leading piece of the programme; these races are held on a grass course. On May 18th the Inter-University races will be held, this year at Cambridge, and there will also be two other day's racing on 22d and 24th, including an invitation race on the latter day, at which the best amateurs of the day will be invited to compete.

As you are aware, there are three weekly papers published here, solely relating to the doings of the bicycle, and many people think (and with good reason) that the thing is *slightly* overdone. But as if that were not sufficient for the wants of the sport and pastime, for the trade, the club, and for bicyclists generally and individually, a new organ (heaven save the mark!) has been started by the London Bicycle Club! This latest addition, the "London Bicycle Club Gazette," is a noteworthy publication, as being a most striking illustration of inconsistency from beginning to end. It commences with an appeal against the right of "unrestricted criticism" attached to independent periodicals, which it alleges to be one of its *raisons d'être*; it is circulated amongst the club members free, but they are asked to promote its sale to non-members, the price charged being fourpence a copy. Fancy the absurdity of outsiders paying fourpence for a small publication relating solely to one club, and which does not interest them. A laughable item in the first number was the appearance of a letter addressed "Messrs. the Editors," from the pen of the young gentleman who is himself reported to be the editor. A good beginning, truly, but how long the club's funds will stand it is more than I can guess.

THE CLUB PHOTOGRAPH.

To those who wish to obtain a memento of one of the earlier "runs" of the first bicycle club formed in this country, we commend the photographs taken by Mr. Drew, of which mention is made in our advertising columns. To photograph satisfactorily an assemblage of persons requires no mean skill in the artist, but even skill is of little avail, unless the subjects themselves ably second the artist's efforts. In this respect the artist has been singularly fortunate, and the photographs before us which represent fourteen riders and their bicycles, in three different positions, are, for pictures of this kind, unusually sharp and distinct. The entrance arch to Chestnut Hill, and the reservoirs, form most pleasing backgrounds, while both riders and machines are likenesses.

The Leyland Steamship "Bohemian," which arrived on Sunday 7th inst., had on board the largest number of bicycles ever consigned to this port. Nearly all the strictly first-class English makers were represented. Cunningham, Heath & Co. were the consignees.

Transatlantic.

From the "London Bicycling News."
WESTWARDS.

From Hampstead to Kew, Maidenhead, Reading, Streatley, Wallingford, Lorchester, Abington, Kingston-Bagviz, Great Farngdon, Lechlale, Cirenchester, the "Ermine Way" to Gloucester Ross, Wye Valley to Chepstow, Bath to Hampstead.

Leaving Hampstead at 7 A. M. on a Monday, I rode to the Swiss Cottage, hoping to meet a friend to accompany me on my first day's ride; but having waited half-an-hour in vain, I mounted and jogged along over the macadam to Walm-lane, where good going was found to Kew (10) over the well-known though zig-zag route. From Kew to Hounslow (14), I quickly bowled over the vile macadam, through Brentford. To Slough (24) the going was heavy through the deep dust, which quickly made paste on my hands and face. Nearing Maidenhead (30) the road improved and was less dusty, and, having ridden the hill, it got still better. There is an open space before reaching Twyford, and, being very hot, I had a quiet half hour on the grass, enjoying to the full the scenery and the quietness. But this was not to last long, for a strong-smelling tramp, with an eye to the "main chance," came and sat near me and commenced a conversation in which I did not take part. Having at last finished, I was glad when he took a hint to "make tracks." Passing through Twyford (36) and Reading (40), I took the road near the river for Pangborne (46) and Streatley (50). The surface of this road is splendid, being dressed with small round flints, and although rather up and down, is very easy riding, and passes through some most beautiful scenery, sometimes close to the water's edge, and, again, high up the sides of the hills. I shall not forget the sunset, seen from the hill near Streatley, in a hurry. Having had tea at the "Swan" (which is a good place to stop at), and finding that they could not put me up for the night, I pushed on to Moulsford (52,) where I found good quarters at a large inn on the right. Distance to-day, 52 miles.

On Tuesday morning I was awakened at 4 A. M. by the lowing of cows and the creaking of a rusty pump handle, from which I concluded it was milking time. After breakfast, and on calling for my bill, I was placed in the unpleasant position of "having it left to me." It was no use to say "I'd rather not," so I had to face it. I had not been gone five minutes before it began to rain rather hard, so, putting on my best pace, I rode over a fair road through Wallingford (56) and Shillingford (58) to Dorchester (60); it deteriorates to Abington (66), where I put up for five hours on account of the rain. While my clothes were drying I sat in scanty attire, and employed my time in writing letters and doing a little "plain sewing." Having dined, and being tired of waiting, although the rain had hardly left off, I pushed on over a very bad road, composed of slippery lime-stone, to Marcham (69) and Kingstone-Bagviz (72). The wind had risen, and being dead against me, I made slow riding, but nearing Buckland (76) the road improved very much to Great Faringdon (80), where I put up for the night at the "Bell Inn," which is moderate and comfortable. Distance to-day, 28 miles.

Wednesday morning saw me early in the saddle; and going fast over a good down-hill road, I soon passed Lechlale (86), and Fairford (90). Whilst my dinner was being prepared, I had a most enjoyable swim in a bath of running water, about a mile off. Having dined, I explored the church, which is a fine building, and greatly enjoyed half-an-hour in the cool interior. Leaving the town, about a mile out I came to a stiff-fish hill up, followed by another still more so, on the top of

which I dismounted. Looking back, I could see far over Cirenchester; in fact, all round, the view was most extensive. I now began fully to appreciate the beauties of a Roman road. It was a blazing hot day, and I had to ride over the Cotswold Hills for nine miles on a rough oolite road, the white dust of which covered me from head to foot; add to which this so-called "Ermine Way" is a perfectly straight line, carefully going over the top of every hill and into every valley. I expect the Roman legions, as they marched along this road, were guilty of a lot of profanity. I rode up and down the hills at first, but found it such hot work that I took to walking the ascents. About eight miles from Cirenchester there is a very steep but short descent, which is obliged to "tack" down the side of the hill, and which I would advise riders to walk, unless they have good brakes. Riding up a rather long hill to Birdlip (109), I came suddenly on Birdlip Hill, which is the last of the Cotswolds on this road. It turns sharp to the right, and then "tacks" down the side of an almost perpendicular precipice. I was on the point of being run away with, when I dismounted by the step, although going at a great pace. I could not have got off any other way on that hill; I don't think I could have got round that very sharp curve a little further down. I had some difficulty in walking the machine down, even with the brakes on. The next five miles of road is quite flat to Gloucester (the bridge 116); pretty good at first, but getting rougher on nearing the town, where I met a 'cyclist, who had had a bad cropper—on his nose—both machine and rider looking very disorganized. He recommended the "Bell" to me, which is a very large hotel, and abounds with waiters, and is consequently expensive, but I must say that I was very comfortable. Distance to-day, 36 miles.

Crossing the Severn on Thursday morning, the road being good and flat, but rather dusty, I rode on to Huntley Hill (123), which is about two miles long, the bottom being about six and one-half miles from the Severn. I rode up the hill, which, though not very steep at first, gets stiff near the top. Having arrived there, I commenced the descent, but had not gone far, when, turning a corner, I got a peep of a deep valley below, and not wishing for a repetition of Birdlip Hill, got off; but so carelessly, that I sat down pretty hard on "Mother Earth." The only damage done was a healthy looking bruise, and a crank so bent that it would not go round until I took the treadle off. My disgust may be imagined when I found the hill was only an easy slope. After walking for half-a-mile I came to some cottages, one of which was a forge, but the blacksmith was away, so, with the aid of a neighbor, I got through the window and borrowed some screw wrenches, with which I got the crank a little straighter. The road is good to Ross (123), where I had my crank properly straightened at an ironmonger's whilst I dined. I was lucky enough to drop in for a farmers' dinner, as it was market-day. About thirty jovial, broad-shouldered men, with large appetites, sat down. On leaving, I crossed the Wye by the bridge in the town, and, turning to the left, took the road which follows the river down almost to its mouth. The sun was desperately hot, and the road hilly and rather loose at first, but it got firmer as I went on. The scenery all down the Wye is very fine. About a mile out of Whitechurch—139, there is a grand run down, three miles in length, the slope being very gradual and quite safe. At Monmouth—143, I put up at the "White Swan," which is a very comfortable house. Distance to-day, 27 miles.

Leaving Monmouth on Friday morning early, I crossed the river, the road being rather rough, and deficient in top dressing, the large blocks of stone of which the foundation is composed, being visible; but as the gradients were in my favor, I did not find the road at all bad travelling. The scen-

ery is splendid; the river running close to the road, and the well wooded hills towering above on both sides. I determined to spend five or six hours on that seventeen miles of road, and I was successful. Five and one-half miles from Monmouth, the road crosses the river over a bridge with a toll to pay, and continues on that side to Chepstow. Nearing Tintern Abbey—152, I was not over pleased when I came upon a party of excursionists, in two traps, "doing the valley," and also sandwiches and porter; but why they were anxious to tell everybody a mile off, about the "same old game," I don't know; they and their respective "Jinneys" were evidently on the "Pacific slope." Putting on a spurt, I passed them up a hill, and turned a few yards down a lane to the left, where I put up my machine, and then spent an hour in the Abbey, which is in very perfect preservation; in fact, if the roof were on, it could hardly be called a ruin. From the top of the walls the view is superb, and I was sorry to leave. About one and one-half miles from Tintern, a hill two and one-half miles long leading to the White Cliff has to be attacked; I rode up all the way, the surface being good. From the top there is a grand view over the Severn; it is said that twelve counties can be seen from here. There is a two mile run down from the top on a good road, with a closed toll-gate at the bottom; but it can be seen a long way off, so is not dangerous. The road turns to the left up a hill, and then to the right down one, into Chepstow—160, where good accommodation can be had at the "George," at the end of the road right opposite. After dinner I took the train to Portscut, crossed the Severn by the steamer which meets the train, and then again took train to Bath, as I had heard that the road to Bath was very bad; this is a mistake, as I am told that it is excellent. At Bath I put up at that very comfortable hotel, the "White Lion," and after a stroll I turned in, as I had a long ride before me the next day. Distance to-day, 17 miles.

Rising at 7.30 on Saturday morning, I got away by 9.20 A.M., and commenced my day's run with a "feet up," down the hill out of the town. The Bath road has been described so often that I will only casually allude to it. For the first half-dozen miles, at least, it is rather rough oolite, greasy in wet weather and lumpy in dry, with plenty of white dust, which soon covers you all over.

On reaching Box Hill I got off and had a good oil up; and as I was in no hurry, walked up; I was on the hill altogether about three-quarters of an hour. It is very long, though not particularly steep, and is easily ridden at a good pace. Just entering Chippenham—172, there is a short stiff rise, the road bending to the right. Calne—177, was reached, and from thence to Marlborough—191, the road was good, but undulating. A mile out of the town Marlborough Hill is encountered, which had better be walked, as it can only be ridden at a very slow pace. Mounting at the top, I had a splendid run on a gentle decline through Savernake forest, the gates being open. The road from here is splendid, nearly all the way to Slough. At Newbury—210, I stayed for a couple of hours for dinner, and then continued my journey on a grand surface to Reading—228. It now began to dawn upon me that it was very late, so I put on a pace which quickly brought me to Twyford—233, and thence to Maidenhead—240, where, crossing the bridge, I met a L. B. C. man and his brother, just finishing their afternoon's ride from London. The road through Slough—246, and Colnbrook—250, to Hounslow—257, was very heavy with dust, and the last ray of light had disappeared long before Hounslow Heath was reached. Near Sion House I got in the midst of eight van loads of beanfeasters, in an advanced state of—well, hilarity. They were driving very fast, of course all over the road, and singing a far too popular music-hall song. I had an exciting time of it, as there was no room to pass those in front, and if I stopped I

was sure to be "mangled up" by the pair of powerful greys almost touching my back. Add to which, orange peel and sanguinary language were hurled at me from all sides. At last I ran alongside the van in front. I was off and standing on the pavement before the next one caught me. Letting them pass, I walked as far as Kew, as the streets were crowded. On mounting I took the first turn to the left past the station, and, putting on some speed, made a quick run to "Jack Straw," at Hampstead, where I was tempted by the fine night to a run to the "Spaniards" and back, and then down the long East Heath Hill, arriving home at 11.55 P. M.—272. Distance to-day, 112 miles.

I road a 54-inch "Stassen," which gave me the greatest satisfaction, especially when on rough roads and down steep hills. I carried my belongings in a haversack, strapped on the handles, and so as not to touch the eccentric; this seems to me to be the proper place for luggage on a machine with plenty of brake.

Being bent on pleasure, I did not intend to make a toil of it, so stopped whenever and as long as I felt inclined, and I came back greatly impressed with the freedom and small expense one enjoys on a bicycle tour, especially when not tied to any fixed plan.

P. D., (L. B. C.)

ANOTHER MEDICAL OPINION.

At the annual dinner of the Tower Hamlets Bicycle Club of London, M. Carner, Esq., M. P., in the course of an able speech remarked:

In the present age, when there was such a large concentration of the people at the great centres of industry, every possible opportunity and inducement for all kinds of recreation should be offered. The physical well being and development of the rising generation was of the utmost importance, and as a member of the medical profession, his view of the matter was that bicycle riding was a great promoter of health and vigor.

Pickings and Stealings.

The new invention for the road
Will Old Time's fancy tickle;
Instead of mowing hours by scythe,
He'll mow them now *bicycle*.

[Crimson.

The widow sits by the vacant chair,
A-combing her strands of yellow hair,
While her soul by a thought is vexed;
Not of the man who sat there last,
Not of the joys of the buried past,
But of who will sit there next.

"The hand that rocks the cradle" paint jugs. When we began this we were going to say something real mean and sarcastic about the concentration of all the womanly intellect and ambition in the United States upon the labor of painting vague atrocities on jugs and things, when we happened to remember how many women's brothers and husbands we had seen wasting their brain tissues and devoting long, patient months to the coloring of a meerschaum pipe no bigger than a corn, and we hastily dropped into the lame and harmless conclusion noted above. [Hawkeye.]

The American Bicycling Journal.

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As soon as the demand will warrant it, we propose publishing an edition each week, for first year. A new subscription rate will then be made—which, for the first year—will not affect those whose subscriptions have not expired.

All communications must be accompanied by the real names and addresses of the writers—not necessarily for publication—but as a guaranty of good faith. We cannot undertake to read anonymous letters, or to return rejected contributions. Write on one side of the paper only.

BOSTON, APRIL 13, 1878.

OUR PROGRESS AND PROSPECTS.

The public interest in the club runs of the B. Bi. C. continues to increase, as the large assemblage of spectators at each meet testifies. Expressions of admiration, called forth by the graceful bearing of the riders, and by the ease and skill with which they manage their machines, are heard on all sides, and the fair sex—on whom, after all, depends in a great measure the success of any new phase of athletics—are loud and united in their approval. It is not to be expected, however, that the public will forego its privilege of censorship and criticism, and the sincerity of its interest and approval becomes the more apparent the more freely this privilege is exercised.

Bicycling, of itself, has—in this city at least—become a recognized institution; its healthful enjoyments, its practical usefulness, and its manifold benefits alike to mind and body, are almost universally admitted; and the little whirlwind of opposition which arose with the advent of the machine, has, we trust and believe, dwindled down to a pleasant breeze, sufficient only to fill the sails of the criticism we have referred to, and in such ca-

pacity to become, instead of an opponent, the most valuable of allies.

The good city of Boston has cause to feel proud of the leading part she has taken in the development of our pastime. The votaries of the wheel do not, it is true, rank in numbers as high as we could wish, but they are increasing every day, and in the increase, not only the vigor and muscle but the refinement and intelligence of our city, are well represented. Bicyclist and gentleman are, thus far at least, synonymous terms, and in the social standing and instincts of those who may be regarded as the leading spirits of the new movement, we perceive abundant cause both for hope and expectation, that the terms will always remain—as a rule—inter-convertible.

Not least among the causes for satisfaction which each Boston bicyclist will recognize, is the fact that in this city the first bicycle club in the country has been born, and that to Boston will accrue in the future, whatever of honor may pertain to its parentage. To-day, the Boston Club stands solitary, and without a peer or competitor, but we have means of knowing that its progress and success have been carefully watched by other cities, and that on its shoulders rests a large responsibility. Were it possible for the B. Bi. C. to prove a failure now, such failure would be a blow from which it would take bicyclists years to recover. Distant cities, now on the point of accepting the bicycle as an established fact, and of adopting it as a practicable addition to locomotory pastime, would drop it—to use a homely simile,—like a hot cinder, and Boston, from her proud position of leadership and honor in the cause, would become the example and the warning of its failure.

Of course there is not even a shadow of possibility of this lugubrious picture being realized, but our object in painting it is to bring as forcibly as we can before the eyes of each member of the Boston Club the fact, that in accepting the honor of membership he has accepted also a responsibility which the merely selfish pleasures of his pastime should never—even for a moment—be permitted to eclipse. In behaviour and appearance each individual is identified with and represents his club, no less than his club does its whole membership, and those who, as we remarked above, are watching our progress in this city, will base their opinions of us not necessarily on all the facts, but certainly on those facts which appear, and in appearing become public property.

We have not the slightest misgiving that the members of the Boston Club will fail to win in the future, as they have in the past, golden opinions and fa-

vorale comment from all who are interested in and know them. The harmony of feeling and of purpose which exists among the members to-day will undoubtedly continue, and we shall be much mistaken if the public are ever afforded any just grounds for more unfavorable criticism than that embodied in the remarks of two of our fair friends who were in front of Trinity church on the occasion of our last club meet. The remarks were not intended for us, but we overheard them as we were "oiling up" for the run, and we hope the fair speakers will forgive us if we repeat them here, for they conveyed in the most charming manner a lesson which we feel it to be our duty not to allow the B. Bi. C. to lose.

"Clara," said one of the ladies, "why is it that so many of the club persist in wearing those horrid gaiters?"

"Why, indeed, dear?" replied the lady addressed; "and why is it that so few of the club wear their pretty caps?"

Professional Bicycling.

Of home professional bicycling there is simply nothing to record, unless a race between Booth and a pedestrian can be classed under that head. We have received no particulars of this race, but we have heard incidentally that Booth was expected to cover, on his machine, in one hour, three times as much ground as the pedestrian. The match came off at Haverhill; the pedestrian walked well, and Booth rode well, except at the corners, which were too sharp for a high rate of speed, the result being that the pedestrian won easily.

The English long-distance champion, David Stanton, was tendered a benefit at Agricultural Hall, Islington, in recognition of his great ride of one thousand miles in six days. The affair came off on the 25th inst., in the presence of some three thousand spectators. Pecuniarily and otherwise, it was a success. We clip the following description of the races from the "London Bicycle Journal."

There were both amateur and professional handicaps on the programme; of amateurs there was a poor display, which is due to the fact that all the clubs discourage the appearance of their members on the racing path in gaslight. Of the professionals, Terront, of Paris, Phillips, of Wolverhampton, Favel, of Northampton, and "Bradley" Keen came up to give the long-distance champion a friendly turn. The racing was not of a very brilliant character, but it pleased the spectators, which was the main point.

TEN MILES' AMATEUR HANDICAP.—J. Edwards, scratch, 1; G. Brown, 500 yards, 2; J. J. Wightman, 100, 0. Edwards, who is used to the dangerous corners, got the lead about half-way, and won without difficulty by 150 yards.

HORSE v. FAVELL.—Favel had a three miles' race with "Prince;" the bicyclist seemed to be afraid of the corners, and the horse was held to be the victor.

TEN MILES' PROFESSIONAL HANDICAP.—C. Terront, Paris, scratch, 1; W. Phillips, Wolverhampton, 1 min. start, 2; Gerrard, 2 min., 3; Arthur Keen, 1 m., 0. Of course we do not suppose Phillips would get a start of Terront at Wolverhampton, but the Frenchman rides a small machine, and he can

whiz round the corners at full speed, which Phillips would not risk doing; Gerrard retained the advantage for not quite four miles, when Keen dispossessed him; in the 7th mile Terront passed Keen, and the latter soon afterwards retired; in another lap or two Phillips' machine cried out for oil, and he had to stop, in the meantime Terront covering two laps, and when Phillips set off again he was last. In the end Terront won by nearly two laps, Phillips coming in second.

Club News and Wheel Talk.

The fourth Club run of the Boston Bicycle Club took place on Saturday, March 30th, the meet being as usual opposite Trinity church, at 3 P. M. After the usual turn on Columbus avenue, the club, numbering fourteen riders, proceeded via Chester Park and the Milldam to Chestnut Hill reservoir, arriving there at 4 P. M. Three photographs of the club—one in line, one in a group, and one with machines piled—were then taken by Mr. Drew, the photographer; after which the club took a run round the reservoirs and then dispersed for their homes.

The regular monthly meeting of the B. Bi. C. was commenced on Monday, April 1st, and was adjourned to, and completed on Thursday, April 4th. The usual business was transacted; several gentlemen elected to active membership, and the "club runs" for the month of April fixed as follows:

Saturday, April 6th, To Squantum.

" " 13 " Arlington, (Route No. 7, No. 5 AM. BI. JOUR.)

Saturday, April 20th, To Newton, (Route No. 9, No. 5 AM. BI. JOUR.)

Saturday, April 27th, To Quincy, (Route No. 1, No. 2 AM. BI. JOUR.)

The meet for each of the above was appointed for 3 P. M. opposite Trinity church, and a special meet was arranged for the same place at 11 A. M., April 11th, of which we append an account below.

On the 11th inst. (Fast-day), the B. Bi. C. took a very enjoyable run to Squantum. All riders, whether members of the club or not, were invited to attend, but the threatening appearance of the weather undoubtedly kept many away. At 11.15 A. M. the signal to fall in was given, and brought twenty-five riders into line. The "mount" was immediately sounded, and the club, after twice circling the open space opposite Trinity church, proceeded via Columbus avenue and the Milldam, to Chestnut Hill reservoirs. From there the route lay through Jamaica Plain, Dorchester and Neponset, to Squantum, which the Club reached at 1.47 P. M., and were soon engaged in the demolition of a substantial lunch at the Old Squantum House. Eight horsemen, several teams and a few of the old bone-shaker type of machines, started with the club. The teams and the bone-shakers were soon dropped, but the horsemen were not so easily disposed of. One by one, however, they fell off, and at Squantum only one of the original starters reported. At the place of starting, about two thousand spectators were assembled, and at Chestnut Hill, and in fact, all along the route, the people turned out *en masse*, to see the riders pass.

A leisurely return home wound up what is, so far, the most important of the club runs of the B. Bi. C.

A horseman said to us the other day that most of our bicycles are unsound—that they have, in fact, the "stringhalt." He left suddenly without explaining himself; and we give this remark as a specimen of what far-fetched objections, false or frivolous, are made by some people.

Correspondence Column.

A VERY PLEASANT MEET.

EDITOR AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL:

Your paper is full of accounts of recent meets of bicyclists. Let me speak for a moment of a happy meeting that has just taken place between the "Young Man Afraid Of His Duplex Excelsior Bicycle," and his accomplished antagonist, the young man who from the earliest date of bicycling in this country has shown himself not in the least afraid of any sort of a bicycle, except the old-fashioned bone-shaker, and who has also at all times shown himself entirely fearless of the champion opponents of bicycling. The meeting, which was entirely accidental, took place in State street, and notwithstanding the previous passages at arms, was of the most friendly and even cordial character. The genial "Syphax," a man of extreme good nature and most companionable qualities, would have enjoyed heartily this quiet meet of the two bicycle celebrities.

The conversation which took place on this occasion was of an interesting character, and shoud be fully reported for the "B. J." since it entirely related to the "pros and cons" of the "wheel," or, as "Syphax" would have it, it was all "wheel talk." At another time I hope to send you this desirable report, in order to give your readers the full benefit of the ideas and suggestions evolved at this remarkable meet.

Both parties are enthusiasts, practically as well as theoretically, in the matter of out-of-door sports and exercises. Both, as is often said of noted highwaymen, have been long on the road. The one, afoot, on horseback and in his wagon. The other, sometimes moving in the ways last named, but mainly flying over the highways upon his proudly revolving wheel of steel.

So their varied experiences with the high roads and byways of our beautiful New England, furnished them a common ground upon which they could have disported in intensely interesting talk for any length of time, if mutual business engagements had not obliged them to quickly turn to the usual drudgery—drudgery which you, Mr. Editor, are bravely striving to alleviate, by the introduction of a new out-of-door amusement which you hope to make both fascinating and invigorating. Success to your endeavors! I have now only time for one additional word:—

As you go on in your work of developing bicycling, will it not be possible for you to lend a helping hand, in your columns and out of your columns, to the other noble exercises of which we both have been so fond? Why not make a point of dividing your labors by doing a little missionary work in behalf of our favorite exercises of yachting, saddle-riding and walking? With kind wishes for the bicyclists and their editor, I subscribe myself,

"YOUNG MAN" NOT SO MUCH AFRAID OF A "DUPLEX EXCELSIOR BICYCLE" AS HE USED TO BE.

BOHEMIANISM.

EDITOR AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL:—

Your "Bohemian" correspondent (who seems to be somewhat of an oddity, by the by) evidently prides himself upon his eccentricity, and upon a sort of paradoxical punctiliousness in regard to his engagements. In strictness of language, perhaps he did make a point against you in his whimsical treatment of "my next" and "our next"; but he ought to have considered your intimation that the condition on which you inserted his first nonsensical letter was, that he should say what he had to say in your next and have done with it, and to have felt himself bound in honor to make "your next" his next, and to have governed himself accordingly.

But what can be expected of a "Bohemian" after all; especially when he apparently doesn't mind being—"kicked" (metaphorically of course), and seems to be quite satisfied if he can sooth his wounded honor—or dignity (the idea of a bohemian's honor or dignity!) by a poor joke at the kicker's expense.

To tell you the truth, I wonder at your extreme courtesy—not to say charity, in allowing a person of such a terribly disorganized mind to utter sentiments with regard to civilization and all our conventional ideas in the matter of contracts, obligations, and the other sacred institutions of the business world in which we pride ourselves so much, that really fit him for a lunatic asylum; (by the way, does he date his letter from Worcester or Danvers?)

But your "bohemian" correspondent with all his smartness, it seems to me, has "put his foot into it" in a way he little expected. Although he was right enough in saying that "our [your] next," and "my [his] next" do not mean the same thing, yet even he will hardly be so hardy as to deny that "my next" and his last do mean the same thing.

The—"my next" letter in which he engaged to "make his point" has already appeared in your columns, and the point is not made; and this is the point of my letter. My advice to you, Mr. Editor, is to bring this funny fellow (I can't help liking him, somehow, after all) to the scratch, or else—why, I don't see but you'll have to kick him again.

MILL-DAM.

MR. EDITOR: Thackeray says, "a man who carries a musical box is always a good-natured man." Having seldom met such a person, I take the great novelist's word for it, but I can add from my own experience that he who rides a bicycle is always a cheerful man. Now, why could not the two contrivances be combined, by having a musical attachment to the wheel? Not that the bicyclic cheerful man needs it to make him a good-natured one also, which is much the same thing, but that I would have the ear delighted by the bicycle as well as the eye. As it is now, the music of its harp-like wheels, like that of "the spheres," is too fine for human sense, and the needs of the road often require that some sound shall announce its approach. As there are devices for fixing to the wheel to measure distance, I suppose there is nothing in what science calls "the dynamics of rotating bodies" to forbid the like for giving a tuneful accompaniment to

the rotation. If it should emit a high sonorous tone, it might have a high-sounding name, say *Bicyclicalliope*, or such!

D.

BALLOON TRAVELLING.

[Our remarks on aerial navigation in the last number of this journal have interested many of our readers in this subject, and excited a good deal of lively comment, so that no apology is needed for introducing in the place of our usual "Story" the following article from the pages of the last February number of "*Chamber's Journal*," which contains probably the latest information in a popular form on balloon-travelling. ED.]

Aerial navigation, the faculty of locomotion through the air, the power of soaring bird-like into the azure fields of space, has always been tantalisingly seductive to the human imagination. So engrossing is the theme, that although the subject has already been discussed from a scientific point of view in these pages, a few additional words about its more popular aspects may not be found uninteresting to our readers.

Great, and, as it has been proved, baseless anticipations were evoked by the advent of the first balloon. Aerostation was to disclose the secrets of the atmospheric world, and by enabling men to predict rains and droughts, secure by the proper cultivation of the soil abundant and excellent harvests. The unmanageable nature of the new invention was not taken into account at all, nor the fact, that although you might ascend into the air from any point you chose, no one could predict where or how you would descend. This charming uncertainty still attends aerial voyages; no means have yet been discovered of guiding the balloon in a horizontal direction; and it is always so much at the mercy of currents of air, that the course it will follow is a matter of chance, and not an affair of the aeronaut's will or choice.

Attempts have been made to press this unmanageable machine into the service of science, and with some success, although what has yet been done is little more than a suggestion of discoveries which may at some future time be practicable by its aid.

In 1862, Mr. Glaisher, author of a history of "*Travels in the Air*," made a series of ascents from Wolverhampton, in order to verify a number of scientific observations; the results of which are contained in the annals of the British Association. A new balloon was provided for him, which was not made of silk, but of American cloth, a stronger and more serviceable material, and in this aerial machine he encountered sundry mishaps and misadventures, on two occasions narrowly escaping with his life.

Its very danger lends to balloon travelling a sense of conscious adventure, of thrilling excitement peculiarly its own. Added to this, the cloud-scenery through which the aeronaut glides, is not only novel, but is often, especially at sunrise and sunset, most gorgeously beautiful; while the earth beneath, which seems to have motion transferred to it, presents as it hurries past, a charming and varied panorama. Woods and rivers, hamlets and towns, hills and valleys, and wide-spreading downs, succeed each other in rapid succession. From the immense height, all idea of the comparative altitude of objects is lost; great cities appear like small models of towns; and the biggest man-of-war looks like a boy's toy ship. Morning up in cloudland is a most gloriously radiant spectacle. The world floats out of darkness into a world of shadowy mountain ranges, colourless and unsubstantial at first, but borrowing from the rising sun the softest, tenderest hues of roseat pink and warmest crimson, glowing and blending and fading away at last into a mellow flood of amber gold.

In France, for some time after their invention, balloons were quite the rage, the first made for scientific purposes being that of July 1803, and which was followed by several others having for their object the solution of many physical problems, not a few of which remain problems still. In 1850 two ascents were made for the purpose of investigating certain atmospheric phenomena. One especially of these aerial voyages was in the last degree unfortunate. Scarcely had the two philosophers MM. Barral and Bixio taken their seats, than they made the unpleasant discovery that their balloon was not in good working order; and while they were hesitating about what should be done in the circumstances, a violent gust of wind settled the question for them, and the balloon, blown from the earth, shot into the air with the velocity of an arrow. Becoming rapidly inflated, the machine then bulged out at the top and bottom, covering the car like a hood, and enveloping the unfortunate aeronauts in total darkness. "Their position was most critical; and when one of them endeavored to secure the valve-rope, a rent was made in the lower part of the balloon, and the hydrogen gas with which it was filled escaping close to their faces suffocated them, causing a momentary exhaustion, followed by nausea and violent vomiting."

In this helpless condition they discovered that they were descending rapidly; and on groping about for the cause they found that the balloon was split open in the middle, and that there was a rent in it two yards long. This was a cruel predicament in which to find themselves thirty thousand feet up in the air, and very naturally they abandoned all hope of life, although, like wise men, they did all in their power to preserve it. To lessen the downward velocity of the balloon they threw overboard all their ballast, then article after article of their raiment even to their fur coats, preserving only their instruments, with which they at last descended in safety in a vineyard near Lagny.

The motion in a balloon is scarcely perceptible. You are not conscious of rising; but the earth appears to recede from you, and to advance to meet you during a descent. In the higher regions of the air, the intense solitude of the cloudscape has something in it awful and oppressive, as if the world were left behind forever, and the aeronaut were about to launch chance-driven into the vast infinitude of shadowland. Amid these altitudes, if any sound is made by the aeronaut, it is echoed back in ghostly tones by the vast envelope of the balloon, which as it floats casts a shadow sometimes black and sometimes white; but which is usually surrounded by an aureole or halo more or less distinctly marked.

In 1868, M. Tissandier and a professional aeronaut made a voyage over the North Sea in a balloon called the Neptune. The machine made a splendid ascent, and was soon floating in mid-air buoyant as a feather at the height of four thousand feet, bound, as the aeronauts fondly hoped, for the coast of England. But in this they soon found that they had counted without their host; the Neptune, impelled by the wind, was soaring away in the direction of the middle of the German Ocean. This inauspicious goal struck terror for a few moments into their ardent souls; but they were soon reassured by observing that the wind in the atmospheric regions below them was setting towards the shore, and that by sinking into this lower current of air they could return whenever they chose. Thus yielding to the current of their fate, they allowed themselves to be carried out to sea, floating like gossamer into the very heart of cloudland. Gorgeous scenes, more splendid, more airy, more delicate than the most glowing visions of the Arabian Nights, rose around them. It was like the enchantment of a vivid dream. They took no note of time; every sense was absorbed in that of vision; they even forgot to be hungry, but gazed, and gazed, and gazed again upon

the wide waste of waters that spread beneath them, glowing like one vast molten emerald; its glories half seen, half hid by the multitude of cloud mountains and valleys that rose fluctuating and fantastic on every side, fair with luminous half-lights, delicately lovely with pearly iridescence shading into silvery gray. Thus hovering miles above the earth and its commonplace cares, they enjoyed an interval of transcendent delight, rudely broken in upon by the professional aeronaut, a creature of appetite, who pulled the valve-rope unbidden, thus causing them to descend from their cloudy paradise into the grosser atmosphere that immediately surrounds the earth, where they at length bethought themselves—of lunch. In spite of thick thronging poetic fancies and transcendental raptures, they made a very tolerable repast, M. Tissandier finishing his portion of the fowl by tossing a well-picked drumstick overboard. For this imprudence the professional was down upon him immediately. "Do you not know," quoth he, "that to throw out ballast without orders is a very serious crime in a balloon?" M. Tissandier was at first inclined to argue the point; but on consulting the sensitive barometer he was fain to admit that in consequence of the disappearance of the chicken-bone, the Neptune had made an upward bound of between twenty and thirty yards. Very fine calculation—if true.

Luncheon satisfactorily over, they again soared upward out of sound and sight of earth, and soon found themselves once more in their cloudy Elysium, but with a change; mist and fog hemmed them round instead of the breeze and sunshine, but did not make them less happy. The Neptune was to them a little Goshen, a lonely floating temple of peace, dedicated to contentment and ease. The serenity of their souls was depicted in their faces. Tranquil and easy, they took no thought of the morrow, no, nor of the next hour, when suddenly there broke upon their ears, like a faint far-distant murmur, a sound subdued, monotonous, and yet terrible. Was it the voices of the spheres! No, gentle reader; it was a strain more awful still—it was the voice of the sea. In a moment the listless ease, the sweet do-nothingness of those idlers in cloudland was gone, clean washed away by the swish and swell of that intrusive ocean, which stretched beneath them, painted by the sunset with a thousand glowing tints of beauty, which they had neither leisure nor tranquility to admire. Fortunately the wind was setting inshore, and amidst the fast falling shades of night the anxious aeronauts were fortunate enough to descry a cape crowned with a lighthouse. Every nerve was strained to reach it; and after a few moments of intense anxiety and effort, the anchor was let go. It caught in a sandhill, and the Neptune once more moored to earth, rolled over on its side, and was after some difficulty secured.

The spot where they landed was curiously enough only a few yards from the reef of rocks where the first aeronaut Pilate de Rosier, was dashed to pieces in 1785.

Sometimes, like other bubbles, the balloon bursts; and when this little accident happens, say four thousand feet up in the air, it is of course attended with unpleasant and inconvenient consequences, as was the experience of MM. Fonville and Tissandier, who with a party of nine made an ascent in a veteran balloon called "the Giant." Merry as larks they soared into the air, keenly enjoying the beauty of the day, the novelty of the pastime, the sense of liberty, of entire freedom from all wonted conventionalities or accustomed restraints. Then with what a keen school-boy edge of appetite they fell upon their chicken, which seems the appropriate food for balloons, eaten from newspapers, which served as plates, and washed down with soda-water and Bordeaux. Champagne was inadmissible; an unruly cork might have popped unawares through the silken tissues of the envelope, and thus hasten a catastrophe. But let us not anticipate. The banquet was over, the board, that is to say the newspapers were cleared, and "the

feast of reason and the flow of soul" began. All was bright, airy, genial cordiality and mirth, when suddenly the attention of the travellers was attracted to a white smoke issuing from the side of the balloon. Whence came this ominous mist, this preternatural cloud that began to enshroud them? One reckless youth said: "It is the Giant smoking his pipe." And so it was with a vengeance! Then followed a few terrible moments in which each after his own fashion bade the world farewell, and found it marvellous hard to do so. The clouds, the sky, the pleasant sunlight, was that their last look at each? It seemed so; but while they were still shivering dizzy and aghast upon that awful threshold, the balloon fell, and strange to relate, fell safely, and they were saved.

A few days afterwards Monsieur Tissandier made another ascent in the Neptune with Monsieur de Fonvielle, and they were busily engaged conducting some scientific experiments when a sharp crack like a sudden quick peal of thunder fell upon their ears, and the professional aeronaut exclaimed in a loud startled voice: "The balloon has burst!" What followed we give in Monsieur Tissandier's own words: "It was too true; the Neptune's side was torn open and transformed suddenly into a bundle of shreds, flattening down upon the opposite half; its appearance was now that of a disc surrounded with a fringe! We came to the ground immediately. The shock was awful. The aeronaut disappeared. I leaped into the hoop, which at that instant fell upon me, together with the remains of the balloon and all the contents of the car. All was darkness. I felt myself rolled along the ground, and wondered if I had lost my sight, or if we were buried in some hole or cavern. An instant of quiet ensued, and then the loud voice of the aeronaut was heard exclaiming, 'Now come all of you from under there.'" And one after another they emerged unhurt into the sunshine, in time to bid farewell to a few fragments of the balloon which were floating away upon the rising wind.

Such experiences must as a rule be trying to the nerves of most people, and we must be so plain as to say that travelling by balloon is at best an act of extreme danger and temerity. In order to utilize balloons, it is evident that some means of guiding them must be invented; and this discovery or anything approaching to it has yet to be made. In fact, a balloon is still, after about a hundred years of experience, little better than a toy.

Answers to Correspondents.

"BARNEY," Liverpool.—Too crude in style for our columns. Don't be disheartened, try again. You have got it in you, but you need experience. Submit your efforts to "the party" and if they are approved, then send them on to us.

"UNINITIATED," San Francisco.—You can buy rubber tires and cement for same, from the parties who sold you your machine.

(2) Sorry we can't oblige you, but we do not keep the names after answering queries.

(3) We count you a valuable ally, and wish you all success.

"L. F., Conn.—See the last page.

"J. L. D., Broadway.—Thanks; shall be glad to hear from you again.

"B. L. S."—We think not just yet, but no doubt there will be eventually. The holders of upwards of three hundred patents in this country, each appear to want more than the whole profit on each machine. If their claims could be consolidated and fixed at a reasonable figure, then, no doubt,

manufacturing would pay, and be engaged in. We should even then, however, be very careful about purchasing until manufacturers have attained some experience to balance the eight years of their English progenitors,

The machine you ride is good, but we prefer the No. 1 or the No. 3.

"Y. M. A. O. H. D. E. B."—Thanks; shall be glad to hear from you at any time.

"AMOS."—Very glad to hear from you. Will insert in next issue. Please favor us with real name.

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Lake Erie Catawba Wine, \$2.00 per Gallon,

Will be found by the touring Bicyclist most grateful and refreshing.

**Branch Retail Store, cor. Chauncy & Avon Sts.
BOSTON.**

Country orders carefully and promptly filled.

JOHNSON'S LUNCH AND DINING ROOM,

No. 5 Russia Wharf, near foot of
Congress Street,

BOSTON, MASS.

A PLAIN AND WHOLESOME BILL OF FARE
EACH DAY.

Our Chops and Steaks are served from the grill, and are not to be surpassed at any establishment in Boston. Prices very moderate.

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GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHERS,

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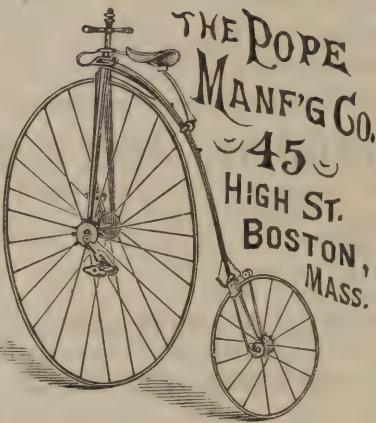
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Bicyclists' Stockings and Underwear are Specialty.

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ENGLISH BICYCLES

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**AT STOCK OF THE BEST MACHINES
Constantly on hand.**

**Orders taken for Bicycles of
any make at Reasonable
Prices.**

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Bicyclists will find the **Map of Boston and Suburbs** exceedingly accurate and useful. Published by

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During the winter I shall make to order
**MY BEST CUSTOM SHIRTS
for \$2.50 each,**

As every one knows that this is much below the usual charge for a FIRST-CLASS SHIRT many will be glad to get a supply at so low a rate. Samples of style and quality will be shown, and satisfaction guaranteed.

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641 Washington Street,
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From Fitchburg to Boston,
COL. SNOW'S HOTEL,
AT STOW, MASS.**

Will be found a desirable resting place. Bicyclists will meet with special welcome and attention.

**George A. Brookes,
TAILOR,
82 1-2 Harrison Avenue.
Bicycling Uniforms made to Measure**

And repaired at short notice. All kinds of tailor's work executed with dispatch. Prompt work and moderate charges.

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American Exchange and Reading Rooms, 449 Strand, Charing Cross, London.

The Proprietors having arranged for a NEW LEASE of these Premises, are proceeding to make the alterations necessary to an EXTENSION of the BUSINESS.

Mr. ROBERT BOWLES will continue the management of the Exchange and Reading Room, and the several Departments will be placed in charge of efficient persons to ensure thorough attention to all the requirements of Travellers and Residents.

March 23, 1877.

HENRY F. GILLIG & CO.

IMPORTANT TO BICYCLISTS!

The Proprietor of the

Fresh Pond House,

Cambridge, near Mt. Auburn,

Begs to call the attention of Bicycling Clubs, and all who engage in this invigorating exercise, to the short and pleasant "Run" from Boston to this

Well-known Pleasure Resort.

Besides the facilities for Skating and other sports and attractions of the Fresh Pond House,—refreshments of all kinds and

WELL PREPARED MEALS,

Are furnished at short notice to any number of guests, and excellent SLEEPING ACCOMMODATION

With secure storage for Bicycles. The run to Fresh Pond, by either of the several routes, passes through some of the pleasantest and most interesting environs of Boston and Harvard University.

Very Moderate Charges.

FARWELL & REED,

Importers and Dealers in Wines and Domestic Liquors. Sole Agents for

The "Hill" & "Peabody" Whiskies,

7 STATE STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

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THE RESERVOIR HOTEL,

Beacon St., Brookline,

(Three minutes walk from Reservoir Station on the Woonsocket Division of the B. & A. R. R.)

S. P. HUMPHREY, Proprietor. B. F. BURGETS, Clerk.

This well-known Hotel is close to the Chestnut Hill Reservoirs—the superb roads round which offer the most charming rides to the Bicyclist which can be found in the State. Bicyclists will be afforded every accommodation at moderate charges.

Open from April 1st to October 1st.

W. L. CLARK & CO.,

Successors to



USE THE ELEVATOR.

Would call attention to the artistic merits of their Ink, Crayon and Water Color finishing of copies and life portraits.

Also, to the reduction in the prices of Card and Cabinet Photographs. Special facilities for photographing Bicyclists

MOUNTED ON THEIR MACHINES.

352 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

VOSSLERS' Toledo Lager,

Unsurpassed for its Purity.

Sold in Barrels, Kegs and Bottles, by the Sole N. E. Agent
AT

19 & 21 HAWLEY STREET,
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CARL VOSSLER, RESTAURANT.

GROUP PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE BOSTON BICYCLE CLUB.

TAKEN AT THE

CHESTNUT HILL RESERVOIRS,
Saturday, March 30th 1878.

The first photograph of the first Bicycle Club formed in this country.

COPIES PRICE \$2.00

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CUNNINGHAM, HEATH & CO.,
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IMPORTED



English Bicycles.

Cunningham, Heath & Co.,

22 PEARL STREET, BOSTON.

Are prepared to receive orders for

**Duplex Excelsior, Challenge, Stanley, Premier, Nonpareil,
Norwood, Hallamshire, Empress, Tension.**

**Invincible, Centaur, Coventry, Champion, Albert, Suspension,
AND ALL OTHER MAKES OF STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS BICYCLES.**

NO INFERIOR MACHINES OF ANY KIND.

All the celebrated makes of English TRICYCLES (which can be used by either Ladies or Gentlemen) kept in stock or Imported to Order.

Intending purchasers are requested to send in their orders at once, the demand in England being so much ahead of the supply that it has been found impossible to get orders for FIRST-CLASS Machines, of average sizes, filled in less than from two to four weeks from the date of receipt by manufacturers.

By telegraphing per Atlantic Cable, a fortnight can be saved, and C. H. & Co. have perfected a special code with the manufacturers for that purpose.

C. H. & Co. intend eventually to keep all the first-class machines in stock, but at present, for reasons stated above, they can only supply purchasers in rotation, as their orders have been, or may be received.

WESTERN, SOUTHERN, and CANADIAN purchasers are informed that, pending the establishment of Branch Agencies, their orders should be forwarded to C. H. & Co., direct, who will give their favors special attention.

Price lists will be forwarded on receipt of application, with which stamp should be enclosed.

**CUNNINGHAM, HEATH & CO.,
IMPORTERS,**

22 PEARL STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

A Commodious Bicycle Riding School on the premises. Lessons Fifty Cents each, or Twelve Lessons for Five dollars. Open each day from 9 a. m. till 9 p. m.

AGENTS:

**San Francisco, Cal. G. L. CUNNINGHAM, 206 Sansome Street,
New York City, F. A. BECK, Hoffman House,**



VOL. I, No. 10.

BOSTON, APRIL 27, 1878.

TEN CENTS.

—Bicycling is pedestrianism in levitation, plus the mechanical advantage of the wheel—but no prose can fitly describe the bicyclic Bucephalus. Hear Shakspeare, and even he had to be assisted this time:

“I will mount myself
Upon a courser, whose delightful gait
Shall make the gazer joy to see me tread,
To turn and wind a fiery bicycle
And witch the world with noble footmauship.”

Byron is weak, in comparison, when he says, or comes very near saying,

“She walks the highway like a thing of life.”

AXIOMATIC.—A bicycler should have plenty of true grit in his own conduct and bearing, but none in the bearings of his machine. The “man at the wheel,” although he may entrust his reckoning to the cyclometer, must attend to his bearings in every sense of the word, and have a firm hand upon the helm.

—“While admitting to some extent the soundness of your argument, I must yet maintain that it but illy comports with the dignity of mature years, to propel oneself with the motion of one’s legs, astide of a skeleton.”

And with this “squelcher” one of the old gentlemen alighted at the station, the train moved on, the other old gentleman returned to his newspaper, and a somewhat heated discussion on the new mode of locomotion terminated.

As we subsided into our seat, we reflected that we had probably heard the most convincing argument against the use of the bicycle, that had ever been uttered, and during the balance of the journey consoled ourself as far as possible for our freshly realized loss of “dig-

nity” by endeavoring to invent a description of summer head-gear, which should be at once so appropriate, becoming, economical and attractive, that every member of the B. Bi. C. would wear it when on their club runs.

—We have been informed that the Town of Brookline at one time issued a pamphlet, giving full instructions as to the correct method of repairing roads. What a boon it would be to bicyclists if such a pamphlet were scattered broadcast throughout the country, especial care being taken to present a copy to each of the farmers who are now “working out their taxes” by piling heaps of alluvial soil along the highways,—which process they term “repairing the roads.”

—Welcome “S. Bi. C.,” and may your shadows never grow fewer. The club list now stands: First—“Boston”; Second—“Suffolk.” “Fair Harvard,” where are you?

These are halcyon days for the bicyclist, and the advent of the new mode of locomotion occurs under the most favorable auspices. Never did spring bring with it more glorious weather, and never were the roads in better condition for the purposes of those who are fortunate enough to be the happy possessors of a “light horse mechanical.” Those not so blessed deserve,—and have—our sincere sympathy.

—We had hoped that Harvard College would have secured the second place on the U. S. list of bicycle clubs, but she has lost her opportunity. It is not probable that she will even come third on the list, for we fully expect that San Francisco will occupy that position.

From the "Transcript."

FAST-DAY FESTIVITIES.

"A gay scene was the meet of the bicyclists yesterday in the square opposite Trinity church and the Art Museum. Attended by a semi-detached escort of ladies and gentlemen on horseback, with a few children on ponies, the jaunty riders of the lofty wheels sped easily around the noble square and off into the country with the speed of horseflesh, but apparently with no more exertion than that of walking. It was a novel sight in old Boston, but one destined, no doubt, to become very common, as the advantage and charm of this form of out-door exercise get better known."

The "Transcript" did not contain an account of our club run on Fast-day, but as amends it furnished its readers with the following item regarding two members of the B. Bi. C. who took an independent run of forty miles, passing through a dozen different towns and cities, mostly in Middlesex county. After riding about twenty-five miles they came to the fine road between Malden and Medford, which was well filled with turnouts. Neither of the bicycle riders intended to race. But as horse after horse was driven pretentiously by, one of the riders gave chase, overtook the trotters, shot far beyond and then cutting circles and scallops till in line again with the horses, he once more took the lead, and held it all the way to Medford. A bicycle rider can easily outstrip a horse under fair conditions. No man on foot, and no horse, can approach a skilled bicyclist on a long distance. It is hard for Americans to understand this, because we are so little acquainted with the extraordinary feats performed on the modern bicycle; feats wholly unprecedented in the way of locomotion by man power. The other day an attempt was made to drive a horse one hundred miles in ten consecutive hours; the poor animal fell from exhaustion on the seventy-fifth mile. But one hundred miles on a bicycle has often been done in England, in even less than ten hours. The fastest amateur times were the runs over the great Bath road, first by E. Elson, August 7th 1876, when he rode one hundred and five miles in eight hours twenty-three minutes; and second, the run by C. Walmesley, May 21st 1877, when he rode one hundred miles on a bicycle in eight hours twenty-three and one-half seconds.

On foot, O'Leary the professional, has walked one hundred miles in eighteen hours fifty-three minutes forty seconds, being more than ten hours in time behind the same on a bicycle. Harriman, another professional, tried to surpass O'Leary yesterday, but Harriman was exhausted at the ninetieth mile. But bicyclists not only ride their one hundred miles in a few hours, but they do so without danger or exhaustion. Indeed, two amateur bicyclists in England once accomplished no less than two hundred and five miles in twenty-two consecutive hours, on bicycles, over the highway; and it is well known that the run from London to York—two hundred miles—has more than once been made on a bicycle in less than a day.

When David Stanton, an English Professional, commenced his great bicycle ride of one thousand miles in six days—an average of one hundred and sixty-six and two-thirds miles a day—he started at six in the morning and rode forty-four miles before breakfast.

The newspapers have now started the question of the handsomest editor in America. Colonel McClure seems to be the favorite at the start, but we shall bide our time and calmly arrange to be "at home" when the returns come in and the brass band halts in front of our house.—[Phila. Bulletin.

The editor of the "Phila. Bulletin" will please understand that our innate modesty prevents our making more than a passing allusion to the foregoing.—[ED. A. B. J.

NURSERY RHYMES.

FOR BICYCLISTS' FAMILIES.

Buy, oh! buy a bicycle.

If you are too fat,

Try, oh! try a tricycle.

If you don't like that,

Fat or lean, lean or fat,

Tat for tit or tit for tat,

Buy one or t'other.

Hightly, tighty, my young man,
I'll get him a bicycle soon as I can,
It'll cost me some gold,
But he'll never get old,
Highly, tighty, my young man.

Bicycle, bicycle, on the wheel-top,
When you go up-hill 'tis easy to stop.
When you go down-hill 'tis easy to fall,
Down comes bicycle, baby and all.

DISTINGUISHED BICYCLISTS.

The several excellent weekly papers published in England in the interest of bicycling, which—by the way—are as ably edited and handsomely got up as any papers that come to our table, contain frequent portraits of eminent bicyclists; some of them eminent for proficiency or enthusiasm as bicyclists, and others eminent in some other accomplishment, or in their professional occupation or social status.

We have before us in a supplement to the "Bicycling Times," two well executed full page engravings, one being a portrait of the Rt. Hon. Robert Lowe, M. P., President of the West Kent Bicycle Club; the other, a portrait of the Prince Imperial of France (by courtesy of course), who is an honorary member of the same club. We don't know that there is any flunkeyism in being proud—even as Americans—of such companionship.

Apropos to the above, we make a short extract from a speech made last fall by Mr. Lowe at the conclusion of the West Kent Bicycle Club Races at the Crystal Palace. The entire speech was so good that, although somewhat out of date, we will insert it in our next issue. We copy it from the "Bicycling Times":—

"I have been from the first a very strong advocate for the bicycle (cheers); in fact, I may claim to have been an ante-bicyclist (laughter), for I hardly know whether any of you remember or perhaps know that in the reign of George the Fourth there was an attempt made to have something like a bicycle. It was called a "dandy horse," and had no springs, but simply a bar of iron with two wheels and a saddle, upon which the bicyclist propelled himself by kicking the ground as he went along. I had the honor in the reign of that monarch of riding one of these machines, so I may call myself an ante-bicyclist or an anticipator of the bicycle (cheers). I remember riding a mile race with the mail on one of these machines, and I contrived to get in before it to my infinite delight. (laughter and cheers)."

Classical student, fresh from Harvard:—"There is no rule without an exception" is an untrue statement; for instance, in any word the letter Q is always followed by the letter U; there is no exception."

Our "Devil," who overheard the remark: "That ain't so; in 'any word' there ain't no Q, and there ain't no U; so, 'any word' is an exception."

THE SCHNITZERL & BREITMANN PHILOSOPEDE.

BY CHAS. G. LELAND.

PART SECOND.

Soosh droples ash der Breitmann hafe,
To make dis 'vention go,
Vas nefer seen py mordal man
Opon dis worldt below.
He doomplet right—he doomplet left,
He hafe a dousand toomps;
Dere nefer vas a cricket ball
Ash get soosh 'fernal boomps.

Boot—ash he'd shvearet he'd poot it droo,
He shvear'it moost pe tone;
Dough he schinpf't und flucht' gar lasterlich,
He visht he't ne'er pegun.
Mit "Hagel! Blitz! Kreuz-sakrament!"
He maket de Houser ring,
Und vish der Schnitzerl vas in hell,
For deachin' him dis ding.

Nun-goot! At lasdt he cot it,
Und peautifool he goed.
"Dis day," said he, "I'll 'stonish folk
A ridin' in de road.
Dis day, py shings, I'll do it,
Und knock dings oud of sight!"—
Ach weh!—for Breitemann dat day
Vas not be-markt mit vhite.

De noombers of de Deutsche volk
Dat coomed dis sighdt to see,
I dink, in soper earnst-hood,
Mightht not ge-reckonet pe.
For miles dey shtoodt along de road,
Mein Gott!—boot dey wer'n dry;
Dey trinket den lager-bier shops out,
Pefore der Hans coom py.

Vhen all at vonce drementous gries
De fery coondry shook,
Und beoples shkreet, "Da ist er!—Schau!
Here cooms der Breitmann, look!"
Mein Gott! vas efer soosh a sighdt!
Vas efer soosh a gry!
Vhen like a brick-pat in a vighdt,
Der Breitmann roosh py?

Oh mordal man! Vy ish it dou
Hast passion to go vast?
Vy ish id dat te togs und horse
Likes shbeed too quick to lasdt?
De pugs, de pirds, de pumple-pees,
Und all dat ish, 'tvouldt seem,
Ish nefer hobby boot exceptd
Vhen pilin' on de shdeam.

Der Breitmann flew. Von mighdy gry
Ash he vent scootin' past,
Von deripple, drementous yell,—
Dat day de virst—und last
Vot ha! Vot ho! Vy ish it dus?
Vot maket dem shdare aghasht?
Vy cooms dat vail of vild deshbair?
Ish somedings cot ge-shmasht?

Yea, efen so. Yea, ferily,
Shbeak, soul!—it ish dy biz!

Der Brietmann shkeet so vast along,
Dey fairly heard him whizz.
Vhen shoost opon a hill-top point
It caught a pranch ge-bent,
Und like an apple from a shling,
Avay Hans Breitmann vent.

Vent droo de air an hoondert feet,
Allowin' more or less,
Denn pob—pob—pob—a mile or two
He rollet along—I guess.
He rollet de rocky road entlang,
He pouncee o'er shtock and shtone,
You'd dink he'd knocked his outsites in,
Yet nefer break a pone!

—All shtilt Hans lay, bevilderfied,
He seemt not mind de shaps,
Nor mofed oontil der medicus
Hafe dose him vell mit schnapps.
Der schmell voke oop de boetry
Of tays vhen he vas yoong,
Und he murmulte de fragmends
Of an sad romantish song.

"Ash sommer pringt de roses,
Und roses pring de dew,
So Deutschland gifes de maidens
Who fetch de bier for you.
Komm Maidelein! rothe Waengelein!
Mit wein-glass in your paw!
Ve'll get troonk amond de roses,
Und lie soper on de shtraw.

"Ash vinter pring de ice-wind
Vitch plow o'er burg und hill,
Hard times pring in de landlort,
Und der landlort prings a pill.
Boot sing Maidelein—rothe Waengelein!
Mit wein-glass in your paw!
Ve'll get troonk amond de roseu,
Und lie soper on de shtraw!"

Dey took der Breitmann homewarts,
Boot efer on de vay
He nefer shpeaket no man,
Und nodings else couldt say
Boot, "Maidelein—rothe Waengelein!
Mit wein-glass in her paw,
Ve'll get troonk amond de rosen,
Und lie soper on'de shtraw."

* * * * *

Der vas Doktor Moritz Schlinkenschlag,
Dat vork ash Cafeopath;
Und der learned Cobus Shoepfeskopf,
Who use de milchy bath;
Und Korschalitschky aus Bochmen,
Vat cure mit slibovitz;
Und Wechselbalg, der Preusse,
Who only tend to fits.

Dere vas Strobbich aus Westfalen,
Who viped out eart'ly ills
Mit concentrirter Schinken juice
Und Pumpernickel pills;
Und a bier-kur man from Munich,,
Und a grape-curist from Rhein,
Und von who shkare tiseases
Mit a dose of Schlesier-wein,

So dey meet in consolatation,
Mit Doktor Winkeleck.
Who practise "renovation"
Mit sauer-kraut und speck.
Und dat no man shouldt pe shlightet,
Or dreatet ash a tuncie,
Dey 'greed to dry deir sysdems
Opon Breitmann—all at vonce.
* * * * *
So dey all vent loos at Breitmann,
Und woorderfool to dell,
He coom to his Gesundheit,
Und pooty soon cot vell.
Some hinted at *Natura*
Mit her old *vis sanatrix*,
But eash doktor shvore he curet him,
Und de rest vere taugenix.

I know not vat der Breitmann
More newly has pegun,
Boot dey say he talks day-dayly
Mit Dana of de *Sun*.
Dey talk in Deutsch togeder,
Und volk say de end vill pe
Philosipedal shanges
Ju de Union Cavallrie.

Gott helf de howlin' safage!
Gott helf de Indi-an!
Shouldt Breitman shoin his vorces
Mit Sheneral Sheridan!
Und denn, to sing his braises,
I'll write another lied:
Hier hat dis dale an ende,
Of Breitmann's Philosopede!

FROM FITCHEBURG TO BOSTON.

Having tried most of the roads in Boston and vicinity for short runs of twenty miles or less, and feeling the need of some vigorous exercise, I concluded to try the run from Fitchburg to Boston, that road having been "cracked up" as one of the best in the State. Whether I got my vigorous exercise, or whether the road is a good one, the reader can judge for himself. I had made arrangements with an acquaintance, P., who is an experienced rider, to accompany me, and he was to be at my house in Brookline at 6.30. At 6.45 he had not made his appearance, so I mounted and rode to the mile ground to meet him, and as we were then short for time we rode at a good pace to the Brighton station (two miles) on the B. & A. R. R., to take the train for Fitchburg. We arrived at F. at 9.15, and after allowing forty minutes for P. to finish his toilet, we started on our pleasant (?) excursion. The first dismount was a voluntary one about three miles from F., and we had a half mile walk through gravel and loose stones to Leominster, one and one-half miles more, the road was fair; here was another dismount on account of my oil bag getting "wound up." All the way through L. and Lancaster there was not a distance of two successive miles that we could ride without a dismount. I began to get discouraged, although P. who had seen such roads before, did not make much complaint. Through Bolton the road was fine, and for about four miles we made our wheels spin; it was soon over, however, and we had the usual kind of road from B. to Stow. At L. we had some difficulty in finding "ye ancient hostelry," as we had been instructed to inquire for Col. Snow, and we could find no one who ever heard of such a person; there was no mistaking the hotel itself, however, and on entering and enquiring we found that the proprietor's name is White

instead of Snow. I had written a note the day before requesting a good dinner, but the mails in these out of the way places are uncertain and we arrived before the letter. The Col., however, was equal to the emergency, and we soon had a substantial dinner with the usual "fixius". We started again at three and had a fair run for a mile or two, when P. thought for a change in the programme he would dismount "over the handles," and I dismounted by a side fall, both accidents owing to an attempt to ride through sand several inches deep. Another walk and then a fine run for a mile or more on the sidewalks of Maynard, which, by the way, were the first we had seen since leaving Fitchburg. Another dismount, against a tree this time, and a walk of about three miles, when my courage was completely gone and I told P. I wouldn't ride (?) another inch. He was plucky and determined to carry out his part of the programme, and I left him at No. Sudbury; the last I saw of him he was still pushing his horse. On inquiry of a "native" at an auction I found I was only a mile from No. Sudbury R. R. station, that a train would soon pass to Concord junction, where I could take a train for Waltham. My calculations were to get to W. before P. and finish the ride from there in company. I had an example, however, that the "Best laid plans of mice and men gang aft aglee," for on my arrival at C. J. I found I must wait till 6.35 for a train for Waltham, and I knew by that time P. would be home. So I waited with patience for 1 and 3-4 hours. The same train would take me to Boston, and I hesitated whether to take a ticket for B. or W. on account of the time. I concluded that if I went to B. my friends would all say I was fagged, so I went only to Waltham and had a fine ride of seven miles from there home.

That I did right when I took the train for W. instead of B. the result proved, although I got no credit for it. On taking the morning paper I see:

"A member of the Club with Mr. P. was exhausted and gave out near Stow."

Now for myself I don't care a straw what the papers say, but, for the credit of the Club I want to deny that one of the members gave out after a ride of twenty-three miles. It should read—disgusted. That I was disgusted I don't think you will wonder. I started expecting to find a fair road all the way, and did not suppose that any part of it would be as bad as our mill-dam. I found, however, that the mill-dam was a perfect trotting ground compared with what we had. For the past few weeks the country people have been doing what they call "making" roads; that is, hauling sand and dirt on the road and leaving carriages to roll it down, and it was an utter impossibility for anyone to ride through the stuff. Part of the way we rode on the turf in preference to the road, and for miles we rode in the wheel tracks about seven or eight inches wide; and the least turn from this track was a sure spill, and I think we each went over half a dozen times, owing solely to the sand, for in all my riding since learning (about two hundred miles), I have never fallen off but once—owing to my tasking a good road and not to any unusual skill.

The statement also in the papers that I rode but twenty-five miles, is wrong. My whole ride was thirty-seven miles, which is surely no discredit to the club or to a rider with only six week's practice and on such roads. Had there been any prospect of an improvement in the roads I should have ridden the eight miles from No. Sudbury to Waltham, but the walk all the way from Maynard to No. Sudbury was too discouraging. As I have not seen P. since, I can't say whether the roads improved afterwards or not. Altogether we spent a pleasant day, but there is one member of the B. Bi. C. who will never ride over the road again. I don't want to discourage the other members, especially as C. has been over

the road three times and given it a good name; all I can say is, making every allowance for his being a better rider than I am, that if he had taken it this spring, at road-making time, instead of in the fall, he would have no better opinion of the route than I have. I can't close without saying a word in regard to the railroads. We were treated with every courtesy on the B. & A. and B. C. & Fitchburg, and our machines were taken free of charge and carefully handled. When I patronized the Fitchburg Road I found, however, that the general reputation the road has for meanness was not overstated, as I was charged thirty-five cents for having my bicycle carried from Concord Junction to Waltham. That the road is no gainer in the long run I take to be true, as I am told some of the Waltham residents will cross the F. R. R. and go to West Newton, rather than patronize so niggardly a road. Let me advise all riders who go to F. to go by the B. & A. instead of the F. and the attention to your comfort and that of your horse will more than pay you for the extra half hour ride.

NEMO.

Professional Bicycling.

THE ATHLETIC ENTERTAINMENT of the Young Men's Christian Association at Music Hall on Wednesday evening last was quite successful. There was a good house, and the spirit of the performances was well maintained. If there was a fault, it consisted in the performances being rather prolonged, commencing as they did at 7.30 and closing at 11 P. M.

The exercises were so uniformly good that we do not like to particularize, as our space will not permit of an extended report. We thought the gymnastic feats on the horizontal bar, and the tumbling, were the strong points, and the great ladder feat was extremely well done.

Mr. Booth's performance on the bicycle and the velocipede was quite creditable. After riding round the arena and performing some difficult feats in his easy and masterly way on both the old and new-time vehicle—in which the contrast between the two was ludicrously apparent, it was announced that he would make a one mile run against time. This he did in a very leisurely manner, completing the distance in *three minutes twenty-four seconds. He was loudly cheered by the audience, but competition would doubtless have thrown more spirit into his efforts and he would have made better time, although the track was too small and the corners too sharp to admit of any extraordinary speed.

*[Mr. Booth's time was incorrectly announced from the platform as 5.34, but after due enquiry we find 3.24 to be correct.—ED.]

Club News and Wheel Talk.

In its issue of 20th inst. the "Herald" once more "takes back" an assertion that the Boston Bicycle Club returned from one of its runs by rail. This is the second time that our contemporary's reporter has erred. It is to be hoped he will not offend again.

Mr. Will. R. Pitman made the run from Fitchburg to Boston on 19th inst. Distance forty-six miles. Mr. P. reports the roads in bad condition, the spring repairs being entrusted to the farming abutters, who by this means "work out" their taxes, and in so doing subject the travelling community to inconvenience, annoyance, and loss,—the latter, both of time and patience.

The Sixth Club Meet and Run, of the B. Bi. C. took place on Saturday April 13. Owing to the threatening aspect of the weather, the intended destination of Arlington was changed to Milton, which was reached by a new route, via Mount Hope and Mattapan. Walnut avenue was in splendid condition, and the country roads in good order.

The Seventh Club meet and run of the B. Bi. C. took place on Saturday April 20, the Club leaving Trinity Church at 3.15 P. M. and proceeding via the Mill-dam, Mile Ground, Brighton, and Watertown, to West Newton, where they were hospitably entertained by Mr. Field. The return home was made by way of Chestnut Hill. The Macadam from Boston to Watertown was found to be in very poor condition, full of holes, and sadly in need of repairs and a steam roller. Through the Newtons the roads were, as usual, superb, but the rural city does not appear to possess a single hotel, only one restaurant affording the wearied traveller opportunity for rest and refreshment.

The "Suffolk" Bicycle Club was organized and took its first club run to Readville and return, on Saturday 13th inst. (Particulars in another column).

G. W. Simmons & Son, the well-known tailors of "Oak Hall" fame, are engaged in the designing of a hot-weather helmet for the B. Bi. C.

Some of the members of the Boston Club are talking of taking the run from New York to Philadelphia (96 miles) on the same day that eleven coaches of the N. Y. Four-in-hand Club propose to use up twelve hours of time and three hundred and ninety-six horses in covering the distance.

A CARD.

Mr. Will. R. Pitman, bicyclist, whose recent ride on a 52 in. "Stanley" from Haverhill to Boston we have in a former issue referred to, says that the route was the roughest, mudiest, and worst he ever attempted, and that, had not some of his friends and members of the Boston Bicycle Club gone out and met him on the way, his courage might have failed him ere he had the task performed. To Messrs. George Agassiz and Charles Parker who rode out to Medford and encouraged his efforts, he feels under many obligations, and to Mr. Alfred Chandler, who accompanied him from that town to Boston, he feels specially indebted for the pluck his companionship imparted. To Dr. Harold Williams, for the loan of the beautiful Stanley Machine, Mr. Pitman extends his grateful thanks.

[We are pleased to know that Mr. Will R. Pitman is now engaged with the Pope Manufacturing Company, 87 Summer street, as instructor in their riding-school and as salesman. We wish the new firm and their agent every success. ED.]

An unusual pressure on our space this week, has compelled us to omit the second article on Machine Labor, and two or three interesting letters.

We have been requested to state that Mr. C. H. Hamilton, of the Y. M. C. Association, took the lead in the one mile run and kept it for two rods of the mile, when he was seized with a pain in his side and left the track. Mr. Simmons ran but a short distance when he too was taken ill, left the track and immediately fainted.

Many of our readers will be glad to hear that Mr. Edward Preble, Sub-Captain of the Boston Bicycle Club, is well and deriving much enjoyment and benefit from his European tour. When last heard from he was in Egypt, from whence he intended to return to England and indulge in a short bicycle tour, previous to his return home.

Transatlantic.

[From our own correspondent.]

LONDON, April 2, 1878.

Since my last a marked change has taken place in the weather, and we have once more passed through the "depth of winter." March came in like a lamb and went out like a lion, just the reverse to the good old-fashioned style. As we cannot expect fine weather always, there is some pleasure in knowing, or being able to hope, that the worst of it is over. The last snow fell yesterday, and spring weather shows signs of coming in.

The Hilary Term races of the Cambridge University Bicycle Club terminated on Wednesday last, having occupied four days. There was nothing calling for particular notice on the first three days, which were confined to trial heats; on the fourth day, when the finals were run, there was some fair racing. The chief races were the trials for selecting competitors for the approaching Inter-University contests; the two miles was won by the Hon. I. Keith Falconer, his chief opponent being A. Trotter, a new racing man, who made a game struggle against the formidable crack and was only beaten by a yard in the good time of 6 min. 29 sec. Trotter afterwards won a mile race in 3 min. 10 sec. Keith Falconer had a rather easy victory in the 10 miles race, which he won by 19 sec., (150 yards) in 34 min. 32 sec.; A. A. Hovey was second, and H. S. Clarke third. Trotter did not compete in this. The twenty-five miles race was a comparatively open affair, as Falconer, who is not yet in the best of form, felt the effect of his previous exertions and was unable to finish, retiring at 21 miles; the result was that a comparative outsider came in the winner, J. F. Darrell, who rode the distance in 1 hour 33 min., R. Macleod being a good second and G. A. Shopee third.

On Saturday the members of the Temple Bicycle Club, of London, decided their annual championship race (25 miles) at the Alexandra Park. The track, which is gravel, and nearly half uphill and half down, was thoroughly demoralized, not having recovered from the recent fall of snow and rain; all up the hill was a mass of muddy and soaked gravel, through which they had to plough sixty-two times, to complete the distance. The winner was H. Akers, who beat C. W. Fagan by 200 yards, only these two finishing out of nine starters; the time occupied was actually 2 hours 25 1-2 min., and both had no little difficulty in finishing, so hard was the work. The race itself was one of the hardest fought struggles I have ever seen, and nothing but sheer pluck pulled the men through, Fagan being beaten a mile from home. Fagan is well-known as a bicycle tourist from his accounts of tours and rides, written by him under the *nom de plume* of "Sprig o' Shillelagh."

A tricycle club is in course of formation at Coventry; eleven gentlemen in the town having machines are down for membership. A medical man is the moving spirit, there being no bicyclist connected with it. The ladies, however, look graciously on the project.

"FAST RUN ACROSS COUNTRY."—In August 1877, Mr. H. E. Kearley, captain of the Royal District Bicycle Club, after the Winchester meet, at which he was present, having ridden in with the Portsmouth and Chichester Clubs, started for his residence at Slough, at four o'clock exactly, and accomplished the journey without a single dismount, the distance being 52 miles. Basingstoke (18 miles) was passed through at 5.36, Reading (34 miles) at 6.55 and the entire journey was completed at 8.22. The roads were in splendid order and the wind, although slight, was favorable.

.. A MONSTER MEET of English bicyclists was projected for the 18th inst., and was doubtless carried out. This would be the third annual meet of the kind, and it was expected that upwards of two thousand riders would assemble at Hampton Court on the occasion.

Our English advices will doubtless come to hand before our next issue is published, in which we shall hope to give a detailed account for the benefit of our home bicyclists, and for their guidance when, in the not very distant future, we shall essay a similar exhibition on this side of the Atlantic.

BOSTON BICYCLES.

The bicycle of to-day is a scarcely recognized relative of the velocipede of ten years ago. Not in circumferential impressiveness alone does it differ, but in everything that indicates speed and spirit. It is rather a thing of life, communicating, like the animated steed, a perfect rush of agreeable sensations to its delighted rider. Nor is the latter's elevation so very much less in the seat than it would be in the saddle; and although the infinite variety of sensations communicated by quadrupedal motion is not to be expected by one who prefers riding a wheel to backing a horse, it is conceded that there is a general glow to be enjoyed from propelling the modern bicycle over suburban roads to which the tumultuous horseback feelings are a stranger. Perhaps the quality of physical courage may not be the precise product of the wheel cavalier, but it is not to be disputed that the other quality of perseverance is developed enough to compensate. There are two sides to everything, and to the bicycle there appears to be nothing else. There may not be the opportunity for the man at the wheel to display the grace, in passing a lady admirer, which falls to the man on horseback; it is one thing to be seen making use of one's legs as a double barreled piston rod, and another thing to carry them akimbo, as it were, with the tips of the boots daintily caught on the scarcely visible stirrup.

Still, there is always a measure of grace where there is a basis of usefulness; and for taking the early morning air, or bathing the feverish forehead in the twilight dews, stealing like a revolving dream along leafy avenues and under the sheltering hedges, the bicycle must be admitted to furnish a servant that may claim to have none but the horse for its rival. From this time forward the up-town avenues and suburban roads will be alive with the new club graduates, out taking their airy degrees. The landscapes will grow picturesque under the influence of their rotary motions. Horses that are warranted to stand anywhere without tying will on all sides testify their joy at the novel incursion of the modern centaur. Boys will run likewise, and dogs will bark; and there will be as great commotion and glee as when the beggars in rags and jags made their historic irruption into town. And the spirits of the riders will "go round" correspondingly, churning a medley of delights which only bicyclists themselves can recognize but cannot describe. Boston is going to do her whole duty on this subject; she is never behind, and here she will certainly be before. The telephonic spirit is abroad. Men will soon be seen as trees walking. Long business stagnation is to be succeeded by a revolution, and the big wheel of the bicyclist will testify what manner of revolution it shall be.

[We clip the foregoing from the editorial columns of our neighbor, the "Boston Post." Our brother editor should certainly become a bicyclist, if he is not one already; but whether he is or not, he is made of the right stuff for one, and we extend to him the right hand of fellowship.—ED.]

FROM MAINE TO SAN FRANCISCO.

If tokens of appreciation of one's efforts are of value at all, they become exceedingly so when those efforts are made in a cause, the importance of which is of necessity as yet only fully appreciated by a minority. Missionary work of any kind, whether prosecuted in the Fejee Islands, or (where it is often more needed) at home, is at best "up hill" labor, but the labor is greatly lightened, and the work assumes a phase akin to play, when it is greeted with the smile of approval and encouragement.

We are prompted to these remarks by the unusually large amount of congratulatory correspondence which we have been favored with since our last issue. From half the States in our Union, from the mother country, and in one case, from France, have come letters, the contents of which have in some cases afforded us, in new subscriptions, *substantial* reasons for our gratification, and all of which express the kindest appreciation of our endeavors, and wishes for our success.

We have not space to notice all our correspondents, or even to thank them individually, but we wish each of them to feel that their remarks are more than gratifying to us, and to assure them that it will be our constant aim to merit the continuance of their approbation.

From among the letters before us we will cull a few extracts, as representing the general tenor.

From New York: "When you consider how badly we were bitten by the impracticable old rattle-trap velocipede, or as you so appropriately term it, "bone-shaker," you will understand the reasons for our apathy * * * It (the Am. Bi. Jour.) has opened some of our eyes, and we shall not be far behind you eventually, as you will see. * * * Go on in the good work, and may all success attend you."

From Portland, Me.: "Our bad roads forbid any general adoption of the machine, I fear, but we can get *some* pleasant runs, and as soon as our machines arrive we shall try them, and I will let you know the result. * * * I hope your back-numbers will be here soon, for I am impatient to read them."

From Washington, D. C.: "I never can sufficiently congratulate myself on my luck in finding your paper at "Wormley's." * * * Lots of my friends are going to subscribe."

From Jacksonville, Fla.: "How I regret that the bicycle is impracticable here; and how I long for the time when I shall return North and make the acquaintance of your 'steely steed.' * * * I am more interested in yours than in any other paper."

From an English Bicycle Club: "Our fellows are unanimous, that your paper, as a literary production is far ahead of any of our home journals, and we should not like our club-room to be without it."

From another English Bicycle Club: "The club rules in No. 4 are the best and most complete I have yet seen. * * * we shall adopt them very nearly as written."

The secretary of yet another English club writes very nearly the same as the foregoing.

From San Francisco: "If I can only infuse my friends with one half of the bicyclic enthusiasm, that possesses me, both the bicycle and your much esteemed paper will soon be firmly established here. * * * I earnestly hope that your success will soon enable you to favor your subscribers with a weekly greeting."

In conclusion, we quote from another San Francisco correspondent, the following:

"Your paper is very well written, printed in a neat and pleasant form, and contains items interesting not only to bicyclists, but even to the profane and sceptical."

Enclosed please find a post-office order on the Boston office for \$7.50 payable to yourself, being for three copies of your paper, for one year from the first number issued. You will please send us the back copies at once, and I have no doubt, but the succeeding numbers will reach us punctually hereafter. Enclosed you will find the different addresses of the three subscribers, of which I am one.

Allow me to make a few remarks on the circumstances and causes, which have prompted me to subscribe to your journal. I was one of the very few remaining riders of the old style of velocipedes, of wood and iron in this far-off metropolis of the Pacific coast and found great pleasure in my frequent rides in the suburbs of our city, where the streets and roads, however, are execrable. About two years ago, by a mere chance, I saw a design of the new-style bicycle of steel and rubber, with large spider-wheel, thin spokes, etc., made in Paris by one Guitan. As an expert rider, I instantly saw the difference between the bone-shaker and the new machine and decided to order one immediately. It came by rail and steamer via Panama, and I found all my expectations not only realized, but even surpassed. Subsequently I received some papers and pamphlets from England, from which I learned that the bicycle has been still further improved in that country. There are now four machines from Coventry on their way to this port ordered by me for friends of mine, and as soon as they arrive, which will be in about six weeks, we intend to form a club in this city and propagate the art of wheel-riding, in support of which you wield your eminent pen since December last. I thus happen to be the first owner and rider of the new bicycle on this Pacific coast, and I must confess that I feel somewhat proud of this fact. The exercise derived from these machines is splendid, the enjoyment delightful and unsurpassed by anything but flying. If you will allow me, I shall send you soon a short description of a run to our coast hotel called the "Cliff House," near the Golden Gate, which might perhaps interest your readers, coming from such a distant disciple of the art."

RALPH DE C.

EXPLANATORY.

Date, March 17th, 1873.—Time, 3.20 P. M.—Place, Columbus avenue, near Dartmouth street.—*Dramatis Personæ*, a policeman, two small boys, and a crowd.

Policeman (evidently not a subscriber to the AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL) to first small boy, loquitor: "What's all this crowd a waitin' for, bub?"

First small boy (with the calm brevity pertaining to superior knowledge), "Bicycles."

Policeman (not quite understanding, and seeking further information), "Icicles! Ieycles!!! What d'yer mean?"

Second small boy (seeing his opportunity) "No, not icycles; bicycles! Ferloserfeeds!"

Policeman (much relieved), "Oh!"

The crowd (with excitement), "Here they come! Look! Ain't they graceful?" &c.

Policeman (with courteous dignity), "Now, then, stand back please."

If the New York "Sun" publishes any more such libellous paragraphs as the following, the wrath of the outraged Bicycle Club will roll over it like a waterwheel: "There is a revival of velocipede riding in Boston, and the sport is becoming fashionable. Twenty-three riders recently made the trip to Squantum and back together." The riding is done on the noble bicycle, instead of the ignominious velocipede, Mr. Sun. The bicycle bears no more relation to the velocipede than Flora Temple does to a yoke of oxen. *Boston Globe*.

The American Bicycling Journal.

THE AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL will be published every other Saturday, at noon. Our country readers will much oblige by reporting any failure in delivery.

All communications should be addressed, and all money should be sent to, *Editor AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL, 178 Devonshire Street, Boston, Mass.* To ensure priority of insertion, all communications should reach us not later than noon on Wednesday preceding publication.

THE AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL will be sent to any address, in the United States, or Canada, postpaid, for one year, for \$2.50, paid in advance.

We will forward single copies of this journal, postage free, on receipt of price—Ten cents.

As soon as the demand will warrant it, we propose publishing an edition each week, for first year. A new subscription rate will then be made—which, for the first year—will not affect those whose subscriptions have not expired.

All communications must be accompanied by the real names and addresses of the writers—not necessarily for publication—but as a guaranty of good faith. We cannot undertake to read anonymous letters, or to return rejected contributions. Write on one side of the paper only.

BOSTON, APRIL 27, 1878.

"REGULATION OF BICYCLES."

The future American bicyclist will be apt to regard the anniversary of the 22d day of April as one of some importance to his interests, for on that day, in this year of grace 1878, he and his machine and his habit and manner of riding it, were first deemed of sufficient consequence to be worthy of attention, with view to special legislation, if such should be found to be requisite. On that day our City Government in its Board of Aldermen—and the latter body at the instance of Alderman Harris—passed the following order:—"That the Committee on Police consider and report, if any measures are necessary to regulate the passage of bicycles through the streets of our city."

In view of the large increase in the number of bicycles during the past few months,—the ratio of which increase does not in the least diminish, but on the contrary bids fair to grow larger as the season advances—we who have long foreseen the probability and the desirability of some such action as the above, are inclined to congratulate our City Government upon its early attention

to a matter in which the interests both of the bicycling and the non-bicycling public are equally concerned. We do not think that the gentlemen to whom the matter has been referred will find that any "measures are necessary" at present, but we hope that they will at once take steps to acquire such an amount of knowledge of our pedo-locomotor, and of experience in its capabilities, uses and enjoyments, that when the time does arrive they may be in a position to legislate both wisely and well.

To the best of our knowledge the general public regard both the bicycle and its riders with favor. At each of the advertised club meets a large gathering of interested spectators has occurred, and both from them and the other spectators who have assembled along the line of route, or endeavored to accompany the club on its runs, we have heard no expressions but those of admiring interest. Some of our most distinguished and esteemed citizens are known to have taken a keen pleasure in witnessing the graceful motions of our "steely steeds," and if rumor is correct we are likely 'ere long to add to the list of votaries of our pastime, a name not unworthy to stand on the same roll which contains that of one of the most distinguished and honored of bicyclists—the Rt. Hon. Robert Lowe. With such present and increasing popular favor, it is not likely that the action of the Board of Aldermen will result in anything detrimental to our interests, enjoyments or usefulness; but we are impressed with the fact that that honorable body are very fully employed in their official duties, and that we have not ALL their names on the list of subscribers to our paper. To the latter, the query of "What is home without the AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL?" will doubtless some day come with not-to-be-denied intensity; but in the meantime there is a possibility that some of them may not fully appreciate our mode of locomotion, or the vehicle on which we practise it. We know of one gentleman in the City Government who until a few days ago was under the impression that the modern bicycle and the old "bone shaker" velocipede were very similar in mechanism. To-day that gentleman appreciates the difference, and may be considered as one of the most enthusiastic and ardent friends to the cause.

This afternoon (April 26th), should the weather permit, the Boston Bicycle Club will hold its weekly meet on Boylston street opposite Trinity church. If the aldermen will proceed there so as to be on the spot shortly before three o'clock, and will then watch the graceful evolutions of the riders who will be arriving and preparing for the club run to Quincy, we venture to predict that they will be favorably impressed with the noiseless rapid-

ity of the vehicles, and with the ease and skill with which they are controlled by their riders; and we shall be out in our judgment if they do not coincide with the views we have expressed—that at present legislation in the matter is unnecessary.

This, however, does not apply to the future. When bicyclists are sufficiently numerous, legislation must be called for, not only by the public but by the riders themselves; and when that time arrives our legislators will be better acquainted with the facts of the case than they are at present, and will be likely to exercise sounder judgment in dealing with the problem. The rights of all, riders and non-riders, will have to be carefully considered; the former, to the end that each may be protected in his freedom of action, and in his manner of pursuit of health or pleasure or business; and the latter, to the end that in none of these shall his or her rights or enjoyments be in the slightest degree affected, marred or endangered. We shall revert to this topic again in a future issue, and in leaving it for the present, we do so feeling that bicyclists may be perfectly assured, that the gentlemen who have this matter in hand will not act without fully understanding the merits of the case, and that their action, when taken, will be in justice and for the good of the whole public, of which bicyclists are only for a while in the minority.

THE SUFFOLK BICYCLE CLUB.

Formation and First Club Run.

Last Saturday (April 13th), more than a dozen young men from the "new land," Brookline and Cambridge, assembled at the house of Mr. Sharp on Commonwealth avenue, for the purpose of forming a bicycle club. The name "Suffolk Bicycle Club" was decided upon and the following officers were elected: T. C. Sharp, Jr., Captain; C. A. Parker, Sub-Captain; L. Prescott, Road Master; F. E. Cabot, Secretary and Treasurer; T. H. Storer, Recording Secretary.

After the election of officers the newly organized club had their first "run." Starting at eleven, the route taken lay through Commonwealth avenue, Dartmouth street, Columbus avenue, Chester Park, Hampden street, Blue Hill avenue, Brush Hill turnpike, across Pauls bridge to Readville; then in by Hyde Park avenue to Forest Hills, where the word was given to dismount, and the pangs of a bicycling appetite (which can not be conceived of by any one who has not ridden half a day on a bicycle in the open air) assuaged at a neighboring grocery store. The machines were then again mounted, and South, Eliot, Prince streets and Goddard avenue, Warren, Heath, Hammond and Beacon streets were successively passed to Chestnut Hill reservoirs, and from the reservoirs, Beacon (making a slight deviation through Washington and Harvard), Chester Park and Commonwealth avenue, where the run terminated. All the members rode the whole distance.

The time, including stops, was a little over four hours, and the distance about twenty-eight miles. Of course much bet-

ter time could have been made; but as it was the first day on the road for two or three, and considerable time was lost in Mattapan on account of an accident to one of the machines, it was, on the whole, a very creditable and successful "meet."

The members of the Suffolk Club are very much younger than the Bostonians; but age is not always indicative of skill in the bicyclist, and the feats done by members of the older association may yet be equalled by the Suffolk Club.

A NOVEL PHOTOGRAPH.

Any of our riders who would like to know how they look when mounted, or who wish to impart the same knowledge to friends at a distance, can now do so with ease. G. L. Clarke & Co., whose advertisement appears in another column, have perfected a very simple arrangement by which a photograph of the rider mounted on his machine is produced not only with life-like fidelity, but with all the spirit and motion which pertain to the real thing.

Clarke & Co. have by their energy laid lasting obligations upon our brethren of the wheel. We had occasion in a former number to remark that no house could be considered complete without a bicycle; to this we now add, that no family album will in the future be considered complete unless it contains a photograph of at least one bicyclist—"mounted on his machine."

VISITORS TO PARIS.

The Paris correspondent of the "London Bicycling Journal" advises bicycling tourists who may desire to meet their brethren of the wheel, or who require information as to routes, roads, &c., to seek the following rendezvous of the French bicyclists: *Cafe Vercingetorix*, first floor, 47 Rue de Rennes, any Friday evening at nine o'clock. *Velo Sport de Paris*, headquarters 59 bis. Rue de Vaugirard, on the first Friday of each month at 9.30 P. M. *Union Velocipedique Parisienne*, headquarters 103 Boulevard St. Michel, every Saturday from eight to ten P. M.

Upon arriving home after a long, hot and dusty run,—first indulge in a thorough rub down, and a complete change of clothing. This will occupy nearly half an hour, and THEN—but not till then—you may open that bottle of Toledo Lager which Vossler advertises in another column. One long quaff and then—somewhat, as the old song has it:

"Oh that a 'cyclist's draft might be
As deep as the rolling Zuyder Zee."

Mr. T. R. Burnham, of old-time velocipede fame, the man who in 1869 realized the utility of the principle and was not afraid of being laughed at for practising what he preached, is settled in Portland, Me., from whence he is watching with much gratified interest the development of the modern bicycle, and the increase in the number of its riders. Mr. Burnham is said to have ridden a mile in four minutes on a 46-in. "bone-shaker"—thought then to be a machine of immense size—the weight of which was ninety-five pounds. We do not know whether he is now in good condition for pedal exercise, but if he is he should mount a 60-in. racer weighing thirty-five pounds, and we doubt not he would prove a competitor hard to beat.

The man who is uncertain about using the term bicycles, speaks of them as "those things, you know, that they ride on and look into second-story windows with."

—[Transcript.]

Correspondence Column.

MR. EDITOR: The prancing of your "span of jackasses," in number eight of your vivacious journal, has probably provoked more merriment in bicycling circles than have Billings' "Alminax" for the past three years.

The laugh they provoke is the best refutation of their nonsense. Your scarification of the "Scientific American," however, though richly merited, is very severe; and in anticipation that you may leap at once into the newspaper paradise of a libel suit, I hasten to offer my testimony in the following deposition which I am ready to sign and swear to in your behalf whenever requested. You are at liberty to "put it where it will do the most good," even if that be to make a scratch-my-back of it to write your racy editorials on.

Yours for a "run,"

C. U. LITTLETON.

Boston, April 7th, 1878.

DEPOSITION OF COKE U. LITTLETON.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Suffolk ss.:

I, Coke Upon Littleton, of Boston Highlands in said county of Suffolk, on oath depose and say as follows, to wit: I am a short, fat, lazy man, of sedentary and professional habits, and for the past twelve years unused to much exercise except of the brain; my height is five feet six inches, my weight one hundred and fifty-six pounds, and I am a slow and reluctant walker, being wearied by walking a mile prior to January 10th, 1878. At that date I was in poor health and taking tonics, and was bidden by my physician to take muscular exercise and open air. I was too lazy to do the dull, treadmill work of a gymnasium, and too poor to ride horseback. I resorted to the bicycle, then known to me only by fame. I had never ridden a velocipede, and am not quick at athletic sports, but in less than a week I learned to ride in a hall, and soon acquired the various common accomplishments of the biped-aliferous wheel. This was in the interstices of time between busy hours at Court and office. I was converted. I became a new man. I renewed my youth like the eagle. Gone are the heavy headaches and the cerulean blues. I absorb more hash and no tonics. I eschew horsecars as a slow and laborious means of locomotion. I take my 48 inch "Tension" and go to and from business, three and one-half miles each way, in the clear open air, in twenty minutes, and feel exhilarated and rested. And now I am on an equality, so to speak, with other men, asking no odds from them for distance or hills or roughness of roads. I ride fourteen, eighteen or twenty-five miles after three o'clock of Saturday afternoons without fatigue or discomfort, and rise after a refreshing night's sleep with no reminder in bone or muscle save a feeling of strength and freedom prompting another run. The power and the charm of my faithful though sensitive wheel is wonderful. It acts under me like an animal; it shies, it kicks, it leaps, it is in constant and infinitely variable

motion. It exercises and develops every muscle in the body—except the ears; in my judgment, two months familiarity with the bicycle will reduce the ears of any "jackass" to respectable human proportions.

I ride twenty miles in two hours with less fatigue than I could walk three miles in one hour. When I walk I lift one hundred and fifty-six pounds, carry it and set it down again every two and one-half feet of progress, that is, about 2175 times in a mile, and it requires twenty minutes of exertion. When I ride I lift the 156 pounds once, put it on a truck, (four feet in diameter with anti-friction roller-bearings) weighing thirty-five pounds, and push the weight of body and all, the mile in five minutes of easy and distributed exertion. In my opinion a really "Scientific American," or anybody but a "jackass" will find the problem no more difficult of demonstration abstractly than the following examples: a man can with difficulty lift in the clear a weight of 200 pounds up two feet, but he can with ease lift the 200 pounds plus five pounds of rope, plus three pounds of pulley blocks, plus two pounds of iron clamps, up twenty feet by means of the mechanical contrivance of rope and pulley; or a man can lift himself, a platform and a heavy rope and pulley combination up to the fourth story of a building as easily and as quickly as he can walk up a flight of stairs.

And deponent further says that in his opinion the velocipede is the "one horse shay" of our grandfathers; the bicycle is the Goddard buggy of to-day—and more too; mechanically, it calls into play more muscles and senses in a more natural and exhilarating way than any other means of exercise; and aesthetically, it is a joy forever.

And further deponent now saith not.

Subscribed and sworn to, this — day of —————— 1878, before me,

Justice of the Peace.

SUNDAY-RIDING.

EDITOR BICYCLING JOURNAL.

BOSTON, Monday April 7, 1878.

My attention was drawn with pleasure, when looking over a number of your paper, to your observations and extracts on this question of Sunday-riding. Being a good deal interested in the decision of what the proper use of Sunday is, and also in the general use of the Bicycle, I think you will excuse the intrusion of a few words from me, although I have not as yet found my equilibrium on wheels.

You express yourself as if surprised at the unprejudiced way in which the writers of the Old Country treated the subject; as if you thought there was more of the old Sabbatarian idea there than here in New England. I wish to say it is not so. There are many things in the sensible use of Sunday that may be learned by Boston from the cities of England and Ireland. The railroads, for instance, run in many cases double the

usual number of trains for the first ten or fifteen miles of road, generally giving a return-ticket for single fare. The small bay and river steamboat lines also, do the same thing.

Mr. Holding's views are tolerably fair. I do not think it would be advisable to make it a day for advertised club runs, but that such opinions as those of the third writer whom you quote should go without more distinct refutation, astonishes me.

I believe Sunday is no longer a day to be kept holy by doing nothing on it. The Sabbath of the future is a day consecrated to advancement; that is, to our improvement morally, intellectually and physically.

I think no club could more surely sign its own death-warrant than by invading a member's liberty, by stating he shall not do as he pleases when he is neither in the club-room, nor under command of its officers.

I consider it a day meant for perfect individuality of action, the day of perfect freedom, when all our duties are suspended but those we owe to ourselves and to God.

I have yet to see a better use made of the day than to take all the members of a family, the heads of which are laboring hard all the week long, and the children continuously at school, into some beautiful secluded spot in the country. I know from experience it does them as much good morally and intellectually as physically. I have yet to find a better way for a couple of young men to spend a Summer Sunday than by an early tramp to a country church, and to luxuriate in the woods and fields for the remainder of the day. The only difference between walking and riding the mettlesome steed is that you enlarge your sphere of action.

I am glad to say that I believe modern ideas of the use of Sunday are making rapid progress in the Hub, and I hope yet to see it leading in this good cause as it does in many others, and that your journal will take a part in it as well as in its present object.

I am respectfully, yours

AMOS.

LOCOMOTORY.

EDITOR AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL:—

Early in the discussion of the question of the practicability and desirability of the bicycle, I had occasion, in an article over the signature of "Young Man Afraid of His Bicycle," to need a word which I could not find in any dictionary, and availing myself of the examples placed before me by Mr. Joseph Cook, a man who would, I think, make an excellent bicyclist, I coined one to suit my purpose.

The word was "locomotory." I am glad to see that your nicely printed and well gotten-up journal has promptly sailed in and adopted this word. Henceforth no decently constructed dictionary of the English language will be considered worthy the name of dictionary if it does not contain the adjective "locomotory," and its meaning, and for authority refers to the "Boston

Transcript," which first used it in my article, and that high authority, the BICYCLE JOURNAL, which approved the word and squarely adopted it. The word is needed, because there is no other in existence which so well expresses the desired meaning. Henceforth all amusements furnished by the various methods of getting over the ground, such as pedestrianism, equestrianism, bicycling, &c., will, of course, be termed locomotory amusements.

When struggling for this new word a good friend near suggested the old word locomotive used as an adjective. But that will not do. The noun locomotive is at once in mind, and the reader would perhaps imagine that we were referring to some amusement connected with the ever-present locomotive. No; locomotory is the word, and to the B. J. belongs the credit of establishing it.

And as you are a progressive journal let me suggest that you may need, as you meet, from time to time, with the friend and the objector to the bicycle; two other words. How would it do to term the supporters of the wheel "bicyphites," and its opponents "bicyphobes"? To neither of these classes do I at present belong. I neither hate nor love the bicycle; but am still squinting at it with a cautious eye, hoping that it may ultimately prove all that its best friends claim it to be—and in so hoping I feel that in fairness I must acknowledge myself to be, Yours,

YOUNG MAN STILL LESS AFRAID OF A DUPLEX EXCELSIOR OR BICYCLE.

From "Hunt's Yachting Magazine."

A VILLAINOUS PURPOSE FOILED BY A SHARK.

"People, sir," said the old sailor, "don't believe nothin' that haint heerd tell on before, and that were the reason why I couldn't hyrst in that there fish story what that parson told us about Jonah bein' swallowed up by that whale; but a while ago arter that I seen with my own eyes somethin' as singular, if not singulärer, and then I felt kind of shamed at havin' doubted the parson. The way it were, I were' fore the mast in the ship Rappahannock, Captain Drummond, bound from New Orleans to Liverpool. She were a big, ungainly ark of a ship, but she carried a tremendous load of cotton for them times, bein' built specially for the New Orleans trade. The mate were a big two-fisted chap, whose name I disremember, dreadful hard onto sailors, but a fust-rate sailor man hisself as ever jined two eends of a rope together, and desperate fond of fishin'. There weren't scarce a minnit out of the day that he didn't have a line out over the stern, while the iron were always becketted out on the martingale ready for porpusse, with tail-blocks on the foretopmast-stay and fluke-rope all ready. In one quarter-boat were a lilly iron, and in the other were a set of grainse, all rigged and ready for use. Hows'ever sir that ship got out of the Gulf must be charged to the current, 'cause she wouldn't go to wind'ard, not cotton loaded, no more than a crab; but by means of the current, which is from two to three knots 'twixt Floridy and the Bahamys, arter a time she used to drift out. Carryin' sail onto her weren't no good, and for the most of the time arter passin' the Tortugases, we kep' her under double reefs. One arternoon we was a headin' in towards Orange Kays, the wind bein' about nor'-nor'east, when we made a ship ahead of us a runnin' down along the edge of the Banks, jist inside the line of the Gulf. All of a sudden she came-to all standin' and

down came her starn-sails by the run, and from what we could judge, bein' a long way off of her, she had either got too close in and touched on the bottom, or else somebody aboard of her had tumbled overboard and they be to try and pick him up. We was under double reefs, and scarce goin' any through the water, and it were a matter of a hour afore we got in where she were, and in the meantime she had filled away onto her course agin, and gone on about her business.

"We runned in furder than usual, 'cause it were comin' on night, and the old man wanted for to get a good departure at nightfall, and I suppose it wanted about an hour of dark when we hauled up the mainsail and weared her round onto the starboard tack. We'd just got everythin' trimmed, when one of the chaps sings out, 'There's a big shark!' And at once the mate he sings out for a hunk of pork, and he had the shark-hook over the starn in a jiffy. We was a forgin' ahead about three knots, and Mr. Shark he come swimmin' lazily along in our wake, and by and by he seen the pork and made a spring for it. The mate he played him nice and let him git a good hold of it and then, with a hard jerk, he fastened the hook into his jaw and had him solid. He was a tremendous big feller and the mate had lots of fun with him. You see, he darent pull him in to onet, 'cause he were feared of partin' the line, or else drawin' the hook out of his jaws, and at times we had to let him run, snubbin' him hard with a turn of the line over a pin. Then the shark would git tired of that and come for the ship, when the mate would gather in the slack of the line till the fish concluded for to run agin. Finally, just at dark, he got him under the counter and we got a bow line over his tail and with a watch tackle over the mizen-topmast backstay, we hysted him on board and dragged him for'ard.

"'Rip him open,' says the mate, 'and let's see what he's got insied of him; he may have a good mess of fresh fish for us; these here varmints swalliers things whole, and don't take time for to chaw 'em.'

"With that one of the chaps whips out his knife and rips the shark open, and sure enough there were somethin' inside of him, and fust off we couldn't for the life of us tell what it were, but on pullin' it out whatever should it be but a youngster about three years old.

"Dear, dear, said the mate, as he took the youngster in his arms and started to go aft, 'killin' is too good for that brute; cut him up into mince meat and chuck him overboard;' and you may well believe we done so. We were all astonished and delighted, hows'ever, when we learned soon arterwards that the kid were alive and doin' well.

The old man had his wife aboard with him, and she were delighted when the steward got this kid all washed off and he turned out to be just one of the finest lookin' little chaps you ever put your eyes on. In a day or two the little fellow were a runnin' about the decks as pert as a peach, and all hands, fore and aft, thought the world of him.

"We drifted north of Maternilla arter a while, and gittin' a westerly wind we squared away and made a straight course for the Channel, instead of tryin' to follow the course of the Gulf. The wind held light with us though, and it were forty-five days arter that afore we got in. The pickin' up of the boy were of course reported at the Consul's office, but as the old man's wife had got very fond of him, and wanted to keep him, the Consul agreed to it, and that were all there were about it. You see, there weren't any steamers in them days, and as the old man agreed to take him home and try to find out who he belonged to, why it were about as quick a way as any to git him to his friends.

"We discharged our cargo and took in coal enough on ship's account to ballast her, and started back to New Orleans for another load of cotton. Our passage back was good enough for that ship, though a fast vessel would have gone

in half the time, but it were sixty days arter we come out of dock afore we got to the passes, where a steamer hooked onto us and yanked us up the river.

"All this time this here young chap which we ripped out of the shark, was with us, and as well and frisky as a young goat. The old man's wife had rigged him up in first-class dunnage while she were in Liverpool, and if she'd been actilly his mother she couldn't have done better by him. I jist believes that she were a-hopin' all the while as nobody wouldn't ever turn up to claim him. Hows'ever, arter we got up to the city, and the old man had the yarn all writ up about our catchin' the shark and findin' this here kid into him, and when it was writ he had it put into all the newspapers, and lo! and behold, the very next day down drives a carriage to the levee and a woman comes aboard as turned out to be the little chap's mother.

"We'd all left the ship afore this, but we heerd all about it when we went down two days arterwards for to git paid off, and the steward told me as he never in all his life see such a time as them two blessed women made over that there boy.

"Then it all came out. The ship we had seen runnin' down the edge of the Banks were the Memphis, a reg'lar New Orleans packet, and this here woman were a passenger aboard of her with her boy. She were a widder woman, and her husband had been worth no end of money. Onto the same ship were a man as were her husband's brother. I mind his name 'cause it were a funny one and one that come to be well knowd in New Orleans by reason of this boy, and this is what he were called, as many livin' there at that time can testify to and show that I'm not yarin' a bit in what I'm a-tellin' you about him. His name were Nat Babcock, and if ever there were a villian he were just that villian. You see, sir, the way of it were that he thought if he could git rid of this here boy he could manage to mitten on the standin' part of all the property which his brother had left, and so this here arternoon he gets the youngster abaft the house—the Memphis had a full poop, you see, and a wheel-house on the after part of it—and he jist ups and gives him a sea toss, thinkin' that nobody didn't see him. But it so happened that there were a chap of the name of Crafts, what were on the mizen-royal yard a-passin' a new parral lashin', and he seen him when he done it and giv' the alarm. The helm was put down at onet, and, as I told you afore, we seen her when she come to all standin', with all her stun-sails set. Of course there were a great deal of confusion, and it were some time afore they got a boat in the water, and arter lookin' for the boy for a half-hour or so, they giv' it up, supposin' he were drowned, and went on to New Orleans, where they was bound.

"As soon as the ship arrives this here Babcock were arrested and locked up in the calaboose, where he had been ever since. This here Crafts also was locked up for a witness for fear he might cut his lucky and go off to sea agi'n, and the very day we arrived they was a tryln' this Babcock for murder in the United States Court.

"Well, of course the boy bein' alive put a stop to all this, but I believe they tried this Babcock onto a charge of attempting to kill the boy, and he were sent to Baton Rouge for a long term, which sartinly serv'd him right. That there boy, sir, if he's alive and you can find him, he'll tell you that this yarn is as true as preachin' and makes me think that arter all the parson wasn't lyin' when he told us about Jonah."

Answers to Correspondents.

"C. W. L." (late of N. Y.)—Yours received; glad to have your name on our subscription list at your convenience.

"T. C.W.," Norfolk.—You are under a disadvantage in not having any rider with you to teach you; but persevere and it will all come to you by degrees. Lean back going down-hill. Lean forward going up-hill. Keep upright on a level. Use the handles as little as possible. Seat should be about three inches from the front. Neither wheel should be tight or loose. You could not possibly have a better road to learn on; only be patient and persevere.

"CAPT. WORCESTER" (Eng.) B.C.—Very glad indeed to hear that you can make use of them. Our club has altered some items, but as a whole, the rules have been generally adopted. Thanks for your good wishes—which in good time will doubtless be fulfilled.

[Answers to other correspondents unavoidably crowded out.]

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BOSTON, MAY 11, 1878.

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Riding on the footpath is a temptation which bicyclists MUST resist when within the boundaries of the City of Boston. It is only fair to pedestrians that we should do so, for the footpaths are for their use and benefit, and were there no sidewalks, we,—whether mounted on bicycle or other vehicle—would probably be among the first and loudest to complain at their intruding into and incommuning us in the roadways. The laws distinctly state, in effect, these words: "No riding on the sidewalks," and it is only fair to law-abiding bicyclists that those of their brethren of the wheel, who will not otherwise, should be compelled to observe them.

—The "Crimson" says that an American firm is now making bicycles of as good quality as the English, at

less than half the cost. We must confess that this is news to us. We had an idea that experience as well as skill were items of some importance in most kinds of manufacturing enterprise, but now that we hear that an American firm has "gone right in," and already—before we can number two hundred machines in the entire State—produces as good an article as the imported one, we do not know whether to be the more surprised at the news, or at the fact that the said "American firm" does not advertise in our columns.

—Our English correspondent's letter in this issue gives the programmes of some of the principal London Clubs for the Easter tours. Most mouth-watering reading it is too, conjuring up visions of the splendid English roads, cosy wayside inns and quaint villages, which are everywhere to be met with and enjoyed in that favored land.

—“Nature's own remedy for countless evils of our artificial life will be found in her cheery out-door activities.”

This sentence is not original with us, and it occurs elsewhere in this number of our journal, but in its terse common sense it is worthy of more repetition than is afforded to it in these columns.

—Bravo! B. Bi. C. We hear that the Boston Bicycle Club are arranging for a three hundred mile tour to, and through New Hampshire and back. This is the way to realize the full benefits of our manly pastime, and to extend our knowledge and enlarge our ideas of men and things.

They start, we hear, toward the end of the present month.

SPEECH OF THE RIGHT HON. R. LOWE, M. P.

[In our last we expressed the intention to publish in this number, a pretty full report of the speech delivered by the above distinguished English statesman and eminent man of letters. The occasion was the close of the very successful club races of the West Kent Bicycle Club at the Crystal Palace, near London.

We need give no further introduction of Mr. Lowe to our readers, and his speech will speak for itself; we use the report of "The Bicycling Times," and take the opportunity of adding that at these races no less than sixteen representatives of as many London papers were present and furnished reports. This will show some of the still skeptical Bostonians the importance of the bicycling interest in England, and also the public interest in the new form of locomotion. We confidently expect the same interest to be exhibited in America, and that having the benefit arising from all the experiments and experience of the English and French pioneers, the progress of the movement in this country will be even more rapid than it has been with our English cousins. "So mote it be." ED.]

From the (English) "Bicycling Times."

At the conclusion of the races, the spectators having gathered round the band-stand, and Mr. E. C. Foreman, one of the members of the reception committee, having announced to the audience that the Rt. Hon. Robert Lowe, M. P., the president, would distribute the prizes to winners, Mr. Lowe came forward, and having in the most pleasing and kindly manner distributed the prizes, was requested by the committee to say a few words to which he consented.

The Rt. Hon. R. Lowe, M. P. (who was received with loud cheers), said: Ladies and gentlemen.—I think we have very great reason to congratulate ourselves upon the very pleasant and I think I may say unusual manner in which we have spent this afternoon (hear, hear); we have had all the excitement that the most expensive and keenly contested races could possibly have afforded us; and I think we may go home next of us with the satisfaction of knowing that no very alarming amount of money has changed hands in the course of these proceedings. We shall also have another satisfaction, that of knowing that this has been a contest of very fine young men, all doing their very best, but only disposing of their own strength and energy. We have heard nothing of what is known as "calling upon horses;" we have had no whip or spurs (hear, hear). We trust entirely to the gallant young fellows themselves; and it is a pleasure to think that our satisfaction has been tinged with no amount of cruelty or suffering whatever. I have been from the first a very strong advocate for the bicycle (cheers); in fact, I may claim to have been an ante-bicyclist (laughter), for I hardly know whether any of you remember or perhaps know that in the reign of George the Fourth there was an attempt made to have something like a bicycle. It was called a "dandy horse," and had no springs, but simply a bar of iron with two wheels and a saddle, upon which the bicyclist propelled himself by kicking the ground as he went along. I had the honor in the reign of that monarch of riding one of those machines, so I may call myself an ante-bicyclist or an anticipator of the bicycle (cheers). I remember riding a mile race with the mail on one of those machines, and I contrived to get in before it to my infinite delight (laughter and cheers). Therefore, having had this experience in old times I hailed the introduction of the bicycle with great pleasure, not only because I thought it would be an amusement, but more than that, because I thought I saw in it a great many advantages

(hear, hear). I thought it was a fine employment and exercise for young men, and would keep them out of a great deal of mischief, and I thought it better for them to spend their mornings and evenings in this exercise than in many of the ways that might be mentioned (cheers). I thought it would do a great deal of good, and I am satisfied that if persons who are not young would addict themselves to the use of the bicycle they would find it a very good thing, and the best possible antidote against the gout (laughter and cheers). Well, it is not my business here to give advice, but I would venture to make one suggestion. I believe it to be superfluous in most instances, but it cannot be too strongly enforced upon bicycle riders, and that is, that they should be under the same control and self-imposed regulations as in riding a horse (hear, hear), as no man would gallop a horse through a thoroughfare or crowded street, still more so, no man should ride a bicycle in a crowded street at a great speed (hear, hear). I mention this not only on the ground of humanity, on which ground I am sure it is quite unnecessary to do so, but also because I am quite sure that nothing could be more injurious to the spread of the occupation of bicycling than that there should be accidents or serious causes of complaint, as I am very sorry that there are a great many of my countrymen who dislike anything that is new, and who wish to find a ground of complaint against anything on that account (hear, hear). I will just mention one thing for the benefit of those who, like myself, may be said to have passed the first bloom of youth (laughter), and who may not be quite so active in getting on or getting off as those young gentlemen we have seen to-day, and that is, that an invention has been brought out, which I myself have tried, by Messrs. Singer & Co., of Coventry, which is called a "Safety Bicycle," by which you cannot go quite so fast as Mr. Keen, but quite as fast as is good for yourselves, and without climbing up on a high wheel. You can put your feet to the ground at once, and it is quite as easy to work as any other. I mention it not for the benefit of the aspiring geniuses we have seen to-day, but for those who may be anxious not so much for the glory of bicycling as for the object I have mentioned to suggest to you, namely, an antidote for the gout (laughter). There is a certain period of life when a man does not fall off with the same satisfaction as those gentlemen we have seen to-day (laughter). Instead of getting up and smiling, he looks rather rueful, and retires to his couch rather to meditate upon the folly he has committed than the skill he has exhibited (laughter). I will add one thing, and that is, that I should be very glad if those who take an interest in this useful pursuit could agree upon some scheme which could be pressed upon the higher powers for obtaining some place, such as one of the parks, for example, where, without disturbing anybody and with pleasure to themselves, bicyclists might practise (loud cheers). I think such a claim to be exceedingly reasonable, and one which the government ought to grant, and I have the less hesitation in advising it because I see no chance whatever of my being in a position to refuse such a request." (Loud cheering, in the midst of which the honorable gentleman retired.)

OUT OF DOORS.

From the "Boston Advertiser."

These pleasant April days are full of suggestions and encouragement for those out-door exercises which are so much needed to keep up and increase one's stock of health and vigor. The rough, boisterous weather which makes us hug our firesides has been left behind. Every day now brings us nearer to the time when the ideal of enjoyment is to live out doors, and almost envy the savage his life of woods and fields. There can be no doubt that our people have learned to value

more than they used to do the advantages of exercise in the open air. The crusade in behalf of physical culture, so bravely led by the author of "Saints and Their Bodies," has fairly driven the dyspeptic infidels to the wall. They have been made to realize that their sepulchers were not worth defending. Instead of clergymen being dismissed by their parishes for such a heretical feat as swimming a river, as was once the case in our own State, their congregations are apt to share their pride in their athletic prowess. The Pittsburgh divine who, wishing to organize a boxing class among his brethren of the cloth, lately sought the services of a professional sparrer, was certainly sensible in his selection. In reinforcing the philosophical subtlety of Jonathan with the fistic skill of "Billy" Edwards, he is doubtless secure in the adhesion of his flock to muscular Christianity. Alike, among saints and sinners, there is a recognition of the need of physical development to insure the health of mind as well as of body. The encouragement given to feats of muscle and endurance, as seen in the popular interest in the contests of professional oarsmen, pedestrians and base-ball players, shows the marked change which has come over the public taste in athletic exercises of late years.

Aside from other considerations, the fact that these sports are free from the brutality which characterized the amusements of a not very remote past is an indubitable sign of progress. Prize fights and cocking mains have fallen into the hands of such low characters that whatever repute once attached to them as nurses of manly courage and honor has been irretrievably lost. Times have certainly changed for the better, since Windham and Parr, as Mr. Lecky reminds us, patronized or defended bull-baiting; since Hazlitt described for a first-class London magazine the details of a prize-fight between two noted bruisers. In the growth of popular interest in innocent as distinguished from brutal athletic exercises, there is much to be thankful for. It has dispelled the idea that the withdrawal of the support given to essentially barbarous amusements indicated a decline in physical manliness and vigor. It has shown that with the progress of intellectual and social improvement there has come an appreciation of the dependence of mental and moral upon bodily soundness; a recognition of the need of the cultivation of all the faculties, of human nature to insure its harmonious development.

There are, however, so many influences at work in the opposite direction, that the claims of out-door exercise need to be constantly urged upon the attention of the public. With the hinderances which our climate and modes of life present to a rounded physical development, it is no wonder that the attainment of it is less common than it should be. Unlike the Englishman, who has in the atmosphere and the traditional usages of his country a continual inducement to life in the open air, the American has to create under difficulties the needed disposition for such experience. Emerson says that the force which underlies the refinements of English drawing-rooms comes from the stable. It is hard, indeed, to conceive of our cousins across the water but in the saddle. The hunting-field has done much to develop their stamina. But with us, the horse is a luxury rather than a necessity; half the year he is eating his head off in the stable up country, and the other half he is champing the greenbacks which are the price of his keeping in town. Sole leather, therefore, is decidedly more in use among us than saddle leather. No doubt walking is a most desirable exercise, and yet there are times when it is not unnatural that the average man should hesitate to plough through depths of mud or snow in the face of biting winds, in order to realize its discomforts. The changes in our climate, its extremes of heat and cold, have much to do with that predominance of the nerve element in

our constitutions which makes us shrink from the contact with nature that is needed to brace up the systems which indoor activities have weakened. Another reason for our neglect of physical culture is the incessant devotion to business, which helps to increase the disinclination to exercise outside of it.

There is, no doubt, great encouragement in the fact that our youth are growing up with greater appreciation than their parents had at their age of the pleasures as well as the need of bodily training. Dr. Bowditch's showing that the pupils in the higher schools in Boston are superior in height and weight to students of the same age in the English public schools and universities, is full of suggestiveness upon this point. But the question is, whether this relative superiority obtains in a wider range of comparison not only in the schools but in the conditions of later life in the two countries. Unless our people keep up, like their cousins across the water, the habits of out-door exercise formed at school, their advantages will be largely lost. If base ball should be generally played here, as cricket is in England, by gentlemen, instead of being monopolized by professional clubs, we should feel better satisfied with the prospects of our physical development. When American gentlemen between fifty and sixty can, like ladies of this age in England, walk fifteen miles with ease, there will be less need of enforcing the necessity of retaining in after life the habits of out-door exercise which so many of our boys and girls acquire in their school days.

The truth is, there is much to be done in order to educate American men and women up to that condition of physical health and vigor in which athletic exercises are undertaken with pleasure, rather than from a sense of duty. The joy of triumphing over the obstacles which nature and habit have placed in our way must come as the result of a discipline of the body as earnest as that which is apt to be disproportionately displayed in other kinds of training. With the peculiar facilities afforded by our varied natural advantages for all sorts of out-door exercise, there is really no excuse for the neglect of it which is so often exhibited. What with the attractions of ball-playing, boating, swimming, riding, walking, skating and the like, almost every person can find something suited to his tastes or needs. And although it may be thought that the equilibrium of the bicycle, the latest means of out-door exercise perfected by inventive talent, is only to be attained by the nerve and daring of youth, yet we have in mind a gentleman of seventy who manages that ticklish machine which seems to have been contrived for the benefit of hospital surgeons, with great ease and skill. It is no unimportant recommendation of out-door exercises, that they tend to neutralize the temptations which beset the jaded victims of an exclusive devotion to in-door pursuits. That was a wise provision in the management of a great financial institution that obliged all its officers to take an occasional trip into the country for fresh air and exercise. The opportunity thereby afforded for invigoration and investigation no doubt diminished the danger of defalcation, while developing the qualities which made honesty a matter of principle rather than of prudence. *Nature's own remedy for countless evils of our artificial life will be found in her cheery out-door activities.*

ON WRITING ACCOUNTS OF RUNS.—We extract, from a capital letter of advice on the above subject, in the "London Bicycling Times," the following:—

The incidents of many accounts are simply uninteresting, only taking up valuable space to no purpose. All riders should look over their lucubrations and see whether they are utterly egotistical or likely to be of service to the cycle community at large. Accounts should be condensed. And, oh! ye bicyclists of the flying pen, don't, please don't give us little bits of gush about the seasons, &c.

[This communication was too late for our "Correspondence Columns."]

THE BICYCLE ON A HOT DAY.

EDITOR AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL:—

Introducing myself, I am about seventeen years of age, and not strong. I am only inclined to hard work by fits and starts. For a little over a year I have ridden horseback (though by no means every day), and a few weeks ago I took a fancy to buy and learn to ride a *wheeled* horse, and in that way add another to my already long list of pleasurable occupations.

Perhaps your readers will remember that the forenoon of May 3d was a very hot one. Although for nearly two weeks past the weather and the condition of the roads had prevented me from riding my new "locomotor," and pleasure promotor, at about ten o'clock in the forenoon of May 3d I took my "52-inch Grout's Tension" for the fifth out-of-door ride which I have taken since I first owned it; and only twice before have I attempted rides of any length at all.

I rode some miles out into the country against a pretty stiff though not very cooling breeze. Feeling somewhat tired, I put my bicycle on the ground quite near the gutter, and sat down on the grass near by, leaned my back against a tree and rested. While I was resting thus, a very facetious (?) countrymen drove slowly by in a light wagon, remarking as he did so: "That's the best place yet for that." And as he said this he smiled at the excellence of his own joke. I replied simply: "Yes sir," and the countryman drove on, feeling doubtless that he had been very witty indeed.

Having rested for about five minutes, I re-mounted and rode home, and although I was dressed quite heavily and was very hot, I had had a magnificent time, and when I had cooled off—which I soon did, and had some refreshments, I felt much happier and much more comfortable than before starting on my ride. Although this account is not very eloquent, I hope the editor of the "A. B. J." will favor me by printing, as it is intended to show that even one who has not practised much can have a good time on a bicycle, in spite of the heat.

NEW BICYCLIST.

INITIAL AND CELESTIAL CYCLING.

R. W. E. ASSISTED BY J. G. D.

I.

Bicyclie knights I often spy,
On horse uncarnate riding by;
Nimbly they scale his vaulty back,
And spin along the travelled track.
I see men go up and down,
In the country and the town,
Who on two wheels throned sedate,
Have not hazarded their state:
With speedful limbs and agile toes
Lusty Juventus circling goes,
And Oldster's legs, aware of wane,
Revivify and dance again.
They are there for benefit;
They are there from drudging quit.
And Wisdom journeying on the road
Daily stops to view their mode.

On pedalian pinions fleeting,
See them twirl the witching wheel,
Orb-libration's magic beating
In the tense and vibrant steel.

My soul the mystic carol sings
Of those silent circling wings:
It is ever the self-same tale,
The first experience will not fail;
Only two in the garden walked,
And with snake and seraph talked:
Cycles only two are twirled,
Yet how steadfastly they run,
To the cadence of the whirling world
That dances round the sun.
Unheeded Danger near him strides,
He laughs that on the cycle rides.

I bend my fancy to their leading,
All too nimble for my treading;
My metric feet are no account
To lift me to their wheely mount,
And much revolving in my mind
Turns up no chance of seat behind.
Keen my sense, my heart was young,
Right good-will my sinews strung,
But no speed of mine avails
To hunt upon their narrow trails;
Fleetest couriers alive,
Never yet could I arrive.
Sometimes their strong speed they slacken,
Though they are not overtaken;
On and away, their hastening feet
Make the morning proud and sweet:
Bright on the cheeks of gay and staid
The rose of action burns;
Though breeches wear, and coats may fade,
Immortal youth returns.

II.

The soul regards with equal ken
The dancing Pleiads and our frolic men.
Bird, that from the nadir's floor
To the zenith top can soar,
Light rides the arch of night and noon,
Bicycling on the sun and moon;
So orbit of the muse exceeds
All such as now we erring own,
Which seeming firm mechanic steeds,
Are shadows flitting up and down.
Spirit that lurks such form within
Beckons to spirit in the skin;
Self-kindled every semblance glows,
And hints the future which it owes.
Hear you then, bicycle fellows,
Fits not to be over-zealous;
Steeds not to work on the clean jump,
Nor wind nor heart perpetual pump.

Profounder and higher
Man's spirit must strive;
To his aye-rolling orbit
No goal will arrive;
The cycles that now draw him
With fleetness untold,
Once known,—for new cycles
He spurneth the old.

Deep lore lieth under
These circlets of time;
They melt in the light of
Their meaning sublime.
Love works at the axle,
Beholde the way;
Forth speed the strong pulses
To the borders of day.

Loftier rounds, a purer air,
Ye shall climb on the heavenly stair;
Your reach shall yet be more profound,
And a vista without bound;
The axis of the wheels you steer
Be the axis of the sphere,
And the lustre and the grace
Which fascinate each youthful heart.
Beam from cosmic counterpart
Translucent through immortal face,
Where they that swiftly come and go
Leave no track on the heavenly snow.

Upward, higher far,
Over sun and star,
Thou must learn to mount,
Into vision where all form
In one only form dissolves;
In a region where the wheel
On which all beings ride
Visibly revolves;
Where the starred eternal worm
Girds the world with bound and term.

"A NOVEL PHOTOGRAPH."

In our remarks under the above head in our last issue, we made a mistake in the initials of the photographers. The correct name is W. Loring Clark & Co., and the address 352 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

We can now more fully than ever endorse all the praise we have heard bestowed on the bicycle photographs to which we alluded, for *we have been taken, ourself.*

If any of our readers are desirous of seeing for themselves what kind of machine the editor of this paper rides (in the editor personally we do not expect them to be at all interested), and the fidelity with which it can be depicted in photographs, let them send to Clark & Co. their address and fifty cents, and they will receive by return mail a cabinet photograph of the editor, mounted on his 53-in "Coventry Champion Roadster."

The Boston Post Office has made ample arrangements to meet the immense increase of business which this arrangement must develop.

Here is a good motto for novices in our art, in view of the little casualties to which all are liable:

"Though cycle's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel."

Our copy of Shakspeare is a unique old folio with the latest corrections.

Club News and Wheel Talk.

The Boston Bicycle Club took its eighth club run on Saturday, May 4th, leaving Trinity church at 3.10 P. M. and proceeding direct to Quincy, where they found not only the inhabitants of the town, but apparently of the whole vicinity, assembled to meet them. After a short stay at the Robinson House, the Club remounted and returned home, each rider choosing the most convenient route for his own destination. The roads were in very fine condition, and the run a very enjoyable one.

Long runs are becoming popular. Several of from thirty to fifty miles have been lately accomplished, and one of seventy-two. Some three or four members of the B. Bi. C. are to start next week on a run to Walpole, N. H., and return by way of Rochester, a distance in all of about three hundred miles, which they intend to cover leisurely in six days.

It is pleasant to us to see and to note evidences of enterprise and success, especially in matters bicyclie.

Cunningham & Co., as will be seen by reference to our advertising columns, have entered into arrangements which secure them the services of Messrs. Harrison and Booth. Mr. Harrison has just arrived from the head centre of bicycling — Coventry, England — where he has been constantly engaged in bicycle manufacture from the date of the old "bone-shaker" up to within a month ago. We do not doubt but that Messrs. Cunningham & Co. will find the large experience which Mr. Harrison must necessarily possess of great value, — but not more so than will their numerous customers.

Prof. Booth, as teacher in their riding-school, also strikes us as being the right man in the right place, for as a graceful and skillful rider he is hardly to be surpassed. The title of "Champion of America" is a very proud one, however, and the day is not far off when he who would wear it, must first win it. Mr. Booth has frequently in these columns expressed his desire to meet some foeman worthy of his steel, and we hope he may ultimately find one. When he does, he expresses himself as perfectly willing to relinquish his title, providing his opponent can prove by acts — not words — that he has a better right to it.

Pickings and Stealings.

I never had a man cum to me for advise, but before he got thru he had more advise to offer than to ask for.— Josh Billings,

When Seth got home from mackerelling he sought his Sarah Ann, and found that she, the heartless one, had found another man. And then most awful tight he got, and so he went away, and bound himself to cut live oak all down in Floriday. He pined upon the live oak land, he murmured in the shades; his axe grew heavy in his hand, all in the wild-wood glades. Mosquitoes bit him everywhere, no comfort did he get, and how terribly he'd wear wienever he got bit. At last, despairing of relief, and wishing himse'f dead, he went into the woods a piece and chopped off his own head.

"It is impossible!" said I to a French peasant lad who was telling me a tough story about a miracle-working chair in a neighboring church. "There's nothing impossible," he answered, "but a stick with one end; and if you go to Chartres you'll see it." "See what—the stick, or that there's nothing else impossible?" I replied. "Neither; but you will see Chartres."

"Has ANY theological point," asks a correspondent whose thinking apparatus has evidently been unshipped by the hell discussion, "has ANY theological point ever been definitely proved?" Well, yes. We take it, for instance, to be an axiom in polemics that a colored camp meeting can never be held in the vicinity of a poultry show without seriously retarding the work of salvation.

—[Commercial Advertiser.]

Transatlantic.

[From our own correspondent.]

LONDON, April 16th, 1878.

Easter is now close upon us, and several of the clubs are organizing Easter tours. The "Temple" are making a four days' trip, starting on Good Friday, and will visit Winchester, Southampton, Portsmouth and Brighton, a round of about two hundred miles. The "Pickwick" ride to Cambridge, then across the country to Dunstable, Tring and Aylesbury, to Oxford, whence back to London. The "Surrey" go to Worthing, then to Portsmouth, Southampton and Salisbury, and again to London. The "Wanderers" are getting up a party for a week's excursion in Normandy and France, starting on Easter Monday; besides a run to Brighton on Good Friday. Brighton seems to be in great favor this year, several other clubs having fixed on it for their "Easter trip." The Temple Club tour is the same as last year's, which proved such a great success, no less than one hundred and twenty riders taking part in it one day or another.

The most important meeting yet held of the "Bicycle Union" was the third, on Thursday, April 4th; seventeen clubs were represented by twenty-three delegates. At the previous meeting a racing sub-committee was appointed, which had decided to hold the championship races on May 11th, and also fixed upon the following, to recommend to the Council as the definition of an amateur:

"A professional bicyclist is one who has ridden a bicycle in public for money. An amateur bicyclist is one who has never done so, and who has never competed with a professional bicyclist in public (except at a meeting specially arranged by the Bicycle Union), and who has never publicly engaged in any other athletic exercise for money."

The report of this committee was considered, but the definition was not thought good enough, and after a long discussion on the "amateur question" three propositions were carried, defining professionals and amateurs as follows:

1. A professional bicyclist is one who has ridden a bicycle in public for money, or who has engaged, taught or assisted in bicycling, or any other athletic exercise for money.

2. A bicyclist who shall have competed with a professional bicyclist for a prize, knowingly or without protest (except at a meeting specially sanctioned by the Bicycle Union), shall also be considered a professional bicyclist.

3. Any person not included in the above definitions shall be considered an amateur bicyclist.

It will be seen that this abolishes the clause in the old rule about "mechanic, artisan and laborer," and restricts professionalism to riding for money or teaching. The most remarkable feature in this definition is that they were first obliged to define a professional in the affirmative, and then state the disqualifications of an amateur negatively; one must admit that it is most difficult to define positively what is an amateur, and most people shirk the question from sheer inability to answer it. The chief reason, I suppose, of this is that amateurs form the original and general class of athletes, and that professionals are the exceptions to the rule. I hear that some are not satisfied yet with the new rule, and that tomorrow night Mr. W. A. Smith or some other delegate will propose to add that a maker *per se* is not a professional. Several more clubs have added their names to the roll, and it now numbers nearly forty.

The Amateur Athletic Club amateur championship (four miles) was down for Thursday last, but only resulted in a walk over for R. R. Mackinnon; none of the other cracks had entered, they evidently having got their eye on the Bicycle

Union championships on May 11th. Some unknown youth had entered, but at the last moment did not start. It is, as most people expected, that if once a proper amateur bicycle championship were established by bicyclists, the old A. A. C. would fall to the ground from want of support. It ought to have been established last year, but fell through on account of the stupid jealousy and prejudice of one or two leading clubs and men.

The Hampton Court Meet Committee are progressing with their arrangements, and the affair, helped by last year's experience, promises to be something good. The committee have bethought themselves to publish an official programme, which will no doubt cover all their expenses.

From the "London Bicycling Times."

OUR ESPECIAL SPORT.

Whoever was the inventor of the bicycle little matters now, but through no fault of his own he lost his opportunity of almost revolutionizing the affairs of man, his only misfortune being that, with all his cleverness, he was unable to cause his birth to have taken place instead of that of his great-great-grandfather, for could he by any possibility have changed places with that ancestor, and so have brought out his machine before the world knew anything of railways or telegraph, what a wonderful invention his would have been to the people of that age, and what an universally useful one for quick travelling or dispatch of urgent messages! It might have caused the complete upset of those quiet old times. Those glorious (slow?) old coaching days which we are now so often invited to look back upon as a standard of all that is good and great and noble; when the young were said to have made the proper use of their legs, instead of indulging in any such effeminacy as riding to and from their daily occupations; when they were said to have real stamina and to have lived more primitive and so healthful lives. Alas! in these dégenerate times of extremes of life at high pressure the bicycle can only take its place as a pastime. But what a noble pastime that is! Which amongst our modern games can in anywise compare with it taken as a whole? What is more likely to allure one from those indescribable enjoyments which make the early hours of the bright summer mornings, as a rule, lost by dozing in bed, than the prospects of a mount and a run of ten or twelve miles just by way of whetting one's appetite for breakfast; not an ordinary breakfast by any means, but a meal taken with a relish that shows that whatever gave that zest to it must, indeed, have a wonderful tendency to induce health and vigor, and cause a frame to be well knit and strong. Let any one who may think that this is an extravagant view, take an opportunity of just coming from his night's repose in time to meet half a dozen young fellows just arrived under such circumstances as we have described, and he may be well left to judge for himself who has made the best use of the morning. It may be said that there is danger in the sport. True, but what sport of a manly and vigorous nature can be mentioned in which there is not only danger but a good spice of it into the bargain, and far better it were so than the courage inborn in Englishmen should be allowed to die out for fear that occasionally a broken skin or bone might be the result. But as a fact it is a most safe amusement if only it be carried on without recklessness and foolhardy bravado. Yet herein lies an almost insurmountable barrier, for how is it easy to restrain the natural volatility of youth whilst at the same time it is brought out by emulation and the struggle for supremacy? As well try to smother ambition and let all sink into one undesirable dead level. Who, at some time or another, has not felt his spirits rising, as sitting in a railway car-

riage where it happens that two lines and trains run parallel to one another he sees that inch by inch, panel by panel, wheel by wheel, and slowly but surely carriage by carriage, he (or she) is gradually outstripping his neighbor, the face brightens into a glow of satisfaction, and there are feelings of exultation that it is vain to try to smother. Nature is within, and under such circumstances nature will assert herself, let who may try, in their coldness, to suppress it. Let the pace slacken but ever so little, ah! then see the change that takes place; the brightness all at once flies from that train to the occupants of the other, and a thinly veiled vexation is tried to be hidden by the assumption of an appearance of utter indifference to the whole affair. How can such trivial affairs be allowed to interfere with the sublimity of a practical man of business? But they do for all that, and those worsted passengers assiduously read their papers (without understanding them probably) or look another way and try to appear at ease. Admitting all these feelings to exist, what wonder that the bicyclist when his blood is up and spirits high with healthful exercise, finding that he is being beaten on the road by a rival rider, should allow his discretion to be outstripped by his feelings and put on a spurt, even though it may end in his losing control of himself and his machine, and so bringing both to grief. Would his graver prototypes have sat so indifferently and refrained from using it, had they the power of applying a little personal exertion to increase the speed of their train? Most likely not, even though surreptitiously done. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the pastime of bicycling may steadily advance, and it should be hailed with delight when a safe yet easily driven machine shall be introduced that will enable the stronger of the weaker sex to take part in so healthful an exercise calculated as it is to the full development of all nature's beauties of form and color.

There are, of course, many exercises equally healthful, but most of them require by pre-arrangement the meeting of friends to be carried out. Others there are, again, that only those with leisure and wealth can enjoy. The excitement of the chase can perhaps hardly be exceeded provided it is a good pack that is being followed on a first-class horse and over good cross country. But even then a "find" is indispensable. But for greatest convenience can anything come before a well-made machine, which being always ready, can be mounted during any spare time and seems at once to become a part of its rider, having no will but his, and thus as it were entering into the spirit of his wishes, giving him the fullest enjoyment of quick motion and that feeling of confidence and self-reliance arising from the knowledge that he depends on himself and himself alone. Thus, whilst inferior to no sport in interest and enjoyment, less dangerous than many, it enjoys perfect immunity from any sufferings of the lower animals as its *raison d'être*. *It requires no worm writhing in its death agonies to tempt an equally unprotected fish to its tortuous death or mutilation, no fear-struck fox or hare to succumb after every fibre of nerve and muscle gives way to exhaustion under its frantic efforts to preserve the life given it, no pigeon's quivering frame to attest the marksman's skill by the cruel wounds administered, not even a dumb animal ridden beyond its strength; no, its influences are as elevating to the mind as they are invigorating to the body, and as such may it receive the encouragement of all right thinkers.*

A skittish young bicycle, the other day, making its first appearance on the road, was so overcome by the rapid approach of a team that it shied up against the curb-stone and laid down. The rider reposed in safety behind it till the danger was passed. If he had been afoot, he might have got run over; or if he had been on horseback he might have been run away with. Make a note of that.

THAT FITCHBURG ROUTE.

The well told story of the run from Fitchburg to Boston by "Nemo," in the last issue, amused me. His haps and mishaps might have been foretold before he started. To begin with, our friend chose an exceptionally wretched day, for the season; then no rain had fallen for some time, so the roads were dusty and the sand not packed; to this add the fact that it was his first long journey across country, and you have the desiderata for a lively time. Now he rode, now he walked; now kept his seat, now went flying over the handles; hunted for the way, hunted for hotels; took to the cars, and at last after forty or fifty miles of various kinds of locomotion and of performances, got home alive and told his story frankly.

Having been through nearly the same experience over the same route, I can appreciate how "Nemo" felt when at last he put foot on his threshold. When he again makes this trip, under more favorable conditions, he will be surprised at the difference familiarity and experience will make.

As I am taken to task for recommending the route, let me state briefly how I found it.

My first run from Fitchburg was made last July; I chose a fair day, just after a light rain. The first five miles were soon passed over, when of a sudden coming to a bit of road bed all ploughed up by ignorant road-menders, my front wheel sank beneath me and over I shot on to the soft earth. A farmer who had seen me approach, and who was astonished at the sight of a man riding on a wheel, was sarcastic when he saw how the wheel behaved, for he called out: "What do you pay a week for keeping that 'ere colt?"

Uninjured by the fall, I walked over the ploughed place, and then rode on. I had to hunt out the way, just as "Nemo" did, and though I had no other fall, I was warm and tired when the hotel at Stow was reached. After dinner there, a heavy shower of rain fell, which forced me to ride to Maynard station and take the cars for Waltham, from whence I rode home eight miles through the mud, the rain ceasing meanwhile.

My second run over this route was made last October. I then found the road much improved, and came through without mishap, enjoying the trip. The full account of this appeared in the "Boston Advertiser" under "Forty Miles in Four Hours."

My third run over the same road was on time, and was made last November. I went up by cars the afternoon before, and rode that evening from Fitchburg to Leominster in twenty-two minutes, by moonlight, four and one-half miles. It is not safe to run very fast by moonlight, unless you are sure of every foot of the way. There is a good country hotel at Leominster, and there I spent the night. Starting at 7.30 the next morning, I rode to Brookline, forty miles, arriving at twelve o'clock, noon, on the minute. Thirty minutes were allowed on the way for stoppages at the several villages; so the time in the saddle was just four hours for the forty miles. This was no faster time in the saddle than on my second run over this route; but in that run I occupied the entire day, taking long rests; while in the last run I came through between breakfast and lunch. It was a cold day when this run was made, and on dismounting at Stow, sixteen miles out, my moustache was coated with ice. Such weather made the fingers tingle at the start, but the rapid circulation of the blood soon kept their tips warm. The frozen ruts called for skillful riding at times, but the road as a whole was even, and in good condition.

The time does not compare with the road times made in England, but I mention it that "Nemo" and others of the fraternity may take courage and try again.

THE AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL.

The American Bicycling Journal.

THE AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL will be published every other Saturday, at noon. Our country readers will much oblige by reporting any failure in delivery.

All communications should be addressed, and all money should be sent to, Editor AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL, 178 Devonshire Street, Boston, Mass. To ensure priority of insertion, all communications should reach us not later than noon on Wednesday preceding publication.

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As soon as the demand will warrant it, we propose publishing an edition each week, for first year. A new subscription rate will then be made—which, for the first year—will not affect those whose subscriptions have not expired.

All communications must be accompanied by the real names and addresses of the writers—not necessarily for publication—but as a guaranty of good faith. We cannot undertake to read anonymous letters, or to return rejected contributions. Write on one side of the paper only.

BOSTON, MAY 11, 1878.

CAVEAT BICYCLER.

In a previous issue we took occasion to call the attention of our bicycling readers to certain "rules of the road," the observance of which we urged upon all riders of the speedful wheel as obligations of courtesy, not only necessary to be observed while our locomotor was on trial before the bar of public opinion, but as being due in justice to and from all riders on the highways, on every kind of vehicle. These "rules of the road" should still be fresh in the minds of those riders who read them, and those who did not will do well to peruse and commit the substance of them to memory.

We mentioned in our last that the Aldermen of Boston had under advisement the matter of regulating the riding of bicycles within the confines of the city. At time of this writing they have not arrived at any decision in the matter, nor is it likely that they will do so before we go to press. Meanwhile, however, both they and the public are observing us, and although it behooves us at all times to avoid giving reasonable cause for offence, we should just now be, if possible, more than ever

careful of our good repute: "Verbum sap."

The ascertaining and the observing of the regulations of travel are not the least important of the duties of every good bicyclist—wherever he may be—and such duties faithfully performed will soon prove to the authorities that no more regulations are necessary. For the information of our readers we append the substance of some of the chief ordinance regulations of the City of Boston, with one or two others to be remembered in connection:

(1) The bicycle is a carriage and falls in with the general term vehicle, hence wherever and whenever the passage of carriages or vehicles is prohibited, bicycles must not pass.—[Department of Justice at Washington.]

(2) The City Ordinances of Boston prohibit the passage of any wagon, etc., "or other carriage" of burden or pleasure, etc., (except children's hand carriages containing children only, and drawn by hand, etc.) on any footpath or sidewalk in the city.—[Stat. and Ord. p. 788, Sec. 50.]

(3) The said ordinances prohibit the riding or driving of any vehicle in the streets of the city, so near to others that the distance between any two vehicles shall be less than ten feet.—[Ib. p. 178, Sec. 46.]

(4) The said ordinances ordain that no person shall drive, or allow to be driven or propelled, "any vehicle around, against, or foul of any person."—[Ib. p. 179, Sec. 45.]

The last three prohibitions subject offenders to express penalties of twenty dollars for each offence.

(5) The Statutes of Massachusetts (and we regret that it is necessary to repeat it) require every rider or driver of any vehicle, on meeting another going in an opposite direction on the highway, to turn out to the right, and on passing another going in the same direction to turn out to the left.

The five items form, as we have said before, only the substance of some of the ordinances, but if each rider will commit to memory the substance of what we have written, he will not be likely to err from ignorance, and we would fain believe that the bicyclist never errs from any other cause.

The public are very good natured now, they look at our new art very kindly, watch us with interest and are fast swelling our ranks, so every reason bids us remember "Caveat Bicycler."

THE DAY WILL ASSUREDLY COME when bicycles will be made in this country, not only as well, but, we confidently predict, better than those now sent to us from abroad.

When, it is at present hard to say, but certainly not just yet. Probably we shall have to do as we did in the manufacture of silks; import intelligent and experienced workmen to teach us how to begin. The three hundred and odd parts of which each bicycle is composed, require the most careful manipulation and the nicest adjustment in their putting together, to secure which a large outlay of capital in specially contrived machinery and tools is necessary. No one would invest the necessary capital in such an enterprize until there is a much larger demand for the machines than there is to-day. Of course that demand will come, and before long too, but then another difficulty has to be overcome, and that is the patent rights question. We spoke of American silks; now our lady readers are too numerous to admit of our deluding their brothers and male cousins by claiming any superiority of manufacture in that direction, although eventually we shall no doubt be able to do so. But suppose, when the importation of silk first began—don't smile ladies, there must have been a beginning sometime, you know—suppose at that time there had been found at the patent office some three hundred patents, covering nearly every item of manufacture, from the size of the fibre to the color of the product; suppose that the holders of the patents, not believing in silk as a permanent article of commerce, imposed exorbitant tariffs and obligations on all who imported, made or used said silk, how much of the article does the reader think would be imported or used or manufactured in this country to-day? And yet that is about the state of the patent situation as affecting bicycles. Some of the patents are fully as absurd as those which we suggest in connection with silk, above others, not absurd by any means, although covering well known principles in mechanics, and therefore not patentable, the Supreme Court of the United States will probably eventually have to pass upon; but absurd or not, we have tolerably good evidence that all those patents are held by two classes of men: one, not believing in the bicycle nor its ultimate popular adoption, and therefore desirous to make as much money as they can "while it is yet day," and the other, though with scarcely more faith, seeking by the imposition of enormous royalties, to so use the "golden" present that the possible future will find them sickle in hand and ready to reap the harvest—the harvest sown for them (?) by those to whose foresight, energy and pluck, nine-tenths of the bicycle riders in this country are indebted to-day for the machines which they are using with so much healthful enjoyment.

OUR ENGLISH BRETHREN of the wheel, perfect though their club system may be, appear to have found that it is not altogether adequate to provide for the variety of demands which are made upon it. Hence has arisen the suggestion that out of the membership of the existing clubs another club should be formed, to be called the "Touring Club."

The object of this club, as far as we understand it, is to act not in antagonism to, but in harmony with existing clubs, by supplying out of its membership aggregate companionship for longer journeys than the ordinary club system will compass. Thus if A of the "Jingo" Bi. C. finds he has a week to spare, and would like to use it in a two or three hundred mile run, he will be likely to find in the Touring Club, members of other clubs with precisely the same time and desires, and thus a run which would otherwise have been solitary, becomes by the presence of the right man at the right time, the more enjoyable.

We think our English cousins are on the right track in this matter, and shall watch with interest their progress, for the time will come when we on this side of the water will have to follow their example, and every new club which is formed brings that time nearer to hand.

CLUB UNIFORMS, ETC.

Our advertising columns contain this week an advertisement to which we wish to direct the especial attention of the bicycle clubs in *esse* and in *posse*. Simmons & Son present a complete list of prices of all articles in their line needed by our fraternity, and their well known reputation for *real* cheapness—that is, for furnishing the best possible articles that can be supplied at their prices, is a far better assurance and guarantee to intending purchasers, that in ordering of them they are sure of being well satisfied, than anything we can say in this behalf.

There can be no impropriety in our adding that those who are interested in the growth of the pursuit of bicycling, and are therefore desirous of making this journal a pecuniary success—or at least self-supporting—will favor us and aid us greatly by supporting those enterprising merchants and tradesmen who favor us with their advertising patronage.

We wish also to hint—"in the most delicate way in the world"—to all those in every line of business in which our readers are *their* possible customers, that they cannot better consult their interests, in these dull times, than by extending their patronage as advertisers to the AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL. To permanent advertisers we make special and very low rates, and we invite them to assure themselves of this by a trial.

What a pleasure it is to be in the open air and away from the jarring clatter of the streets at this most charming season of the year.

Simple existence on a log by the wayside is happiness enough, drinking in the fragrance and feasting the eye with the exuberant lavishness of the orchard blossoms. Add to this the silent and easy moving bicycle, and what can mortal wish for more.

Correspondence Column.

PRIMITIVE PEDESTRIANISM.

EDITOR AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL:

One of the stupidest and most unsatisfactory methods of obtaining, or rather seeking for recreation, is driving round in a carriage drawn by a horse or horses. I am now having in view persons in health, and with whole and sound legs under them.

I am also inclined to the opinion that riding in a carriage is not a healthy occupation. In this opinion we have the support of one of our most eminent physicians. He tells me that the most disagreeable part of his business is the carriage riding that he has to do in order to make his round among his patients. He speaks of the deadening, stupifying, actually stagnating and sickening effect that riding has upon his system, and also upon the systems of many others who have discussed the riding question with him. This physician considers walking one of the noblest of exercises—particularly walking with an object, and recommends not only to physicians but to all others, the habit of getting round upon the legs as much as possible, and the avoidance of the carriage seat whenever it can be avoided. If a man is too tired to walk, and feels the need of out-of-door life and a little change, let him leave his house, and if he can only go but a short distance, sit or lie down under the open sky, and inhale the fresh air and drink in the beauties of nature. But let him take a walk if possible. It will often change the whole current of his thoughts for the better, and send the stagnant blood sweeping through his system. Steam cars, horse cars and the multiplication of common road carriages are rapidly transforming walking into one of the lost arts, particularly in this country. Walking is far more commonly practised in England and on the continent than in this country. Saddble-back riding is also a glorious exercise, and it is greatly to be regretted that so many who can afford this—so many who keep lots of horses, so seldom get astride of them to enjoy a fresh trot or gallop across country.

A good rider on the back of a spirited horse is the right man in the right place. [A bicycle is better. ED.] The exhilaration of the saddle is something well nigh unsurpassed. Boys and girls should be early taught to love walking, and to practise it steadily. And if there is any chance to gratify their horse taste they should be taught early to love the saddle.

I shall with your permission return to this topic again. I now close with an account of the way two cases of great debility were cured by very simple prescriptions. The one is the late Chief Justice Parsons who, when a young man, was about given over to die of consumption. His mother, who was a shrewd woman, told him to get onto the old mare and ride till he got health and strength; which he did, having before he started thrown his medicines to the dogs. The other is the case of a

man so used up with dyspepsia that he did not feel strength or "spark" enough to move. He was ordered to be out of doors, as much in the sun as possible, from morning till night, always, of course, keeping himself warm, till he got able to walk, and then when strength came, to walk. He took this prescription and got well.

[Our correspondent is right in the main—but he should be a bicyclist if he wants to know what really exhilarating exercise in the open air is. The bicycle is all he claims for that end, and more, infinitely more, too.—ED.]

PEDESTROPHILE.

A GENTLE BICYCLOPHOBEE.

EDITOR AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL:

I allowed your last issue to pass without paying my respects to your correspondent "Mill-dam," just to show that I am not to be "bullied" (if your high-toned journal will permit such a vulgar expression) into departing from my independent "bohemian" nonchalance by any imperious assumption of superiority.

Perhaps your correspondent was right in attempting to show that I had failed to keep my engagement—at least in a technical sense, and according to the ordinary standard of propriety; but then, you see, it is an open question whether the ordinary standard corresponds with my standard in this respect—I being a privileged "bohemian," you understand; besides which I have two other minor points of objection to raise, which may considerably modify the present status of the correspondence.

My first is, that my controversy is with you, Mr. Editor, and not with "Mill-dam"; that it was none of his business, and that therefore, until you make the point against me, I have a right to consider that the point has not been made.

The second is,—that a new question had come up in my last which required to be settled before proceeding with the main purpose I had in view, and which had, consequently, become contingent upon the satisfactory settlement of the minor question. Allow me to quote from my letter this new question:—"Whether ever or when I 'make my point' will depend upon whether or when this shall be printed."

This having been settled satisfactorily by the due appearance of the letter, I should have no justification for any further delay in the matter, were it not that I have received from a lady friend, to whom I had sent a copy of your unique little paper, a rather racy protest against the bicycle, which—to show the jealousy of the female mind against even a voiceless rival that depends for its charms entirely upon its naked simplicity and the elasticity and grace of its movements,—I will, out of deference to the privileges of her sex, yield a portion of my space to, and continue my letter in your next.

My correspondent says:—

"And so it is you I have to thank for the 'BICYCLING JOURNAL'? It was rather stupid in me, but it did not

occur to me that you sent it; and still, do you know, I read two or three things in it that made me think of you. Funny isn't it?—the bicycle, I mean. I could hardly believe my own eyes when I saw a paper wholly devoted to it; but you can devote a thousand papers to it and it won't amount to anything. Nothing ever does amount to anything, WITHOUT WOMAN, therefore the bicycle will come to grief—you see if it don't; [I like a woman's style of argument, it's so positive and decided, and so free from any absurdity in the shape of logic. H. B.] and the inventor ought to suffer an ignominious death along with it. What business had he to invent anything that a woman couldn't share the benefits of equally with men? I hate a bicycle anyway. [Poor bicycle. H. B.] I'd rather meet an earthquake any time than to meet a man mounted on one, [An earthquake or a bicycle? H. B.] because an earthquake you can't dodge; you know it, and so you remain cool and ready to take it as it comes. But you don't know certain—but that you can manage to get around the bicycle, and so as soon as you see one approaching, you begin to dodge; first this way, and then that, and the bicycle does the same,—always dodging the same way you do—and at last, when within about two feet of you, and just as you have closed your eyes to say "Now I lay me" &c., it takes a sudden turn and whizzes past without touching you, but leaves you standing stock-still—scared, and all mixed up in your mind, and when at last you have succeeded in gathering up your scattered senses, you find yourself disgusted with the world, with the bicycle, with the rider, and—worse than all—disgusted with yourself."

My fair friend finishes up after all, Mr. Editor—just like a woman—with a little bit of flattery of your paper, and I put it in to make the rest acceptable:—

"I like the 'BICYCLE JOURNAL,' it is nice and pretty," &c., &c. "As a lady I have no further remarks to make, but [significant but] if I was a man, I feel almost certain that I should be tempted to say: 'Bang the bicycle.' "

Selfrespectfully yours,

BOHEMIAN.

EDITOR AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL:—

When a man means business, he commonly says so right out like a man and comes to the point at once, and I want to know why the folks who conduct the performances at the "Old South" can't do the same thing.

If they mean bicycling why don't they say so plainly and not beat about the bush with their indefinite hints and suggestions? First it was "Revolutionary" Relics, then the "Spinning" Bee, and now the Potter at his "Wheel." Why not say "Bicycle" right out, if that is what they are driving at, and make a rink of the venerable structure at once? The potters "wheel" would be nowhere in comparison with the spinning B's which would then be seen there, and although "revolutionary" relics would doubtless soon be plenty if they were to let

all the young patriots try that wished to, still, it would pay.

PRO BONO CYCLO.

MR. EDITOR: The correspondent in your last number, under the head of "Locomotory," proposes two new words of his own to signify, respectively, the persons for and against the bicycle. Correcting what is evidently a misprint of one of them, they are "bicyphiles" and "bicyphobes." He, the "young man" with the extraordinary long signature, seems to have run into the other extreme, and uses language that is docked of very essential syllables. Surely the proper formation would be bicyclophiles etc., as you yourself recently used the word "bicyclophobia." I am no linguist, indeed, and go mostly by an instinct for the look and sound of a word in such cases. I think "the learned and authentic fellows" would decide that your friend's terms are barbarous, as they certainly are harsh to the ordinary view. "Locomotory" is young-manifestly correct, as well as useful; and the dictionaries already have "motory."

Having to do with bicycles appears, both in former years and now, to induce a propensity to verbal coinage often beyond the necessities of the occasion. I could easily name a score of such, many of them ludicrous polysyllabic enormities, from the newspapers of 1869. One general rule of correctness is that the parts of the new term must be from the same language—yet one of the velocipedoverbimaniacs of that day impudently derived the word velocipede from three languages, making it mean "much-horse-afoot"! I recollect in your own pages two instances of new compounds that seem quite proper and useful—"pedepulsion" and "pedomotive." I confess to being the innocent author of one of them, and much surprised not to find it, or anything near it, in the dictionary—which is also the case with the other. Why one should be "pede" and the other "pedo," I suppose there is no reason for except euphony. It is not the scholars who do the most toward the growth of a language. If, as Falstaff says, instinct can recognize the "true prince," why should it not the true word?

D.

From Chambers' Journal.

A FEARFUL SWING.

The "shaftmen" at our collieries are selected for their physical strength and pluck, in addition to the skill and practical knowledge required for their particular work. The incident we are about to relate will show how severely the former of these qualifications may at times be tested.

The work of these men is confined to the shaft of the pit, and consists mainly in repairing the "tipping" or lining of the shaft, stopping leaks or removing any obstructions interfering with the free passage of the cages up and down the pit. The coal-pit at N— has a double shaft, divided by a "bratticing" or wooden partition. These divisions we will call A and B. Two cages (the vehicles of transport up and down the pit) ascend and descend alternately in shaft A. At a certain point the shaft is widened to allow the cages to pass each other, and their simultaneous arrival at this point is assured by the arrangement of the wire ropes on the winding-wheels over the pit-mouth. The oscillation of the cages is guarded against by wooden guiders running down each side of the shaft, which fit into grooves in the sides of the cage.

On one occasion during a very severe frost these guiders had become coated with ice, and thus their free passage in the grooves of the cages was interfered with. Before this obstruction was discovered, the engine having been set in motion, the downward cage, which fortunately was empty at the time, stuck fast in the shaft before arriving at the passing point. The ascending cage, whose only occupant was a

small boy returning to "bank," proceeding on its upward course, crashed into the downward cage in the narrow part of the shaft, where of course there was only a single passage. Though the shock was something terrific, the steel rope was not broken; as the engineman, whose responsible position entails the greatest presence of mind and watchfulness, had stopped the engine on the first indication of an unusual tremor in the rope. Yet such was the violence of the meeting, that both cages, though strongly constructed of iron, were bent and broken—in fact rendered useless—by being thus jammed together in a narrow space. The greatest anxiety was felt as to the fate of the boy, as it was seen that even if he had escaped with his life after such a severe crash, his rescue would be a work of great danger and difficulty.

We may imagine the horror of the poor little fellow while suspended in the shattered cage over a gulf some four hundred feet deep, both cages firmly wedged in the shaft, and the ropes rendered useless for any means of descent to the scene of the catastrophe. The readiest way of approach seemed to be by shaft B, the position of which we have indicated above. Down this then, a shaftman, whom we will call Johnson, descended in a cage until he arrived at an opening in the brattice-work by which he could enter shaft A. He found himself (as he supposed) at a point a little above where the accident had occurred; and this conclusion he came to from seeing two ropes leading downwards, which he naturally took to be those by which the cages were suspended. Under this impression he formed the design of sliding down one of the ropes, with a view to liberating, if possible, the entangled cages and securing the safety of the unfortunate boy. The hardy fellow was soon gliding through the darkness on his brave and dangerous errand. He had descended about forty feet, when, to his horror and amazement his course was suddenly checked by a bend in the rope; and the terrible discovery flashed upon him, that he was suspended in the loop of the slack rope, which here took a return course to the top of the downward cage!

It will be understood that when the descending cage stuck upon the runners, as the rope continued to unwind from the pulley it hung down in a loop, descending lower and lower until the engine was stopped by the meeting of the cages. This loop or "bight" was naturally mistaken by Johnson for the two ropes, and he did not discover until he found himself in the fearful situation described, that he had entered through the brattice into shaft A below instead of above where the cages were fixed. There he hung then, over a yawning abyss—many fathoms deep—closed from above by the locked cages—all below loomed dark and horrible.

None of course knew his danger; his hands were chilled by the freezing rope; his arms, already fully exercised, began to ache and stiffen with the strain and intense cold added to the bewildering sense of hopeless peril. Good need there was then that pluck and endurance be found in the shaftman. His square, sturdy frame and unflinching spirit were now on their trial. Had his presence of mind gone or his nerve failed, he must have been paralyzed with fear, lost his hold, and been dashed into an unrecognizable mass.

But self-preservation is a potent law, and working in such a spirit he framed a desperate plan for a struggle for life. The guiders running down the inside of the shaft are fastened on to cross-beams about six feet apart. Johnson hoped that if he could reach one of these, he might obtain a footing whereon to rest, and by their means clamber up to the opening in the brattice-work. How to reach them was the next question that flashed lightning-like through his brain. This he essayed to do by causing the rope to oscillate from side to side, hoping thus to bring himself within reach of one of the cross-beams. And now commenced a *fearful swing*. Gaining

a lodgment with one knee in the loop, he set the rope swinging by the motion of his body, grasping out wildly with one hand each time he approached the side of the shaft. Once, twice, thrice, he felt the cold, icy face of the "tubbing," but as yet nothing but slimy boards met his grasp, affording no more hold than the glassy side of an iceberg. At last he touched a cross-beam, to which his iron muscles, now fully roused to their work, held on like a vice. He soon found footing on the beam below, and then letting go the treacherous rope, rested in comparative security before beginning the perilous ascent. With incredible endurance of nerve and muscle he clambered upward alongside the guider, by the aid of the cross-beams, and by thrusting his hands through the crevices of the timber. In this manner he reached the opening into shaft B, where the cage in which he had descended was waiting. Chilled, cramped and frozen, and barely able to give the signal, he was drawn to the pit-mouth prostrate and exhausted. The boy was rescued unhurt by a man being lowered to the top of the cages in shaft A. Johnson suffered no ill consequences, and though a hero above many known to fame, he still pursues his hardy task as a shaftsman; while beneath the homely exterior still lives the pluck and sinew of iron that did not fail him even in his fearful swing.

Professional Bicycling.

There is to be a grand test of endurance between professional bicyclists and horsemen, in England next week. Some dozen of the first riders in England are expected to compete, and the rider, whether bicyclist or horseman, who covers the greatest distance in six days is to receive \$1000 in gold, and a solid silver cup worth \$350. The second, third and fourth best men will receive between them \$500 in cash, provided they ride out the full time. \$50 each will be given to the next two men, provided they ride not less than nine hundred miles in six days, and all the other riders who ride not less than three days out of the six will be allowed \$25 towards their expenses. The riding time will be from six in the morning till eleven at night. Stanton, the champion, will be among the competitors, and the race promises to be more important and interesting than any that have yet occurred.

Answers to Correspondents.

W. A. V.—We are much obliged, and shall be glad to hear from you again.

VIATOR.—(1) We do not know, nor can we refer you to any source of information. Why not try yourself?

(2) Yes, we saw De Noille's card or advertisement or whatever you may be pleased to call it. Don't know whether it emanated from him or not. If, however, he is genuine, and is really anxious to make a match, why does he not publish the fact in our columns, or better yet, take up Booth's challenge? and not waste words and paper in issuing new ones. You will probably not see any professional bicycle racing this season, but when the public interest becomes sufficiently awakened to ensure a large sum in gate money, and consequently a money prize for the professional who may lose, as well as for the winner—then you may see the genus "de Noille" multiply, and some riding, perhaps racing.

H. R., Pittsburgh.—It would not be fair. See our advertising columns.

"A. J. W.," London.—Thanks; next issue.

"All Bright," Coventry.—Have you enquired of Everett & Son, 17 Royal Exchange, London? We should think they would be better able to answer your query than we are. (2) Under our existing arrangement with the above firm, it would be impossible for us to supply you direct, as they are at present our sole agents for Great Britain. If you wish to subscribe, however, we will send you the AM. BI. JOURNAL for one year from No. 1, on receipt of a P. O. O. for ten shillings.

"A Friend." Philadelphia.—The Boston Bicycle Club, as a Club, did not have any plans of the kind, but some members of it did contemplate the trip. They abandoned the idea, however, in consequence of the unfavorable reports which they received as to the condition of the roads. The distance did not influence them at all. It is absurd to call ninety-six miles a "long run."

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March 23, 1877.

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VOL. I, No. 12.

BOSTON, MAY 25, 1878.

TEN CENTS.

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We are informed by an acquaintance of the family, that the young man, Albert Wilcomb, who died suddenly on the 17th inst. just after riding on a bicycle, was well known among his friends to have an organic affection of the heart. They should have insisted upon the utmost caution in undertaking an exercise where the high spirits of a youth, and a novice in the art, were so liable to impel into what, for an unsound man, would be a very violent over-exertion. He had but recently learned to ride; had just taken an exhausting run; and was even riding in the night, which only the experienced may safely practise.

Not personally acquainted with Mr. Wilcomb, we none the less sincerely regret the sad occurrence that has untimely cropped the youthful promise, and brought sore affliction to an estimable family. We are told that the event particularly illustrates the proverb, "Death loves a shining mark." It also shows that Fate loves to make its most disastrous strokes by means of the most beneficent instrumentalities. The old poet, Denham, says:—

"Tis the most certain sign the world's accurst,
That the best things corrupted are the worst.

—It may appear to be a very extravagant statement to say that a bicycle, even a poor one, is better than heaven; but it can be logically proved in a few words, to wit: A bicycle is better than heaven, because nothing is better than heaven, and a poor bicycle is better than nothing! "Logic is logic, that's all I say," in the author's words of the "One Hoss Shay."

—The "hot weather helmet" which has been designed at Oak Hall for the B. Bi. C. is a great success. Unique and becoming in appearance—exceedingly cool and comfortable, and last but not least, very cheap; there is no reason why it should not be generally adopted, not only by the votaries of the wheel but by the public in general. We recommend all our readers who will want during the coming summer to keep their own head-gear in good order, to wear the Oak Hall head-gear as the most useful thing yet produced for that purpose.

—It is curious to listen at some of the restaurants to the talk going on during the lunch hour. At "Vosler's" the other day, the constant hum of such words as "a splendid run," "broke my break cord," "nearly over the handles," "legs up down Codman Hill, full thirty miles an hour," and such, induced some of the lunchers to make a count, which evolved the fact that out of twenty-eight gentlemen present there were sixteen bicyclists. This, to say the least is encouraging.

—We have all along said that when American mechanics shall undertake it in earnest, they will improve upon the best English bicycles. Such home-made ones as we have seen or heard of hitherto, however, remind us too much of the nautical attempt depicted in these facetious lines:

"Old Jim Johnson and his son Sam
Built 'em a ship in the shape of a clam;
They got her afloat, but in turning her round,
The sons of lummocks run her aground."

By the way, not knowing the origin of the above verses, can any one inform us? and whether there is any more to them as good, of the kind?

From the "Boston Post."
BICYCLING.

Growth, Plans and Prospects of the Boston Bicycle Club—Some of the Runs Made by the Members—About the Bicycle in General—Why it Should be Popular.

The bicycle, the legitimate successor of the velocipede, has not as yet become so familiar that the sight of it on the street does not attract especial attention, arousing a lively curiosity as to the manner in which it is managed. But when one appears with a nattily dressed rider mounted upon it, the mere desire to see merges into an enthusiastic admiration of the ease with which he manages it. Every week the meet of the Boston Club near Trinity Church draws larger and larger crowds, and every week ends with a greater number in favor of the more general use of this graceful vehicle, which, until within the last year, has been a stranger to these shores.

The increasing popularity of the bicycle in this vicinity is due in a great measure to the efforts of the members of the Boston Club, who are now steadily going forward with the work of familiarizing the people of the city and its suburbs with the machine upon which all of them take daily exercise, and of which some of them make a very practical use. The club was organized on the 11th of February of the present year, by fourteen gentlemen, all of whom had become somewhat familiar with the use of the bicycle, either here or in England. Mr. George B. Woodward was elected president, Mr. Frank W. Weston, Treasurer and Secretary, and Mr. Thacher Goddard, Captain. At a subsequent meeting a constitution with by-laws was adopted, and since that time the growth of the organization has been rapid. There are now twenty-seven names on its membership list, and four others will be added in a day or two. There is no doubt that many who would like to join the club, and who will do so at some future time, have thus far been hindered from taking such a step for the reason that a change in the style of dress is necessary; otherwise the promotion by force of example, to which each member of the club is pledged, of the use of the bicycle would be an impossibility. The ordinary loose pantaloons would, should they be worn by its driver, almost inevitably produce an accident both to the machine and to him. It is believed, however, that the wearing of a costume appropriate to this method of travelling will soon fail to attract any attention, and that it will become somewhat popular not only among practical bicyclists, but also among those who desire simplicity in dress.

That the bicycle can be used to advantage in and around Boston is no longer a question to be solved. It has been proved by actual experience that there are few grades so steep that they cannot be mounted, and that there are few roads so rough that travel over them on one of these machines is either difficult or dangerous. Mr. Weston leaves his home in Quincy, seven and a-half miles from his office, and is at his desk in town in about forty minutes. This he does nearly every day, and he says he can compare the delight of this method of travel to no other in which he was ever engaged. The weekly runs of the club have been made on every Saturday since the 9th of March, and there have been few routes within half a score of miles of the State House which have not been tested and found to be practicable. The longest run made by the club was that to Squantum on Fast day, a trip that will long be remembered by those who took part in it, for it was one of unalloyed pleasure. A gentleman who now belongs to the club made the run from Fitchburg to Boston last Fall in five hours; another gentleman came in from Haverhill in about the same length of time,

over a very muddy road, and others have made equally good time over other routes. The rate of speed easily attainable in and about Boston is eight miles an hour. There are a few riders who add two miles to these figures, but they are quite rare. The weekly runs of the Boston Club will soon be abandoned for the present, and long trips substituted for them, to be arranged to suit the convenience of members. The first of these will be one of three hundred miles in New Hampshire, to be done in six days. This is projected for the 20th of May, and others will be arranged in the near future.

The machines now in use are of English manufacture, and it is claimed by those who have them that it would be difficult to reproduce them here. The makers who are most successful are men who have had long years of experience in the work, and who know just what to do to produce an even tension upon which the strength and elasticity of the main wheel depends. Bicycles sell at from \$75 to \$150, and it is doubtful if they are ever much cheaper, for in constructing them the best material is used and only skilled workmen can be employed. The Pope Manufacturing Company of this city is about to establish a factory at Hartford, from which, doubtless, will come the first strictly American bicycle. Even at the prices mentioned, a bicycle would be cheap if it really does for a man all that is claimed for it. It is asserted that it not only strengthens the arms and legs of its riders, but it develops the chest, giving the lungs freer play; that it brings the entire frame into play, and that a single day of successful riding will produce better physical results than a week's vacation from ordinary labor.

"LAURA."

The poetical piece sent us by "Laura" is "much too awfully" crude and gushing for our pages. She appears, also, to spin her lines from her fancy or memory without being conscious of their diverse origin. Of course it was not an intentional deceit to give us the following verses,—much the best of the lot—as her own. They are from "Festus," all but a few syllables:

"Light as a leaf they step, or arrowy
Footings of breeze upon a waveless pool;
Sudden and soft, too, like a waft of light,
The beautiful bicyclers come to me;
Oh, ever lovely, ever welcome they!"

And is she aware that the line,—

"Rides on the whirl-wing, and directs the steed,"
is a parody of Addison?

She breaks into rhyme rather prettily, in one place:

"Some little gleams of gladness,
As the sunshine cometh out,
Irradiate my sadness
And rend the veil of doubt."

We are heartily glad that the mere sight of what she calls the "gay Gilpins" and the "jolly Jehus" should have that cheerful effect upon her sensibilities; and she will learn that a healthy hilarity of mind is requisite for writing acceptable bicyclic poetry. Laura's genius is now evidently in the cal-low and pea-green leaf, but is not without promise of fruitful foliage. Though her name may never resound in stunning reverberations around the dome of fame, it ought in course of time to be distinctly heard above the melancholy crowd of feminine and flowery rhyme-jinglers.

If this should meet the eye of any bicyclist whose 52 inch wheel is too large or too small for him, our advertising columns of this issue convey an offer of a *quid pro quo*, which will be found worth his attention,

Transatlantic.

[From our own correspondent.]

LONDON, April 30th, 1878.

The Easter holidays were disappointing for bicyclists, as far as the weather went. Many braved the wet and heavy roads on Good Friday and Saturday, though heavy rain fell on the morning of each day to make matters worse. The Pickwick Club got five members only to ride the whole of their tour, though one or two others and several friends joined in here and there; the Temple Club were in a similar predicament, their number never reaching twenty. And so it was with all who tempted fortune on the Friday or Saturday. However, with Sunday fine weather set in, and made amends for the discomforts of heavy and muddy roads and getting wet through. The Stanley Club had fixed their opening run for Easter Monday, and were rewarded by glorious weather and a beautiful ride to Maidenhead, about thirty miles, over forty members turning out for the run.

With Easter the racing season set in, and the various athletic and pedestrian sports all over the country on Easter Monday most of them included a bicycle race (amateur) as one, and that one of the most important and attractive items on the programme; none of them, however, call for special remark. The professional racing at Wolverhampton and Birmingham was very well contested, although at the former place it was deprived of its chief interest by the falling through of the mile championship race between John Keen and Fred. Cooper, the former being too ill to compete, and the race is consequently postponed to Whitsuntide. The usual mile all-corners' handicap at the former place (Molineaux Grounds, W.O.), produced some fine racing; there were fifty-three competitors, divided into twenty-five heats, and it was run off in four rounds before the final was reached, for which there were left in five riders, the result being,—G. E. Edlin of Leicester, one hundred and sixty-five yards start, first; G. H. Thompson of Walsall, one hundred and forty-five yards, second; J. Patrick of Wolverhampton, one hundred and ninety yards, third. After a splendid struggle Edlin got the lead before going half a mile, and beat Thompson, his nearest competitor, by ten yards; Edlin's time for the mile, less his start of one hundred and sixty-five yards, was two minutes forty and one-half seconds. In one of the trial heats one man (J. Patrick) rode the mile less one hundred and ninety yards, in two minutes forty-six seconds. These times have only been beaten once, Aug. 7th, 1876, when W. Phillips with one hundred and thirty-five yards, did two minutes forty-four and one-half seconds; J. Keen has also done two minutes forty-three seconds, but with a flying start and when he had got into full swing. The racing extended over three days, the first day there being over twelve thousand spectators; on the second day when it was pouring with rain, over five thousand, and on the third day about fifteen thousand. The first prize was £35 cash. There were also five-mile and some boys' handicaps. The Birmingham handicap was won by C. Benton with one hundred and ninety yards, Joseph Brooks being second with one hundred and eighty, and E. Cottrell, 190, third. There were thirty-eight starters, who ran in fifteen preliminary heats. The ground is very small, two hundred and fifteen yards in circuit, so that the racing, though well contested, is not first class.

The first important race meeting of the year in London was that of the Surrey Club, on Saturday last at Kennington oval. The club is the second oldest in the metropolis, and has always "gone in for" racing largely, and it has some of the best racing men as its members. The chief event, a four miles handicap, brought thirty-three men to the post in five

heats, and the final lay between A. E. Derkinderen of the Tower Hamlets B. C., who came in first, and W. Quirk of the Kingston B. C.; Quirk led for the last three miles, closely pressed by Derkinderen, but overbalanced in the last circuit and Derkinderen, ran in the winner by seventy yards, the finish thus to great extent being spoilt by the unfortunate spill; the third man was thirty yards behind Quirk, who got on and finished the distance; the winner's time was fourteen minutes, forty-seven seconds. A five miles scratch race would have produced a fine contrast between W. Wyndham (amateur champion of last year, and about the best amateur in London), of the London B. C., and E. J. Hall of the Surrey B. C.; the latter, however, had to stop to screw up a loose nut, and never had a chance after, as it lost him two hundred and fifty yards, and was beaten by a little more than that in eighteen minutes forty-two and one-fourth seconds.

I hear that J. Keen is still ready to give Stanton six minutes start in fifty miles, but cannot get Stanton up to the scratch. I believe, however, that David has his eye on the six days' match between bicyclists and horsemen, which has been gotten up by a Mr. Lewis, a well known sporting celebrity. The extract below from "Sporting Life" will explain the affair. It begins on Monday week; I forgot to mention it in my last letter.

FEATS OF ENDURANCE.—BICYCLING AND HORSEMANSHIP.

The following champions have been chosen to compete for the prizes advertised by me, namely:—Phillips, of Wolverhampton, Rawson, of Derby, White, of Wolverhampton, Stanton, of Hornsey, Cann, of Sheffield, Patrick, of Wolverhampton, Thomas, of Portsmouth, Markham, of London, all bicyclists; Leon, the Mexican, and Newson, of Beverly, Yorkshire, horsemen. The man that covers the greatest number of miles in six days (riding hours from six A. M. till eleven P. M.) shall be declared the winner, and shall receive £200 and a silver cup valued at £70; second, £50 and cup valued at £20; third, £25 and gold medal; £15 and silver medal for fourth, on condition the full time is ridden right out; £10 each will be given to the next two men not gaining a prize, that ride nine hundred miles in the six days; any man not gaining any of the above prizes will be allowed £5 each towards his expenses, providing he rides three days out of the six. The above prizes will be deposited in the hands of a well known sporting paper a clear week previous to the race, when a representative of bicyclists and horsemen must meet to toss for choice of tracks—inner or outer circle.—R. LEWIS, 239 Oxford street, Stepney, E.

There is nothing new about the Bicycle Union. The last meeting was held on 17th ult., and the final rules were carried and officers and committees elected. The championship races come off on Saturday week, May 11th.

Answers to Correspondents.

"LAURA."—We have replied to you at length, in another column, but—try again.

"J. Q. D.," IND.—See our advertising columns.

Some answers to correspondents are unavoidably postponed.

The editor of "The Boston Herald" has our thanks for his kind favor of the 13th inst.

We regret to be compelled to defer until the next issue, some interesting letters from correspondents, our space being now limited and pre-occupied before their receipt. In future we shall take care of this valuable feature of every journal.

The American Bicycling Journal.

THE AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL will be published every other Saturday, at noon. Our country readers will much oblige by reporting any failure in delivery.

All communications should be addressed, and all money should be sent to, Editor AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL, 178 Devonshire Street, Boston, Mass. To ensure priority of insertion, all communications should reach us not later than noon on Wednesday preceding publication.

THE AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL will be sent to any address, in the United States, or Canada, postpaid, for one year, for \$2.50, paid in advance.

We will forward single copies of this journal, postage free, on receipt of price—Ten cents.

As soon as the demand will warrant it, we propose publishing an edition each week, for first year. A new subscription rate will then be made—which, for the first year—will not affect those whose subscriptions have not expired.

All communications must be accompanied by the real names and addresses of the writers—not necessarily for publication—but as a guaranty of good faith. We cannot undertake to read anonymous letters, or to return rejected contributions. Write on one side of the paper only.

BOSTON, MAY 25, 1878.

Our readers will observe that with this number we have reduced the size of our paper one-half. We have determined on this course, we confess, quite unwillingly but, nevertheless, for as we think good and sufficient reasons which, we doubt not, will commend themselves to all our friends and all friends of bicycling as such.

When our first number was issued bicycling could not even be said to be in its infancy in this country, as it could hardly be said to exist at all; a solitary rider here and there being all who represented the pioneer movement. The Editor of this paper being an ardent and enthusiastic bicyclist, confident that as soon as the "wheel" should become at all extensively adopted its votaries would need a special organ devoted to the promotion of their pastime and as a medium of communication and record, determined to supply a want that would be most felt at the commencement of the movement. The experience of the English bicyclists, who have already four weeklies confined exclusively to their interests, was an assurance of this, and there could not be a doubt that Americans would not be long behind their English brethren, their interests and necessities in the matter being identical. So the bicycle in America and the AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL were about co-

eval. In the establishment of the latter its founders were not actuated by an absurd idea that it could be at once made profitable in a pecuniary sense; they commenced it entirely in the interest of the sport, well knowing and fully prepared to meet the expense of its development until it should render itself so much of a want that it would become self-supporting.

That time, with bicycles scattered—thinly as yet, it is true—over the entire continent; with a subscription list which, though small, sends the paper from Canada to Florida, from Maine to California—the avant couriers of the vehicle itself—seems now to have arrived. The expenditure incurred in our enterprise has hitherto been large, as every reader at all acquainted with such matters will readily understand, but for the good of the cause it has been cheerfully borne. Now an effort is to be made to make the paper support itself, and we have every confidence that our increasing circle of friends, and all our readers who sympathize with "open air" life and physical exercise will give us their utmost aid.

New subscribers; new customers at the news-stores and at the railway station; new correspondents; new advertisers, and a steady continuance of the aid of all these classes of supporters are what we need, and all that is needed to make the first AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL a pecuniary success, and to at least maintain its present standard of merit.

We don't expect or seek profit as yet, but we may in the future. The paper will still be issued fortnightly and at the same price. As soon as the proceeds warrant, the price will be reduced one-half and the paper be issued weekly; next we hope to return to the original size, keeping the price five cents if possible.

Our constant effort will be to improve the quality of our matter as rapidly as our experience and the support we receive will admit.

Club News and Wheel Talk.

The ninth club run of the B. Bi. C. was taken on Saturday, May 11th, the club starting from Trinity church at three P. M., as usual. Owing to the small attendance and the threatening appearance of the weather, it was determined to postpone the proposed run to Arlington and to take a run to windward instead. This led the club through the splendid roads north of Jamaica Pond, and thence via Forest Hills, to Mattapan, from which point the return home was made in very quick time, the wind being very strong and directly at the back of the riders. The roads were in capital condition, and the run most enjoyable to the participants.

On the same day two members of the club had a splendid run to Gloucester, some account of which will appear in our next issue.

The tenth club run of the B. Bi. C. occurred on Saturday, May 18th, the club leaving Trinity church at 3.15 P. M., and arriving at West Newton at 4.25. The roads were found to be sadly in want of rain—being very lumpy and dusty, but an enjoyable run was obtained nevertheless. From West Newton some of the members continued their run westerly,

intending to return Sunday, and the remainder, after a rest at mine host "Lackeys," returned to town via Brighton and the Milldam.

The B. Bi. C. will probably suspend its weekly club runs after the present month, it having been found that a large proportion of the members prefer to take long runs lasting from Saturday till Monday, and to start independently from their own homes. Added to which many of the members are now at their seashore houses, which makes it inconvenient to start from the city.

THAT BONESHAKER.

BY ONE WHO IS (BRET) HARTE-ILY TIRED OF IT.

Which I wish to observe,
And desire to declare,
That for trying your nerve
And for raising your hair,
The boneshaker's very peculiar;
Which it also your clothing does tear.

Boneshaker's its name,
And quite conscious was I
When I mounted the same,
What that name might imply,
But I, having determined to learn it,
To ride did persistently try.

'Twas October the third.
Soft as putty the skies,
Which it might be inferred
That the road was likewise,
Yet that day I descended upon it
With a force which occasioned surprise.

Which I went for a ride,
And, while bowling along,
My boot-lace came untied;
(It was leather, and strong.)
Which I here would remark that short laces
Are, henceforth, a *sine qua non*.

For it caused me to frown
When the crank twisted round.
And my lace, hanging down
On the axle, was wound,
And at each revolution drawn tighter.

Then I came to a stop
And my balance did lose.
And I sideway did drop,
And imported a bruise;
On the side of my head, which, in consequence,
Was sent, with me, into the blues.

I gazed up at the sky,
Which was starry to see,
And I rose with a sigh;
And I said "oh dear me,
There is no rose without a thorn, truly;"
And next day I was quite up a tree.

Which is why I observe,
And desire to maintain,
That for trying your nerve
And for giving you pain,
The boneshaker's very peculiar;
Which I hope that my meaning is plain.

"FAED" (London Institute B. C.).

THE BICYCLE FOR LONG DISTANCE ROADING— BOSTON TO CAMPELLO AND BACK.

Partly to determine the question whether the bicycle be a practical mode of locomotion, or merely an expensive and dangerous toy that, like all others of that class, would have its day and then die out of existence, making room for the next novelty destined to catch the popular fancy, the writer and two friends determined, on Thursday of last week, to attempt the run from Boston to Campello and back the same day.

A few days previous, my friend B. had bought him a "Dux-
plex Excelsior," carefully selected from the large and varied
stock of the Pope Manufacturing Company of this city, and
the same gentlemen had, with their usual courtesy, agreed to
let myself and the gentleman making the third one of our
party have one of their wire horses each, for the purpose of
the journey. Wednesday afternoon the two borrowed charg-
ers were brought to B's house on Columbus Avenue and care-
fully baited in the lower hall preparatory to an early start
the following morning.

Thursday morning opened with a promise of all that could
be desired for a day of pleasurable exercise, and as the hours
rolled on, proved one of the most perfect days that could be
imagined, for a delightful and invigorating ride through the
country. At eight o'clock, breakfast finished, we donned
our suits, knee breeches and long stockings, and arranging
our machines side by side on the smooth pavement of the
avenue, we prepared for the start.

The rain of the night previous had effectually laid the dust,
and the air felt cold, fresh and inviting. Now ready, all take
the handles firmly with both hands, put one foot on the step,
a slight push just giving enough momentum to enable us to
keep the equilibrium until the seat and treadle are gained,
and we are off up the avenue rolling over the smooth surface
at the rate of twelve miles an hour. Turning into Chester
Park we kept our rapid pace until reaching Tremont street,
where we had to cross that relic of barbarism—a cobble
pavement. This necessitated a more cautious rate of ad-
vance and some skillful balancing; safely crossing, with
nothing worse than a good jolting and an inward blessing of
the city fathers, for their stupidity in having any of our
streets spoiled by a pavement ugly to look at and ruinous
like to horse and all manner of vehicles, bicycles included.
The next bad spot being in Eustis street, where two of us go
through. Our companion, however, being comparatively a
beginner, did not fare so well, for in riding over a large and
smooth cobble stone his wheel glanced from its wet, slippery
surface, and before he could recover his balance rider and
machine were both down in the mud; the former considera-
bly the worse for the mishap, his new suit of light colored
corduroy in a shocking state of mud, compelling the party
either to return until he could renovate or go on without
him; which latter was finally determined on, so bidding him
good bye we once more started on our journey.

Proceeding rapidly up Dudley street we were soon outside
of the Hub and began to get glimpses at long stretches of
green fields and enjoy the fresh sweet breeze as it came over
the dew-laden foliage, that sparkled in the morning sun.

Here we are at the foot of Meeting House Hill, and now
comes the first test of your mettle; taking a firm underhold
of the handles, setting the feet down quick and hard on the
treadles the hill is mounted almost before we are aware of it,
with the riders none the worse, some a little puffed, and the
blood bounding quick and healthful through every vein,
while the whole body glows with the exciting exercise.

Up hill and down, through Neponset, across the railroad
track and bridge, now keeping the middle of the road, and

now bowling along in the narrow foot path where the roadway was rutty or freshly covered with loose earth and gravel to the depth of several inches,—which by a strange infatuation is called “repairing the highway”—and a quarter past nine found us safely in Quincy seeking refreshments and a few moments’ rest at the Robertson House, whose genial host, W. P. T. Meserve, showed us every attention, and to whose generous hospitality we recommend all riders of the bicycle journeying that way.

Our next stopping place, Holbrook, being made in about an hour and a half, the delay being caused by a great deal of bad road over which we were obliged to walk. After half an hour rest our journey was resumed, and having stopped a few moments in Brockton on our way through, another hour found us in Campello.

Returning to Holbrook, we were handsomely entertained at the house of a friend, and for an hour forgot everything but the weight of good cheer, with which his hospitable board was laden. During dinner, our vehicles, which had been placed by the side of the house, were the centre of attraction for the entire male population of the town, and many were the comments of admiration and surprise bestowed on the slight and graceful build of the bicycle, and great curiosity was expressed to see us mount. Having visited the factory of our host, seen the mysteries of hat making by machinery and given our dinners a chance to digest, we started for home, changing our route, upon the advice of a fellow bicyclist whom we had the good fortune to meet in Braintree, for a more circuitous but infinitely better road by way of Quincy Adams, West Quincy, Milton Lower Mills and Washington street, reaching Columbus Avenue at nine p. m., having ridden about forty-five miles and been on the road seven hours.

This, to us, our first attempt at roading—neither of us having been on a machine more than seven or eight times before—seems to definitely settle the question, Is the bicycle practical?

B.

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VOL. I, No. 13.

BOSTON, JUNE 8, 1878.

TEN CENTS.

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—Harvard cannot secure the honor of a first place upon the list of bicycle clubs, but she has done what is almost as important, initiated the bicycle into her athletic sports and successfully carried out what was really the first amateur bicycle race in this country. The race of the 24th ult. was in every respect creditable, both to the college under whose patronage it was given, and to the participants in the contest.

—An emphatic word of caution is timely now, when young men on bicycles are getting to be numerous in this city and its suburbs. Youth is naturally rash, and the novelty and peculiarly alluring nature of these vehicles will lead to dangerous acts and situations that must, if frequent, result in some very serious casualties. In England there have been many such, caused by reckless riding. Bicyclists should ever bear in mind that their machines are the "weaker vessels" in all respects among the other vehicles; and that they are likely to get the worst of it even if colliding with a pedestrian; so that

prudence is merely the dictate of self-preservation. The feeling of power and security on the wheel is delusive when it betrays one into the risk of contact with anything.

—It is pleasant to observe that a large majority of the drivers of all kinds of vehicles are considerate toward us when upon the road. A few, however,—and mostly from thoughtlessness, do imperil our equilibrium, if not our limbs, by not allowing us quite enough "margin." Especially is it dangerous for us to be approached suddenly from behind, and our wheels nearly grazed by those passing. The perilous liabilities of this are very obvious. Please have an extra care for our ticklish tandem wheels; as we have, and shall continue to have for your horses when timid.

—This is what the Dauphin in Shakespeare's Henry V. says of his steed: "'le cheval volant,' the Pegasus! When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk; he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it. He is pure air and fire; and the dull elements never appear in him, but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him." So say we all of us of our metallic horse, for it doubly transports those who ride it.

—On the 4th of July there will be numerous bicycle races in various places. At Nahant the town has made liberal appropriations for money prizes to professional bicyclists, and prizes of silverware for amateur riders. We do not know what has been provided by the Boston authorities for this city, but we understand that the matter is in contemplation, and have no doubt that the public interest in the new movement will be amply met.

From the "Boston Herald."

A HORSE THAT DON'T EAT.

Massachusetts and English Roads Compared —A Saturday's Ride Through Essex County.

The bicycle is rapidly growing in popularity. Its use is becoming general among men of all ages. Many who cannot or will not keep a horse are now seeking exercise and health on the graceful wire steed. Horses are expensive, require constant attention, and are not always fit for use when needed. The bicycle costs nothing to keep, never tires, and can be had at a moment's notice. Our English cousins have long since found this out, and the extent to which the bicycle is now used throughout Great Britain is surprising. It is said that one million dollars is invested in the manufacture of these machines in England; and we hear of one agency in London which cleared twenty-five thousand dollars from the sale of bicycles in a single year. Such are the number and variety of styles, that it requires an expert to select, and even experts are not all agreed as to which are the best. From an Irish roadster weighing perhaps fifty pounds, you can graduate the weight of your machine to a racer of but twenty pounds weight. Some have forty spokes in the large front wheel; others eighty; and now we hear of a machine with two hundred spokes in the front wheel, the whole affair weighing but twenty-five pounds. The paraphernalia which accompany a bicycle increases. Lanterns, breaks, travelling bags of various patterns, cyclometers to tell the distance travelled, bugles to announce the rider's approach, whistles for a like use, bicycle caps, blouses, trousers, stockings, shoes, etc. etc., are all manufactured especially for this new sport. Already four weekly journals, devoted exclusively to bicycling, are published in London, as well as two annuals, giving full information of well-nigh every available road in Great Britain, together with a complete epitome of all that happens or applies to the bicycle and its use.

In London we hear of fifty-five clubs, and in Great Britain, out of London, of one hundred and twenty-five more. In the United States, as yet, there are but two: the Boston Bicycle Club, and the Suffolk Bicycle Club. Abroad, the use of the bicycle is now, for the most part, well regulated. Cases in court are often reported, both against and in favor of bicyclists.

THE RIGHTS OF THE BICYCLIST

are fully supported by the courts, while at the same time riders are forced to comply with every rule needed for the safety of others.

It has been urged against the extended use of the bicycle in this country that our roads are not equal to the English roads, and that the machine cannot be ridden up hill, so is of little use here. This is a mistake. The bicycle itineraries of England reveal a condition of roads there which would surprise many not informed. In place of the uniform, easy grade, and smooth road bed, we read of rough, hilly, impassable roads, now so greasy as to be unsafe in wet weather, and now so hard to travel over as to be styled "diabolical." Of course there are many roads of unsurpassed excellence; but all England is by no means provided with such. It is just so in Massachusetts. Many roads in the vicinity of Boston are very superior; others are very bad. In the interior of the State good roads are not often met with, and yet there are such, which have only to be discovered to be appreciated. Our roads are better in the interior after a rain; if we wait till the sand and dust interfere, we cannot expect to be content. There is room for improvement in the care and preservation of Massachusetts roads, and by some effort good

through routes might be prepared from Boston to the Connecticut, and even to Berkshire. As for hills, we hear of one rider, at least, who has ridden on his bicycle

OVER ALMOST EVERY HILL

of consequence in the vicinity of this city, some of them being very steep and long. It was only a short time since that a member of the Boston Bicycle Club rode through to Salem, making a detour through Cambridge, Somerville, Charlestown, Everett, Saugus, Lynn, and thence over the Salem turnpike, a distance of about twenty-one miles, in exactly one hour and forty-five minutes, riding over every hill, and making the entire run without a dismount. After dinner, at Salem, he ran on with a companion to Gloucester. In a run like this, through crowded cities and villages, a uniform rate of speed is out of the question. In the ride above mentioned the rate varied from four miles an hour to eighteen miles an hour, according to circumstances and the condition of the road. But for general use the bicycle is not intended for racing; rather for moderate exercise out of doors; this seems to be overlooked by many, doubtless, who exclaim, "Why don't you go faster?" or "I can pass you with my horse," quite forgetting that when exercise is taken on foot or in the saddle, it is not with the view to outwalk or out-run every passer-by.

The bicycle, of course, does not take the place altogether of horses; it is only a new mode of locomotion. When horse cars were introduced here they caused loud complaints; they frightened horses, as they still do, and the tracks have always been a nuisance for pleasure travel. But when a test case was brought into our courts as to who had the right of way over the tracks, the decision was in favor of the horse cars; and this was in keeping with the improvements successive generations develop for their needs. So with bicycles; some are annoyed at their use, others not. The horses, however, appear to be getting used to them; and if riders take ordinary care and dismount when there is doubt, no harm is to be anticipated. It too often happens that drivers of horses are careless or inexperienced, or drive animals so young or skittish that they run their own risk. Bells should not be fastened to bicycles, for they serve to alarm the horses more. A whistle should be sounded, or a word or two spoken on approaching a person or carriage. A decent courtesy on the part of both rider and driver, or pedestrian, will prevent any difficulty.

Many suppose that bicycle riding develops the muscles of the legs alone, but this is an error. The exercise particularly strengthens the chest, lungs, arms and back; and herein lies its merit for men of sedentary occupations. After a long or hard run there is rather an aching, if at all, in the back, shoulders and arms, from holding the handles and guiding the machine. In short, the whole frame is brought into play, and, the exercise being in the open air, its merits are apparent. A single day of successful riding now is worth a week's vacation in the summer solstice. We are fast learning to appreciate the need of more physical exercise in this land of wear and tear, and are at last becoming sensible of the fact that clearness and strength of mind are best secured by soundness of body and limb.

Transatlantic.

From the (London) "Bicycling News."

A CIRCULAR RUN.

Just before I left England, on Tuesday, 19th April, I had a most delightful circular ride. Having arranged the night before to breakfast with E. N., H. N. and H. K., we started

from Paddington, after a good oiling up of machines, at 9.30, and soon got into the frightful macadam of the Edgware-road. After nearly reaching the summit of "Shoot-Up-Hill," we had to dismount through a restive horse; however, we were soon mounted again, and took soon after one of the first turnings to the left, and we now got into some fairly good roads, not without hills, however. We passed Kingsbury by the Willesden-lanes, and then round the bottom of Harrow-hill (here I had to dismount to oil my treadles, which had been squeaking nearly all the way). We now bowled on pretty well to Pinner and Ruislip, and then, inquiring our way to Uxbridge, we found it was a very good road; so we reached Uxbridge at about 11.45, where, after a little refreshment in the shape of a "shandy-gaff," we started off for Maidenhead, passing through Stoke and Burnham. At the latter place H. K. broke a spoke of his 54-inch Keen, much to his disgust. We reached Maidenhead at something after one, where we had a good wash and then an excellent cold meat lunch at very moderate terms. We could not start directly from here as we visited the diggings of Timberlake, and had one or two trifles done to our machines, which detained us till four o'clock. We then started for Windsor, and when we got there we were again detained for a short time, for H. K.'s tyre came off, and he had to get some string to remedy it. However, we were soon mounted again, and passed down the "Broad-walk," on to Virginia Water. Here we again dismounted, had some refreshments and a look at the beautiful grounds round the lake. We again mounted the pigskin for Cobham, passing through Chertsey. At the latter place there were some urchins playing in the road, who, as usual, set up a yell when they saw us, and placed three or four of their caps before our machines. However, E. N. punished them for their temerity by running over and catching their caps in his Carter's trailing brake, which carried them through the dust for a distance of three hundred yards, much to the surprise of the owners; and I should advise all bicyclists who carry this excellent brake to do the same as a lesson to such youngsters. We reached Cobham at 6.45, just as it was getting dark. Here we had a very wholesome tea, consisting of eggs and bread and butter. Here also H. K. had to get some wire for the *tyre* of his machine; we were now getting quite *tired* out with it. We could not get off from Cobham till nine o'clock, as the moon did not show herself till then. We returned home via Kingston, Ham, Richmond and Kew Bridge, the only mishap on the return being that H. K. had to leave us at Surbiton, as his machine was now getting shaky, being minus two spokes. We arrived home at 11.30, after a most enjoyable ride of eighty-five miles.

R. C., Tours.

[From the "London Bicycling Journal."]

A DECEMBER RIDE IN NOTTS..

HAVING had several days without rain, the roads were getting into better order, so my friend—who was rather anxious to avail himself of this opportunity—called on me in the morning to arrange a short run in company. We agreed to start at half-past one that afternoon. A few moments after the appointed time, we both set off from the Midland Railway bridge, Nottingham.

For the first two miles we found the roads very soft and dirty, which made us think we should not have a very pleasant ride, but bicyclists are seldom discouraged with a little rough riding when they have made up their minds for a run, so keeping on, we were rewarded by finding a change come o'er the scene; as after passing Ratcliffe, six miles, we found the roads in excellent condition, and as good going as could be wished for.

After leaving the latter village, the road runs—for about two miles—in proximity to the railway line. Working up to the top of the hill we got a splendid view of the country round, with Belvoir Castle in the distance. The run down to the "Old Foss," with legs over the handles, was much enjoyed, and it gave us a rest after the extra exertion.

Leaving Bingham on the right, we turned on to the Roman Foss Road, which leads us straight as an arrow to Newark, and we could see the outline of the road for miles before us, the undulating surface relieving it from the monotony of straight flat roads, as they occur in the fen counties of Lincoln and Cambridge. A few miles further on, we passed the "Red Lodge," which is a pleasant looking Inn, standing back some thirty yards from the way, with a carriage drive from the road past the door.

The country from here to within a few miles of Newark, is well wooded, with trees on each side of the road, which in summer give a very pleasant shade. On the right, "Flintham Park," soon comes in view with the "Hall,"—the seat of Captain Hilyard—and the large lake, which makes a pleasing picture, as we mount the hill alongside the Park wall. Keeping on at a good pace (for we meant to be back in Nottingham by dark), we soon pass the sixteen mile stone, and on taking out our watches for the first time, see it is seventeen minutes to three, which makes the pace to have been 15 1-2 miles in one hour and five minutes, and which shows that the roads were not in bad order. Newark's stately steeple now came in view, and flying down the hill, we ran through Stoke, which is the only village we have passed through from Ratcliffe to Newark, a distance of fourteen miles, so that should a bicyclist have a break down on the way, he would have a long distance to walk before he could get assistance.

Leaving Stoke we get a glimpse of the Trent, with "Stoke Hall," the seat of Sir Henry Bromley on its right bank; from here into Newark is a dead level run of three miles, but it being the December Fair we were a little retarded with meeting large droves of cattle, which generally appear to follow the example of their masters, and that is often antagonistic to bicycling.

Arriving at Newark (20 miles) at 3.10 we stayed a few minutes and saw the old castle where King John died. We started back for Nottingham at 3.40, and arrived there soon after dark, just four hours from the time of starting, having had a very pleasant and enjoyable run of 40 miles.

SCHNEL LLAUFER.

[This communication arrived too late for our Correspondence Columns.]

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 28th, 1878.

EDITOR AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL:

I hear that it is reported in the East that bicycling is unhealthy. If the charge is false, I think it should be refuted in your paper. If there is any truth in the report, how is it that the number of bicyclists in England runs up to the hundred thousands and is constantly increasing?

On the 25th inst. I rode on the Central Pacific R. R. about a hundred miles from S. F., and of course took particular notice of the country roads we passed. The majority of them were capital, and good enough, I think, to send a thrill through the heart of even an English bicyclist.

G. L. C.

[We have repeatedly asserted and proved by eminent medical authority, that instead of the bicycle being an enemy to health, it is perhaps the very best promoter of the highest physical condition.—ED.]

The American Bicycling Journal.

THE AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL will be published every other Saturday, at noon. Our country readers will much oblige by reporting any failure in delivery.

All communications should be addressed, and all money should be sent to, Editor AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL, 178 Devonshire Street, Boston, Mass. To ensure priority of insertion, all communications should reach us not later than noon on Wednesday preceding publication.

THE AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL will be sent to any address, in the United States, or Canada, postpaid, for one year, for \$2.50, paid in advance.

We will forward single copies of this journal, postage free, on receipt of price—Ten cents.

As soon as the demand will warrant it, we propose publishing an edition each week, for first year. A new subscription rate will then be made—which, for the first year—will not affect those whose subscriptions have not expired.

All communications must be accompanied by the real names and addresses of the writers—not necessarily for publication—but as a guaranty of good faith. We cannot undertake to read anonymous letters, or to return rejected contributions. Write on one side of the paper only.

BOSTON, JUNE 8, 1878.

THE BICYCLE IN VACATION.

The Boston and the Suffolk Bicycle Clubs, as will be seen in our department of Club News, have taken the first step in preparation for the summer vacation. Their respective club meetings, club meets and club runs are discontinued subject to the calls of their presidents, and henceforth until the end of the summer, Trinity church will cease to be a point of public interest and attraction on Saturday afternoons. But the cessation of collective club meetings by no means implies a state of idleness or rest for the nimble bicycle. The constitution of the metallic steed does not suffer from atmospheric influences, but, on the contrary, subordinates itself to the need of relaxation on the part of his master. Not in rusty and ignoble indolence will the bicycle exclude himself from the gaze of his admirers in some loft of the carriage house, nor carefully greased and ensconced in his cover be put away in the garret. It is for him to share the glories and delights of the vacation with his loving rider who, in every instance—we doubt not—anticipates enjoyments in his annual prolonged holiday unknown to him before.

Now the bicycle is about to diffuse himself at all the centres of of fashionable resort. He is about to seek for new worlds to conquer. At Newport and Saratoga;

in the mountains and at every seaside rendezvous he will have a chance of exhibiting his graceful contour and delighting unaccustomed eyes with the swiftness, ease and elegance of his movements. Happy are they who own and know how to manage the bicycle! How they will revel in the long stretches into country scenery, independent and alone or with one or two in company! How many rural and rustic scenes shut out from the ordinary world of travellers will be explored by them! In the freshness of the dewy morning think of a twenty miles run before breakfast, a drink of milk with a dash of Jamaica at some farm house amid the wonder of the sturdy farmer and all his household and all his help! And then the cool evenings between the lights—but there, our mouth waters with the bare ideal, and we could build aerial castles not half so aerial nor so remote as those of our boyhood; but space forbids, and we have only room to wish fair weather and happiness to all.

THE HAMPTON COURT MEET.

THE fourth Annual Meet of the London and Suburban Bicyclists took place at Hampton Court on Saturday, the 18th of May last, when sixty-one London Clubs and fifteen Country Clubs, in all seventy-six clubs, mustering fifteen hundred and twenty-seven bicycles and riders, participated. The management of the procession was in the hands of a committee consisting of representatives of nearly every club present, and arduous though their duties must have been, the result appears to have been on the whole very successful. The various clubs having taken the positions assigned to them; at 5.20 p. m. the "Assembly" was sounded, followed in quick succession by the "Attention" and "Advance", at which the whole long procession mounted and proceeded on their way. The route was eight miles long and was lined during the passage of the clubs with a vast concourse of spectators. Each club wore its respective uniform and the spectacle presented was one which will not easily be forgotten.

Professional Bicycling.

BICYCLING VERSUS HORSEMANSHIP.

The test of endurance was completed at Agricultural Hall, London, on Saturday, May 25th, and resulted in a victory to the horseman Leon. Another horseman, Newsome, started with the other riders, but after accomplishing about three hundred miles retired from the contest. The result of the six days' ride was as follows:

Leon (nineteen horses)	969.2 miles
Cann (Bicycle)	910 "
White "	864 "
Phillips "	850.2 "
Patrick "	801.2 "
Thomas "	734 "
Rawson "	375 "
Newsome (horseman)	282 "

Rawson and Newsome withdrew together. Fifteen hours per day were allowed each rider, and the race was very pluckily contested throughout. Although the victory was to the horseman, Stanton's six days' ride of one thousand miles has not been equalled.

THE ENGLISH INTER-UNIVERSITY BICYCLE RACES.

The annual bicycle contests between the Oxford and Cambridge Universities was held on Saturday, May 18th, at C. U. B. C. Grounds, Cambridge, and resulted in a sweeping victory for Oxford.

The two miles' race was won by W. D'A. Crofton (Oxford), in six minutes and ten seconds. Weir (Oxford), J. Keith Falconer (Cambridge), and Trotter (Cambridge), coming in in the order mentioned.

The ten miles' race was won by W. D'A. Crofton (Oxford) in thirty-three minutes and twenty-eight seconds, the other contestants coming in in the following order: Christie (Oxford) 2; Wynne (Oxford) 3; Clarke (Cambridge) 4; Honey (Cambridge) 5; Falconer (Cambridge) 6.

The twenty-five miles' race was won by A. A. Weir (Oxford) in one hour, twenty-four minutes and thirty-six seconds. Macleod, (Cambridge) Shoppee (Cambridge) and Harris (Oxford) coming in in the order named.

The three miles' Learners' Race, open to Cambridge only, was won by C. P. Wilson in eleven minutes and three seconds.

Club News and Wheel Talk.

The 7th regular meeting of the Boston Bicycle Club was held at 178 Devonshire Street, on 24th May last. The usual business was disposed of, and it was resolved that during the summer vacation the business meetings be dispensed with, subject to call as per By-laws.

It was also resolved that the weekly club runs (as such) be discontinued until autumn; it being understood, however, that such members as are in town can usually find company for a run by being at Trinity church any Saturday afternoon at three o'clock.

In view of possible races before next club meeting, an attempt was made to define the term "a professional" as "one who races, or who since January 1878 has raced, for a money prize. Per contra—the term "an amateur" was to apply to all who did not come under the head of "professional" as above defined.

After some discussion the motion was tabled and will come up again at next meeting.

The meeting then adjourned *sine die*.

The Suffolk Bicycle Club have adjourned their meetings, meets and runs until the autumn.

We learn that two gentlemen of San Francisco, who were enjoying a run in company, found that the town of Oakland did not allow that there was any practical difference between the modern bicycle and the old boneshaker, and as there was a law prohibiting the use of the latter on the public streets our two brethren of the wheel were arrested and fined six dollars each for daring to indulge in so unusual a means of travel.

In the interests of the aeronautical society we suggest that Oakland abolishes ALL means of locomotion *except balloons*. Necessity is the mother of invention, we are told, and with such a peculiarly intelligent, progressive and enterprising people as the Oaklanders have shown themselves to be, it surely only needs some such spur as the one we have suggested, to produce astonishing results.

Messrs. Pratt and Hodges of the B. Bi. C. had a very enjoyable run to West Boylston and back on the 25th and 26th

inst. The distance is about fifty miles each way, and we shall hope to give a more extended mention of their run, detailing state of the roads, &c., in our next issue.

The first bicycle race of the Harvard Athletic Association was successfully carried out at their meeting at Beacon Park on May 24th last. The contestants were L. Foster, class '81; C. A. Parker, class '80; F. E. Cabot, class '80; A. S. Tubbs, class '79; F. Sharon, class '80; but although all these were entered the race really was between the three first named, and of these Foster dropped out after the first mile, leaving Cabot and Parker to compete for the honors. The length of the course was three miles, and a really fine contest resulted in a victory for Parker by only half the diameter of his front wheel. Time, twelve minutes twenty-seven seconds.

Correspondence Column.

ADVENTURES OF A "WARY WOBBLER."

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., MAY, 1878.

EDITOR AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL:—

Having, at last, after much perseverance and no end of tumbles, gained sufficient mastership over the "wiry steed" to dare call myself a wary wobbler, if not a bicyclist, I decided to try a road run, and took for my first the best road upon the Pacific Coast, the Point Lobos or Cliff House road.

To fully appreciate the difficulties under which a San Franciscan bicyclist labors, the reader must understand that the hills in this vicinity are both numerous and steep, that half the roads in the city are execrable, and that in five months out of the twelve the wind rises every day about noon, and blows a gentle hurricane until sundown; added to this the fact of my machine being a size too large and my only having had about a week's acquaintance with the animal, and it will be evident that the conditions were not the most favorable.

But what are hindrances like these to a man who has once experienced the felicity of riding a bicycle! The many benefits and delights to be obtained are enough to compensate one for overcoming double the obstacles.

Thus it was that on a bright Sunday morning in the early part of May, 1878, I got out my bicycle—a 52 inch Duplex Excelsior—and started with a light heart for the Cliff House, the great resort of those residents of San Francisco fortunate enough to own, hire or borrow a turn-out on a Saturday or Sunday afternoon.

I mounted at the corner of Washington street and Van Ness avenue and rode down the latter to Bush street, which I turned up, but was immediately obliged to dismount on account of a hill which would have been easily ascended by an ordinary bicyclist, but which was quite insurmountable to me, owing to machine being too large. As my bicycle is the first that has appeared to any extent upon the roads in these parts, of course it is the object of constant admiration and inquiry, and I had not walked more than a block before being accosted by an elderly gentleman who wanted to know all about the machine, and intimated his wish to see me ride it. So I mounted and rode up and down a cross street once or twice, and was fully repaid by the expressions of delight from the small crowd which had quickly gathered. Then walked up Bush street another block to the top of the hill, where I mounted again and proceeded carefully down the opposite side, over a very lumpy surface, for about five blocks and was then dumped in attempting to cross a car track raised considerably above the level of the road. No damage was done, however, and I at once re-mounted and continued for about

half a mile over very fair surface, when the going became once more exceedingly rough, and as the wind was against me, I dismounted for a little rest. The rest was very short, as I, or rather my bicycle, was almost immediately surrounded by several interested spectators, full of admiration and questions, and who of course must see the thing work. So once more I mounted, but only to get off again after one or two blocks, being confronted by a hill. One of the spectators had followed me and proved to be an acquaintance whom I had not seen for some time, and we had a very pleasant talk upon bicycles while walking up the hill. Arrived at the top we found ourselves upon the Point Lobos road, at the terminus of the omnibus line running to the Cliff House. Here all was plain sailing, the road from this point to the beach being made of the very best macadam. So I mounted, bid good bye to my friend, and started off warily down the grade. Once upon the level, however, all care vanished and I bowled along merrily, experiencing for the first time that buoyancy of spirits and feeling of perfect independence that belongs only to the bicyclist. What exhilaration! what freedom! Could anything more blissful be imagined on earth? Certainly nothing but flying would come anywhere near to it. The ground seemed to be rushing along under me and yet I felt as safe and at home as if in a buggy. The slight rises in the road afforded only pleasure from the obstacle surmounted and I sped along faster and faster till my feet could hardly keep the treadles, so I took them off and let myself be born along until the speed became more moderate.

After riding about three miles and a half, the half-mile track was reached, and seeing a very enticing looking seat upon the veranda of a tavern near by, I dismounted and had a chat with the landlord.

Some members of an athletic club were practising upon the track for a foot race. I took my machine down and rode round once, doing it in 3.01, which was all that could be expected, considering that the track was sandy, the wind strong, that my machine was too large, and last, but not least, that the time was made by a week-old wary wobbler.

Soon after this I mounted again and proceeded about a quarter of a mile to a hill which forced a dismount and walk up. Here a pedestrian caught up with me, who in the course of conversation informed me that he was in the habit of walking twenty to forty miles every Sunday. I told him he ought to become a bicyclist. He said the country roads around San Francisco are generally very fair, which I was much rejoiced to hear.

From the top of the hill there is a first rate run of about two miles to the Cliff House, the latter part of the road being rather steep. I succeeded in riding down safely, however, and in dismounting creditably at the hotel, where quite a crowd at once collected on the steps and forced me, not unwillingly, to tell the same old story over again.

Here I stayed about an hour, taking a little refreshment meanwhile, and then walked across the beach for a quarter of a mile to the entrance to the Golden Gate Park, through the whole extent of which the macadam is perfect. These two roads, the Point Lobos and the Park, are renowned throughout the country, and it is said are equal to even the best English roads.

After riding for about two miles and a half at a good pace, I dismounted for a short rest, and then took a road branching off to the left, thinking it would be more level. The going proved to be very rough, however, and I was soon sent over sideways on account of the depth of the sand. After pushing on for about half a mile the road ended abruptly; but luckily a better road was in sight, and I shoved my machine across the sand hills to it, and soon got back again to the Park road proper.

The wind was quite strong by this time, and as it was directly from behind I sped along at a fine pace for two miles or so, without exerting a muscle.

Beyond the Park the roads became rough again and it was rather hard work; but I got along pretty well until suddenly, directly in front of me, appeared a big hole from which there was no escape, and so I went for it, hoping for the best. It turned out worst instead of best, however, as I was sent over the handles; gently, to be sure, but close to a railroad station from whence came a roar of laughter from a crowd of car drivers. Not being hurt at all, I laughed as hard as any them, and they soon straightened their faces and began asking questions about the "big velocipede."

Learning that I was near the house of some friends, I proceeded thither and spent a pleasant half hour, resting and regaling in lemonade. From here the roads were pretty good as far as the hill on Geary street, over which I walked to Van Ness avenue, and then rode safely to Jackson street, beyond which the avenue is impassable to a bicycle and I had to walk a couple of blocks to reach home.

This run was made entirely for exercise and pleasure, and I took no note of time from beginning to end. Starting out at 9 o'clock A. M. with the intention of spending an enjoyable day in bicycling, I reached home at half-past three P. M., thoroughly satisfied, and without feeling either stiff or fatigued after riding fully sixteen miles.

Nearly everybody here has prophesied that the bicycle will frighten horses; but my experience so far has been quite to the contrary. During the trip I passed between two and three hundred teams, of which more than half took no notice whatever of my machine, only two or three deigned even to shy, and not one bolted.

In conclusion, I wish to say that in this city the public opinion regarding bicycles seems to be almost universally favorable, and I feel confident that the time is not far off when the glorious art of bicycling will be adopted by a large portion of the community.

SLY BACON.

Answers to Correspondents.

"TOR." Plymouth.—We shall be very glad if you will.

"RALPH G." New York.—We know you have two at least in your city, and if this meets their eyes we shall be glad of their permission to make you acquainted. Bicyclists should know each other everywhere.

2. We think you will lose money if you try to import your own machine.

"MACHINIST."—We have had lots of similar letters; we advise you first to become a practical and accomplished bicyclist, and then perhaps you may be able to "improve" the modern bicycle.

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BOSTON, JUNE 22, 1878.

TEN CENTS.

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to a temporary suspension and such proceedings as would be likely to serve as a warning, not only to himself, but to all who have it in their power to abuse authority placed in their hands for the preservation of the peace of society and the protection of individual rights.

It is a question for consideration whether this is not a case in which the bicycle clubs of Boston in their corporate capacity should appeal to the courts for the protection of their members from similar abuse of authority. We throw out the suggestion as a matter to be thought about and perhaps acted upon in any future case that may arise.

—We call attention of our readers to a communication that appeared in the “Daily Advertiser” of June 20th, and which we thought desirable to transfer to our columns, so that the first glaring act of interference by a public officer of Boston with a quiet gentleman engaged in the innocent pursuit of bicycling in a place so public as the Common, and without the least pretence that he was thereby disturbing or putting to inconvenience any other person, may go on record in this, the first AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL.

We fully endorse the writer’s forcible protest against the brutal assault by the policeman, and need add nothing to his remarks on this point. We think that his more gentle protest against the lenity with which the gravity of the offence seems to be regarded at the police station, is hardly so commendable. Of course we have no idea that the assault was an act of malice; it was simply an instance of individual stupidity and natural brusqueness that indicated an unsuitable man in the possession of authority. It was an act of gross misconduct that ought to subject the perpetrator, if not to dismissal from the force,

THE WHEEL.

ADAPTED FROM THE GERMAN BY D.

“Whither, on whirling wheel?
Whither, with so much haste,
As if a thief thou wert?”

“I have the Wheel of life;
Stained with my city’s dust,
From the struggle and the strife
Of the narrow street I fly
To the Road’s felicity,
To clear from me the frown
Of the moody toil of town.”

—Some one sends us a poor parody of Campbell, of which two lines will be quite enough:

“ ‘Tis the morning of life gives bicyclical lore,
And coming wheels can cast their riders before.”

The parody or “adaptation” business in regard to bicycling, seems to be rather overdone recently, as appears by the secular papers. We say secular, in contradistinction to bi-secular, which is us—or we, as you please.

Transatlantic.

[From our own correspondent.]

LONDON, May 27th, 1878.

May has been a busy month for bicyclists, and many will have reason to remember the great Hampton Court Meet of 1878. In a former letter I mentioned the fact that a committee had been formed out of the principal metropolitan clubs to arrange details, appoint officers, &c. It was acknowledged by all that last year's meet was in a great measure a failure as a spectacle, and that at the point in Bushey Park where the procession could have been seen to advantage; the reason was that the people crowded together, and almost blocked the road where the bicyclers had to pass along. This year the committee determined to provide, if possible, against a similar occurrence, and applied to the police authorities for a company of the "force"; a large number—one hundred and forty I believe—were sent, but the result was not much improvement on the parade of last year. I ought to mention that Hampton Court, the rendezvous, is about ten or twelve miles from the nearest part of the metropolis by road, and a mile on the other side of Kingston; the exact starting point was at the Lion Gates (between Bushey Park and Hampton Court Palace), and a round of seven and one-half miles was chosen for the procession route, which was through Hanworth and Twickenham, finally returning to the Lion Gates through Bushey Park. This park is a well-known resort, and the avenue, about a mile long, affords a pretty view at this time of the year when the chestnut trees are in full bloom; the 18th, the day fixed for the meet, was in fact "chestnut Saturday," which of itself always attracts a great number of carriage folk; but this was not all, for a review of several thousand volunteers was held in the park the same afternoon. So that one may easily imagine that the police would have their hands full. The committee worked hard, and did all they could think of to make the wheels run smoothly; but their expectations were again disappointed. The increase in number of riders was not very large; sixty-one metropolitan clubs were represented by one thousand and forty-seven members, the figures of last year being forty-one clubs and nine hundred and four riders; there was a slight falling off in the provincial clubs, fourteen only sending eighty-three members, as against twenty-three clubs and one hundred and twenty-four riders last year. The riders not belonging to any club—unattached—again mustered strong, and were variously estimated at from two hundred to six hundred; I think three hundred and fifty will be outside the mark. The grand total of bicyclists will thus amount to one thousand four hundred and eighty. The afternoon was very disagreeable, the dust blowing in clouds under the influence of a strong wind, which caused the procession to be very irregular. They started at 5.15 P. M., and all was not over till after eight, the affair taking nearly three hours. The clubs rode in order of seniority, the Pickwick being first; fourteen of the clubs sent twenty riders and over, the chief being London, one hundred and four; Temple, ninety-nine; Pickwick, sixty-five; Stanley, sixty-five; Wanderers, forty-five. The procession got along all right, though in anything but good order, till the last one and one-half miles, entering Bushey Park, when a dismount was necessary on account of the crowd; the continuity being thus broken, the best part of the sight was lost. However all got through at last, and the programme was carried out with some sort of success, though falling short of the intentions and expectations of the promoters as a spectacular display. No doubt the papers are right for once in saying that there was a great want of organization, drill and discipline.

While on the subject of bicycle "meets", I may mention that there have already been several this season. The first I noticed was a small local gathering at Ashford, in Kent, on April 11th. On Easter Monday there were four; one in the north, at Morpeth, when one hundred and twenty-two riders belonging to clubs, assembled; another was at Brighton (on the south coast), when from seventy to eighty men represented ten clubs; the third was at Aylesbury, which was visited by twenty-two clubs and one hundred and sixty riders; the fourth was at Stratford-on-Avon, but I do not remember hearing any particulars of it. The Scottish Meet was held on the 18th, same day as the Hampton Court. There are also meets at Liverpool (June 1st), Leamington, (June 10th), Harrowgate, (Aug. 5th.) Coventry (Aug. 5th).

The Horsemanship versus Bicycling contest was rather a sell for the machinists; a bicyclist is a match for a horse any day over a distance, but it was absurd to put a man and machine against nineteen horses; of course it may be said that the question of the match was the ability of the horseman to keep in the saddle as long as the bicyclist; but it is very hard to look at it in that light, for the bicyclists could not average more than fifteen miles an hour, whereas the horses, having only about ten or twelve miles apiece to do each day, could easily go at such a pace for that short distance as would leave the bicyclists no chance. In fact, what won the race was speed alone. The papers will doubtless ere this have given you all particulars, which will be somewhat out of place here. However, I may say that, after two days only, but two of the bicyclists—W. Cann and F. White—stood any chance; but the horseman was only biding his time, in fact waiting for them. On the fourth day Leon rode one hundred and ninety-one miles, and at leaving off was fifteen miles ahead; the scores being, Leon seven hundred and sixteen, Cann seven hundred and one, White six hundred and eighty. From this point the superiority of the horses was only too evident, and appeared to be tacitly acknowledged, for very little work was done on the last two days, Leon winning easily by fifty-nine miles. The most notable feature, perhaps, in the affair, was on the Tuesday when White rode for eleven hours five minutes without leaving the saddle or stopping, doing one hundred and fifty miles in that time. He rode a machine with a new bearing to both wheels, which is said to be much superior to anything previously invented; it is made by Rudge, of Wolverhampton. White, I ought to mention, had a bad fall on the first day, or would have done much better.

The only important racing events in amateur circles, to note, are the Bicycle Union championships, and the Inter-University (Oxford and Cambridge) Races. The former took place on May 11th, in Stamford Bridge Grounds, London. The Hon. J. Keith Falconer won the two-mile race, being opposed by only second class men, as the best Londoner, W. Wyndham, did not compete; he had entered, but it is said he was afraid to meet Falconer, as he had no chance against him; I believe, however, he was not quite well. The twenty-five mile race was won by A. A. Weir of the Dark Blue Club (Oxford University), out of a field of thirteen starters, including Falconer, who was beaten a mile from the finish and retired from the race; Weir's time was one hour, twenty-seven minutes, forty-five seconds. The Inter-University Races at Cambridge on the 18th appear to have been somewhat exciting; Falconer, the best man in the University Club, was out of condition, and had the tables turned on him by the Oxford rider, W. D'A. Crofton, who won both the two-mile and the ten-mile races easily; last year Falconer beat Crofton in these two contests, but has fallen off in his riding since. The twenty-five mile race was a splendid victory for Weir, the winner of the B. Union championship the previous

year, this time doing the magnificent time of one hour, twenty-four minutes, thirty-six seconds, the best on record, amateur or professional.

From the (London) "Bicycling News."

BICYCLING IN THE NORTH OF SCOTLAND.

Probably many of the readers of this valuable journal are unacquainted with the Highlands of Scotland, their beauties and their accessibility to the bicycling tourist during the summer months.

In the following remarks I shall endeavor to give a description of the roads in general (taking those of Inverness and Ross shires as fair samples), and in conclusion a short sketch of the present and past, in relation to bicycling in the North.

Many and varied are the excursions which can be made in those counties already mentioned, as well as in the Highlands generally. Here is to be seen some of the most beautiful scenery in Britain, and which is by no means out of the reach of holiday-spending bicyclists; for, by means of rail, water, or road, can be reached the northern capital, and from thence proceed to enjoy his long-wished-for trip.

That which debars many a bicyclist—regardless of the expense—from undertaking such a journey, is doubtless the deep-rooted idea that the roads, in steepness, are as the mountains themselves, and that in quality they closely resemble the water-runs. True, in touring I have met both these objections face to face, but in a very limited degree. Only on the worst of roads are they to be found, and these can usually be avoided, for generally the country and turnpike roads are kept in first-class condition, and when hills do occur they are moderate.

These latter, when found to be of any particular degree of stiffness, are frequently situated in the most picturesque situations, and giving beautiful glimpses of water and wooded banks, if beside a river or loch; or if on the uplands of some wild glen or cultivated strath, a magnificent view of its whole length.

In Collin's geography of Inverness-shire, I find the following statistics relating to the length of highways in that country: "Those roads" (General Wade's military) "were of very great service to the Highlands, but are now almost superseded by others more suitable to modern wants. Between 1804 and 1820 upwards of eight hundred miles were made through the Highlands, and chiefly in Inverness. The total extent of roads now in Inverness is about one thousand miles, maintained by assessments." From this, then, the bicyclist may have no fear of having too little ground to run over in one season's touring.

Regarding accommodation, it is only needful for me to remark that the inns and hotels which one passes every few miles are for the most part comfortable, attendance good and charges moderate.

A bicycling tourist coming thus far north may think that once over the "Scottish Alps," he is entirely separated from his friends of the wheel. Not so; for in some of the principal towns on the Moray Frith and elsewhere in the Highlands, he will find those who, like himself, love to spend their holidays on their favorite motor; and who would most gladly, I am sure, give information concerning roads, &c., as far as it would be in their power to do so.

In Inverness, the capital of the Highlands, two bicycle clubs existed last year, but, owing to want of co-operation among the members, neither has as yet come to life again. However, it is gratifying to see the members always running about, and enjoying the charming weather which it has been our lot to have had for the past six weeks. In Elgin and For-

res, clubs have also been established, and it seems, through the activity of the members, that bicycling has gained a good hold in these districts as well as here.

CLANSMAN.

Inverness, N. B.

Club News and Wheel Talk.

THE SUFFOLK BICYCLE CLUB.

We have much pleasure in recording the following chronicle of runs of the first short season (spring term) of the above club. It is evidently made up of enterprising and enthusiastic members, and the B. Bi. C. will have to guard its laurels next Fall.

Tuesday, April 16th, to Salem and back. Going by way of Charlestown, Chelsea and Lynn; returning, Lynn, Linden, Malden, Medford and Cambridge. (The roads from Charlestown to Lynn were poor, but thence to Salem, good.)

Thursday, April 18th. From Cambridge to Linden through Medford and Malden and return. The roads on this route are very fine except a short bit between Medford and North Cambridge.

Friday, April 19th, to Scituate and back, through Hingham and Cohasset. (The roads from Boston to Hingham good; from there rather poor. The running time down to Scituate was 2 hrs. 38 min. Returning, 2 hrs. 38 min.)

Saturday, April 20th, through Dorchester, Mattapan, Jamaica Plain, Chestnut Hill and Brookline.

Monday, April 22d, from Boston to Newport, via Stoughton and Fall River. (The roads were good to Fall River; from there good only in places. The running time was a few minutes over ten hours, not including a stop of two hours and a half.)

Lowell bicyclists are talking of forming a club.

"Absence of all complicating neatness, strength, durability, correct fitting and workmanship," is a sentence used by a certain English bicycle maker in the circular and price list describing his machines.

THE SWIFT WHEEL.

BY LAURA M. TAYLOR.

From sunshine and from moral truth
Let Life be woven athwart thy breast!
The rapid cycles of thy youth
But better Duty's solemn quest.

Vibration gives but faint assent
To that which in thee seems complete,
But time evolves the Accident
Below the dust-driven chariot's feet.

Be well provided! Overthrow
Is Life's stern law, none can evade;
Thou to the goal shalt hasten so,
When reckless natures' wheels are stayed.

We have made a "solemn quest" for the meaning of the above, but some of it is either very hazy or too deep for us. However, as it has a high-toned sobriety very edifying in these days of frivolity, and seems to inculcate caution in young bicyclers, we print it—*pour encourager Laura*.

Any rider whose 50-in. bicycle is too large or small for him, can find, in the advertising columns of this issue, opportunity of disposing of it.

The American Bicycling Journal.

THE AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL will be published every other Saturday, at noon. Our country readers will much oblige by reporting any failure in delivery.

All communications should be addressed, and all money should be sent to, Editor AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL, 178 Devonshire Street, Boston, Mass. To ensure priority of insertion, all communications should reach us not later than noon on Wednesday preceding publication.

THE AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL will be sent to any address, in the United States, or Canada, postpaid, for one year, for \$2.50, paid in advance.

We will forward single copies of this journal, postage free, on receipt of price—Ten cents.

As soon as the demand will warrant it, we propose publishing an edition each week, for first year. A new subscription rate will then be made—which, for the first year—will not affect those whose subscriptions have not expired.

All communications must be accompanied by the real names and addresses of the writers—not necessarily for publication—but as a guaranty of good faith. We cannot undertake to read anonymous letters, or to return rejected contributions. Write on one side of the paper only.

BOSTON, JUNE 22, 1878.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS AND READERS.

The present number will complete the first phase in the existence of the AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL. It will now become an irregular instead of a regular noun. But we hope it will be, more than ever, "a noun of multitude or signifying many"; many, in several senses of the word,—many issues, many copies of each issue, many subscribers, many readers, many advertisers, and many friends of all kinds.

Instead of presenting itself on every alternate Saturday, its appearance in future, or at least for the present, will be somewhat erratic and will be governed by the accumulation of bicyclie matter and other circumstances.

It by no means resigns its place as the organ of the American bicycler, but will continue to note and will in due time record all events of interest to its readers both at home and abroad. But its dates of issue and its form of issue will be regulated in accordance with the best judgment of the proprietors, keeping in view the best interests of the bicyclie movement, with which their own interests are, of course, identified.

Nor will the special interests, rights, or justifiable expectations of their subscribers be by any means forgotten or neglected. Volume one will be completed on the 22d of December next, as originally contemplated, and

all subscribers will receive their papers until that date, whether the issue be daily, weekly or monthly. New subscriptions will date from No. 1, and back numbers will be forwarded, so that all subscribers will be on equal footing. It will be the aim of the proprietors that every one interested shall be satisfied both in regard to the quantity and the quality of his paper.

As we have once before intimated, the cost of starting the JOURNAL and maintaining it to the present time has been quite heavy, and the indications are that it will so continue; the proprietors do not therefore, seek to shirk any necessary outlay, but they do desire to avoid waste and make their loss as small as possible. They confidently expect the generous consideration and support of their subscribers and of all bicyclers, every one of whom—and they now number some hundreds in Massachusetts alone—SHOULD BE not only a subscriber but an honorary agent of the paper.

We look forward to the time when—the bicycle universally adopted—not only this paper but several others devoted to this special interest will become an absolute necessity. Our friends can do much in hastening this time; they must help procure new subscribers and customers, they must use their influence in increasing our advertising support, and generally aid the effort of the proprietors to the end that a paper in which each one has a vital interest may have an assured financial success.

The date of our next issue will be announced by advertisement in the preceding Monday's issue of the "Boston Daily Advertiser," and of the "Evening Transcript," and contributions of matter should not be delayed in consequence of this change in our plan; the next number may appear at any moment and items of interest should be sent in promptly as usual. We necessarily depend a good deal on our friends for such items, and trust that they will keep on the "qui vive" for news and incidents that properly belong to a journal of bicycling.

We have been greatly cheered in our efforts to do something for a cause we have deemed worthy of considerable sacrifice, by many and flattering tokens of approval in the shape of remarks made publicly and privately, and we have had some more substantial proofs of appreciation; we need not say that much as we value the former, the latter are the most satisfactory by many degrees, and indeed they are indispensable to our success. The one paper devoted to bicycling ought not to be allowed to languish for want of that individual help which falls so lightly if each takes a share, and which becomes so heavy when borne by a few. Ought it, now?

WRITE TO THE "TIMES."

Among the various classes of newspaper correspondents there is one class whose idiosyncracy is, whenever any circumstance occurs that causes them the most trifling inconvenience or annoyance from persons outside of their own immediate circle of friends, to make it a public grievance, magnify its importance and straight-

way "write to the 'Times,'" as they say in England. Letters from such persons are to be met with frequently, in daily papers especially, everywhere. They are seldom written in the public interest or by public-spirited individuals. In nine cases out of ten, we venture to say, they are but the momentary expressions of exasperation or irascibility which has passed away from the writers' minds before they see their ill-natured remarks in print, or they are the effusions of chronic grumblers who are never so happy as in finding fault with other persons or things.

We have recently noticed a case in point in the columns of the "Daily Advertiser," and as it relates to bicycling, and is moreover the first public complaint of the kind we have noticed, we increase its publicity as far as we can by incorporating it in this article, together with a reply which appeared in the same newspaper two or three days afterwards. We insert it to show the trivial nature of the complaint, and also as a warning to bicyclists to be extremely guarded and careful in their actions on the road, so as to avoid the least reasonable grounds of objection to passengers having the same **BUT NO OTHER** rights than themselves. The first letter reads as follows:—

BICYCLES.

EDITORS BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER:—

Riding over Milton Hill yesterday on a very steady horse not afraid of locomotives, guns, dogs or music, and in fact, perfectly fearless so far as I know after a trial of several weeks, a tall man on a tall bicycle came spinning along; my horse stopped suddenly and wheeled round like a top, and had I been on wheels I think there would have been a wreck. Now I suggest that in all thoroughfares smoothly adapted to the bicycle, all conspicuous corners should be ornamented by signs to this effect: "Public road—dangerous on account of bicycles." ***

Our readers will notice that the writer's knowledge of the immaculately trained horse he was riding when the INCIDENT—not the ACCIDENT—occurred, only extended over several weeks, which term can hardly be considered sufficient to guarantee that the fault was not rather in the horse than in the bicyclist. One cannot help remembering in this connection the strong assurance given by the stable-keeper to Mr. Pickwick when starting on his ride to Dingley Dell, that the animal he was about to pilot wouldn't "shy": "Shy! why bless your soul, sir, he wouldn't shy if you wos to meet a vaggin-load of monkeys with their tails burnt off." But even with such a reputation as that the horse in question was a most inveterate shyer, as poor Mr. P. found to his intense mortification. We cannot help opining that the writer of the above letter was in a similar case. However that may be, the horse shied, and that's all there was to the incident. Most horses shy now and then when they meet an unusual object, especially if the object is in motion, and still more especially if it comes within their range of vision suddenly. It is in regard to this point that the bicyclist is in a measure responsible. He cannot be held responsible for a fault in any horse he may meet, nor for the carelessness or incompetency of riders and drivers,

nor for the fact that he presents a new form of carriage for either horses or drivers to contemplate, but HE SHOULD make it an invariable rule, until his vehicle shall have become well known to every one (horses and men), to make his approach known as gradually and naturally as possible. Nor do we suppose it to be the fault of the bicyclist if he should happen to be a "tall man" requiring a bicycle of proportionate elevation. The difference between a tall man and one of the medium size is hardly sufficient to be extra alarming, especially to a horse of unusually unshy qualities.

The above letter would have been of some value to the public, and bicyclists would have been under some obligations to the writer, had he suggested some sensible and practical means of avoiding any possible chance of accident from the use of bicycles. What he does suggest would neither keep bicyclists off the public roads nor prevent a swift rider, driver or foot passenger from risking all the danger likely to be incurred from the free use of the aerial steed.

We subjoin the reply in the "Advertiser" to which we have before referred, and we call the particular attention of all riders and drivers to the lines we have put in italics, from which it will be seen that the old fable of "The Wolf and the Lamb" has another illustration in the matter of bicycles:—

BICYCLES.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER:—

Your correspondent who complains that his horse was frightened on Milton Hill by a bicyclist, is evidently of opinion that the public roads ought to be closed against these new vehicles. Otherwise his complaint is out of place. Some horses are frightened by hay-carts, but such teams are not excluded from the privileges of the road. *There are drivers who do worse than frighten horses. They scare bicyclists. I could tell you some of my own experiences when I was a mere learner, when on several occasions persons coming up behind me tried to run me down, the offender once being the driver of a tandem team on Beacon street in Brookline.* The best plan for both drivers and bicyclists is to recognize each other's existence and rights. A bicycle has as good right to be on any road as a horseman or a buggy team. They are both likely to continue to occupy the roads in this neighborhood. Most bicyclists carry a whistle with which they give warning when coming up behind teams. Approaching them in front this is not necessary. The riders of the new machines do not ask that horse teams shall provide themselves with similar means of giving notice of approach, and do not need it. Scarcely one horse in a hundred is now disturbed at the sight of a bicycle, and as the use of the vehicle increases, the percentage will become still smaller.—[Advertiser, Ju. 18, 1878.]

The truth is, that of all forms of travelling on public roads, bicycling is attended with the most risk from the carelessness, ignorance and wilfulness of others. The bicycle is by far the most delicate of vehicles and the most easily injured by collision. Even in a collision with a foot passenger the bicyclist and his machine would be almost certain to come off second best; from all of which it is evident that our fraternity are under bonds for careful riding and good behaviour on all public highways. Added to this, the experience of bicyclists dur-

ing the past few months of the insignificance of any inconvenience to others caused by the pursuit of their pastime, even while the pastime is new in this country, ought to be an assurance to the public that the lives and limbs of equestrians and pedestrians are perfectly safe as far as bicycling is concerned, and that they may avoid the notice boards suggested by ***.

If it was necessary to add another word, we need only refer to the experience in England, where bicyclists pervade the public thoroughfares by tens of thousands, and where the population is at least as dense as it is in Massachusetts. No doubt there were non-progressive and crotchety persons there as there are here, but the world "moves" in spite of old fogies, and the novelty of to-day is an "institution" to-morrow.

[Since the foregoing article was in the hands of the printer, the following article has appeared in the "Advertiser," and we leave out interesting matter in order to insert it. Ed.]

THE BICYCLE.

Brutal Assault on a Bicycle Rider—How Such Assaults are Treated in England.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER:—

On Monday last, as a young man was carefully riding his bicycle on Boston Common, he was of a sudden sprung upon by a policeman, who violently forced over the machine, throwing the rider to the ground. The assault was so desperate and so forcible, that the most accomplished rider could not have maintained his equilibrium, and this violent proceeding was followed by an attempt to arrest the prostrated rider.

The indignation of the by-standers was such, however, that the officer became alarmed and concluded to let the young man ride on. But the affair had gone too far, and several gentlemen advancing with their cards insisted upon a presentation of the matter at the nearest station-house, to which place they even accompanied the insulted rider, and there protested to the superior officer against the dastardly conduct of the subordinate. The young rider was of course discharged, and the offending policeman sent about his duty with nothing but a warning.

The excuse given by the policeman was that the young man was riding on the Common. But whether riding on the Common or elsewhere, no one had a right to assault him. An assault on a bicycle rider might result in a broken limb or rib, or even in death: for when the delicate machine is violently forced out of equilibrium it puts the rider in imminent peril. In this case the rider fortunately escaped with only a rent in his clothing, but he might have been crippled for life. The method taken by the policeman was about as senseless as if he had undertaken to stop a slack-rope dancer by cutting the rope.

Whether riding on the common is permissible or not, the authorities may determine; but as the authorities seem to allow foot-ball, base ball, snow-ball and coasting there, even to the extent of building bridges to let the coasters have the right of way, with a cordon of police to protect them, it may well be asked why bicycling, if prudently conducted, is not to be allowed there too. It is important that the community understand that bicycle riders have rights equally with others, and are fully protected by the courts. As no case, we believe, has yet been reported here, we give a half dozen English cases below, which are of interest in this connection.

The bicycling fraternity in Massachusetts is already too large and too strong to be trifled with; they insist among

themselves on every courtesy to others, and expect this to be reciprocated. In England this healthy sport has far outstripped all others, numbering thousands upon thousands of devotees of all ranks and ages. Here it is in its infancy, but steadily growing. Abroad there are said to be no less than a hundred manufacturers of the bicycle, with a total capital of hundreds of thousands of pounds. Hence it is that many cases come up abroad in the courts, some of which we here present:

1. KNOCKING A BICYCLIST DOWN.—On the 30th of April, 1877, as Mr. W. M. Gabriel was riding on his bicycle between Crewe and Shavington, he noticed a butcher by the name of Clarke riding on a pony about thirty yards behind him, and coming in the same direction. Clarke rode straight for Mr. Gabriel, who blew his whistle as a warning, but without leaving his course Clarke pressed his pony down upon the bicycle-rider, knocking Mr. Gabriel off, and injuring the machine to the extent of £2 14s., to recover which suit was brought in the Nantwich county court, where judgment was given for Mr. Gabriel for the full amount with costs.

2. ASSAULTING A BICYCLIST.—At the Woolwich police court, in October, 1877, a lad named Samuel Kennedy was summoned for assaulting Mr. A. J. Law. It appeared that Law was riding up a hill near Moltington, when Kennedy threw a cap which lodged between the spokes of the hind wheel and upset the machine. The rider was unhurt, though the machine was injured; but if he had been riding down the hill he might have been seriously hurt. The nuisance was so great that it was felt a public duty to prosecute the lad. The magistrate observed that the defendant must be taught better, for a serious accident might have happened. The lad was fined 5s. and costs.

3. HEAVY PENALTY FOR ASSAULT ON A BICYCLE RIDER.—In the latter part of September, 1877, at the Nottingham and Lincolnshire assizes, held at Nottingham, a case came up before Mr. Justice Hawkins where Peter Mullins, a laborer 20 years of age, was convicted for robbery with violence, and for feloniously wounding. The prosecutor was Mr. Henry Stowe of Holdingham, Lincolnshire, from whose person Mullins had stolen a watch and chain, after knocking him off his bicycle at Holdingham on the 30th of July. The prisoner pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude.

4. ASSAULTING BICYCLISTS.—As Mr. Henry Woolley and Mr. G. T. Clough of the Pickwick club were returning home on their bicycles at about nine o'clock in the evening of November 3d, 1877, a laborer named Joseph Turner approached with the evident intent of obstructing the riders. Mr. Clough avoided him, but Turner caught hold of Mr. Woolley's machine and brought him heavily to the ground. A police constable ran to the rescue and the offender was secured. He was duly brought before the Worship-street police court, where he pleaded being "mad drunk." The magistrate said that the prisoner seemed to have been very violent and dangerous, and he was afraid he was passing too lenient a sentence in giving him a month's imprisonment with hard labor.

ASSAULT ON MEMBERS OF THE ST. HELEN'S BICYCLE CLUB.—On Saturday, March 30th, 1878, the club run was fixed for Billinge; the route taken being through Haresfence, returning by way of Ashton, Haydock and Parr. On arriving at Parr one of the members turned off for a few minutes while the rest adjourned to an inn. Upon his return he found a regular uproar, the cause of it being that a number of drunken men were attempting to take off the bicycles left outside the inn. In the struggle which ensued the interlopers were polished off, and one of them locked up. Summons were issued against the assailants, and they were all heavily fined,

one of them being committed to prison for twenty-one days. The club being anxious to make an example of these men as a warning to others, undertook and defrayed the expenses of the prosecution.

6. BRUTAL ASSAULT ON A BICYCLIST.—In March, 1878, at the Eastbourne police court, Alfred Store, a greengrocer of Eastbourne, appeared in answer to a summons charging him with an assault upon Mr. George Jinman. The prosecution was instituted by the honorable secretary of the Eastbourne Bicycle Club. It appeared that Mr. Jinman was out on his bicycle between Polegate and Lewes, riding quietly by the side of the road, when the defendant, who was in his cart driving in the same direction, deliberately turned his horse's head toward the bicycle rider and ran him down, throwing him violently over the handles of the machine to the ground. The excuse given by the defendant was that the horse shied. But as horses shy away from rather than toward an object of fear, this excuse was not accepted, for the magistrate observed that "in this case there is not a shadow of blame to be cast on Mr. Jinman, who was a perfectly inoffensive person, riding at the side of the road. Evidently the assault was premeditated. It was a very brutal one. The act was most wanton, and you might have killed Mr. Jinman. We are not quite sure that we are inflicting a sufficiently heavy penalty, but the decision of the court is that you pay a fine of £3, and 15s. 6d. costs."

Defendant—"What in default of payment?"

Magistrate—"Two months' imprisonment, with hard labor."

Defendant—"Will you give me time to pay the money in?"

Magistrate—"No; the assault was a very brutal one indeed, and we can't give time; you must pay the money at once."

The defendant left the court with a constable, and, returning shortly afterward, paid the money.

At the recent great meet of bicyclists just outside of London, no less than fifteen hundred and twenty-seven riders came together, and a hundred and forty policemen were sent out to protect them and keep the way clear. We shall expect in Boston to be treated with equal civility by the authorities and the police, and hope that the above-mentioned assault will be the last to happen in a community like this.

RIDER.

MY BICYCLE.

BY JAGY TORLTON.

[He cadgily ranted and sang.—Old Song.]

What spins around "like all git out,"
And swiftly carries me about,
So light, so still, so bright and stout?

My Bicycle.

Regard me now where I sit high on
Nag forty pound of mostly iron;
And don't you wish that you might try on

My Bicycle?

Monstrum informe, ingens! some
Cry, seeing first this courser come.
Our "fine knee-action" strikes them dumb,

My Bicycle.

Calling him monster from the East,
And both a lean and fatuous beast,
You comprehend not in the least

My Bicycle.

Revolve it in your mind, and my way
Will prove to be a more than *guy* way—
High way of riding on the highway—
My Bicycle.

Those who now stand and stare and say
O. "parce nobis, s'il vous plait,"
Will beg to tread another day,
My Bicycle.

What tho' Hans Breitmann did, almost,
And Schnitzerlein gave up the ghost?
"Twas all because they couldn't boast
My Bicycle.

And saying mine, I do not mean
There are not many others seen
Who ride like me on my machine,
My Bicycle.

I'm not stuck up, tho' seated high;
To ride, at once, and run and fly--
My pride is so to travel by
My Bicycle.

Who will may head with learning stow,
I work the light ped-antic toe—
"Tis *cyclopedic* lore to know
My Bicycle.

And when the saddled are I span,
What care I for the fall of man?
Let him remount! I always can
My Bicycle.

All the mutations I discern
Of men and States not me concern,
While I avoid to overturn
My Bicycle.

See Russia rotten Turkey eat—
And John Bull in a stewing heat;
We have a better kind of meet,
My Bicycle.

Then hurry spokes and spokesman too,
We only have an hour or so,
And almost twenty miles to go,
My Bicycle.

—Weekly Post.

Correspondence Column.

A CO-OPERATIVE IDEA.

BOSTON, May 30th, 1878.

EDITOR AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL:

My last effort having been acceptable, and a couple of ideas having occurred to me, that I think might be of use, I am again tempted to give you a chance to decide whether they are worthy being made public. I am glad to see you somewhat severe in your judgment of correspondents; those who allow themselves the privilege of occupying space in the correspondence column of a journal should remember it is not for the display of literary ability that it is kept open; the capacity to write a good letter without a purpose does not give a claim to occupy space in it. If my previous letter has no other merit, it was written with an object. In this letter I have two or three objects in view. My first is to suggest that the Boston Bicycle Club should join the Christian Union Athletic Club in trying to get possession of suitable grounds

for the practise of the specialty of each. One of the trotting courses would make a splendid practice or race course for the former, but would probably be too costly and inconveniently far from the city. The Athletic Club have, ever since their organization, been looking forward to the time when they shall have a ground of their own.

Joint ownership on the part of these two clubs I do not think would cause inconvenience or harm; probably it would give the general management more vigor and wider views, causing it in the end a more thorough success. I feel sure that the two clubs can, by going among their friends in the city, collect funds enough to lease the requisite space among the unoccupied fields on the Back Bay, lay down a good track, sod the centre, and erect a pavilion to dress in. Having made my suggestion, I now leave it for the members of those bodies to work on.

I have been asked by a couple of friends who were not readers of the JOURNAL, what was the lowest cost of a useful machine (I mean bicycle), but was unable to say exactly. I think it would be very advisable for you to state every now and then the very lowest one can be had for, as every ten dollars cut from the price will greatly increase the number of those who will say, "I can have a bicycle." [Cost depends upon size of wheel, and runs from \$75 to \$150.—ED.]

I want now, while I am on paper, to express my indignation and disgust at the manner in which athletic reporting is done by the daily press of Boston; in all cases in which I have been in position to know, the reports have been chock full of errors, the report in the "Herald," of the meeting held in the Music Hall in aid of the Y. M. C. A. Rowing Club, was a sample containing a variety, many of which could be seen by those who were not at the contest. AMOS.

BOSTON, June 10th, 1878.

DEAR EDITOR:

Here is a little bit of nonsense that I thought of in one of my foolish moments; What is the difference between an icicle and a bicycle?

Why, an icicle goes fastest in warm weather, and a bicycle goes fastest in cool weather; those who have ridden a bicycle know *weather* it does or not.

Yours if you want it, B. A. D. D.

P. S. This is not copyrighted, so you can publish it if you like.

We are glad to hear that Brockton and Lynn will follow the suit of Nahant by making bicycle races a feature of the sports in celebration of the 4th of July. In Brockton an appropriation for handsome prizes has been made by the authorities, and in Lynn the same object will be accomplished by private subscription.

The excellent account of a "Run To Taunton" by "Moderate Bicyclist," is partly in type, and we greatly regret having to keep it for our next issue.

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March 23, 1877.

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VOL. 1, No. 15.

BOSTON, JANUARY 25, 1879.

TEN CENTS.

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—LAUS DEO!

—How d'ye do? How d'do? Glad to greet you again. Hope you are ditto.

—“A handsome leg is a rarity—we had almost said an impossibility—among American women,” is the startling heading to an article in a Chicago contemporary, which then goes on to explain the why and wherefore. Well—perhaps it is; our opportunities for acquiring information on the subject are limited, and, in fact, we don't know much about it. This, however, we do know, that among American bicyclers it is by no means a rarity, as every observer at the club meets and runs will admit. It will be admitted, also, that never was there a costume devised to more fittingly set off a handsome leg than that worn by our riders of the light horse mechanical.

—We estimate that the use of the bicycle in Boston is already deducting, say, \$5 per week, on an average, from the receipts of the horse car lines, with the certainty of largely increasing that figure. But will not its influence also tend in time to benefit them by a re-

duction in the price of horses, owing to the disuse of the saddle thereon?

—Spirits of dead men are said to be raised in certain circles; but the wheels of the bicycle are the certain ones to raise the spirits of live men.

—We have tried in this number to take up the thread where we last dropped it, and many “twice told tales” result therefrom. We write, however, for a scattered constituency, and hope all will find the record in some way interesting, however incomplete it may be. The time is so rapidly approaching when our hands will be full in the attempt to keep up with current events, that we are pretty safe in saying that it shall never occur again. What! never? Well—hardly ever!!

—The “Bicycling Polka” for the piano—four hands—by Arthur C. Andrew, is a charming and sprightly composition, well worthy of its title, and should become popular not only in the families of our cyclers, but wherever good music is appreciated. It is dedicated to the editor of this paper, and published by White, Smith & Co., of this city.

—The bicycle steed, not having any bit of his own to chafe, sometimes chafes a bit of the rider.

—Strange that the bicycle, though a gentle creature, and of such moving and winning ways, has to be ruled with a rod of iron.

—Equestrians now, in obtaining a mount, are often found rejecting the hairy horses and choosing the polished ones. They even leave the blooded stock for those that have not a drop, of any sort, in them. *Sic semper bicyclis.*

CAREFUL SENIOR'S SONG.

BY. S. E. VEN.

England—how wide her glory shines,
How high her seats arise!
Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,
By two signs in the skies.

 Cyclus from thence, that art the best,
Thou true and living wheel,
Upborne upon thy buoyant crest,
No feebleness I feel.

 Quickened thereon, and made alive,
I equitate afoot;
My life I from thy top derive,
My vigor from thy shoot.

 Grafted on thee I reach the sky—
At least, I think I will,
For seated more than four-feet high,
My soul mounts higher still.

 Careful throughout Ward Elev'n I drove,
From all destruction free;
My hands were well engaged above,
My legs were still with thee.

 Too long, alas, my devious feet
The sidewalk ways have trod;
Henceforth I'll travel in the street,
O wheel, or on the road.

 My limbs are rather short and lank;
All modest is my zeal;
I make the limits of my shank
The bounds unto my wheel.

 I clip high-climbing thoughts at sight
Of rounds of swelling pride;
Their fate is worse that from the height
Of sixty inches slide.

 When cobblestones and gutters show
Like breakers unto me,
I do whatever I can do,
And leave the rest to thee.

 If casual falls retard our pace,
With thee again I rise;
Quickly I reassume my place,
And ride for exercise.

Transatlantic.**THE QUICKEST ONE HUNDRED MILES ON RECORD.**

THE ANNUAL MEDAL RACE OF THE LONDON BICYCLE CLUB.

This interesting event, the most important of all the annual racing fixtures of our English cousins, came off on Monday, June 10th, 1878. The course was from Cleveland Bridge, Bath, to the ninth milestone on the London side of Hounslow, an exact one hundred miles by careful, actual measurement. This distance was covered by Mr. F. E. Appleyard in 6 hrs. 38 min. 55 sec.; true riding time; or 7 hrs. 18 min. 55 sec.; actual time, including stoppages; thus winning Mr. Appleyard the enamelled medal, and placing him in the very front of the foremost rank of all long distance road riders, whether amateur or professional.

In addition to the enamelled medal, the club gives a gold medal to each of the first (next) nine riders who covered the distance in less than eight hours. For this race there were 31 starters, 24 of whom rode the distance. The starters were arranged three abreast in positions chosen by lot in the open

space in front of the bridge. The following graphic account of the race is taken from the columns of the London "Bicycling Times":

Punctually at the appointed time, 7.30 A. M., the captain gave the word to mount, but, by previous arrangement, the men road very slowly until all were up and close together. When thus in order, a note on the bugle despatched them to a capital start, and all went off at a great pace, Coleman leading. The starter having seen the men fairly under way, took train for town to time the respective arrivals. Coleman passed the direction post in Melksham, where the honorable secretary was posted about 14 1-2 miles from the start, at 8.30, leading Nevill and Walmesley by about fifty yards, then came Thorn and Butler. After an interval of nearly four minutes there followed in the order given, and fairly together, Appleyard, Garvey, Dalton, Newman, Buist, Byers, Marchant, Muller, Bridges, Wilkinson, Kinder, Cleaver, Godlee and Wilson, the latter passing at 8.40, and the rear was brought up at short intervals by Koch, Williams, Potter, Curtis, Potts, and Freeth at 8.55. At Devizes Coleman and Thorn had a very long lead, passing just at 9. The general body streamed through afterwards pretty continuously for nearly three-quarters of an hour. Here Bridges was practically "potted" by being upset and hurt. Coleman led till Marlboro' College was reached, when a race ensued to the foot of the hill between Thorn, Appleyard and himself. The trio walked the hill out of the town together, and at the top Coleman paused to oil up, and the other two ran on. Appleyard at Hungerford distanced Thorn, and was never again seen. Walmesley passed Coleman while getting refreshment at Hungerford, but was caught after a hot chase 3 miles from Newbury. These two reached the Chequers just as Thorn left, and during their stay Nevill, Butler and Dalton turned up, and Marchant passed without stopping. The order of arrival at Reading was as follows: Appleyard, Thorn, Coleman, Dalton, Butler, Marchant, Walmesley and Nevill. Thorn stopped to feed, and thereby lost his position, but regained the second place before Maidenhead. At Taplow Station, Dalton and Butler passed Coleman, but at the ascent a mile from Slough Coleman spurted by, and, gaining considerably on Thorn, passed the spot 5 minutes ahead of Butler and 10 of Dalton. Appleyard came up with Nairn and Rogers, who were not racing, at 75 miles from the start, and was almost at the moment seized with cramp, which caused a delay of 10 minutes. A little further on (at Knowl Hill) he was again attacked, and Nairn had to rub him down and walk him for half a mile. Just out of Maidenhead, W. A. Smith was waiting, and riding ahead, procured champagne and seltzer. Cramp again overcame Appleyard, this time in both thighs and one calf, but after mounting it went off. Two miles the London side of Maidenhead, two batteries of artillery were in the way, and the roadsides being rutty a dismount ensued, whereupon the clubbugler sounded "trot" and then "gallop," and the second battery not seeing whence the sound came, answered to the summons, and a good two minutes was thus saved. Other men fell in by the way, until the winner had an escort of six. The 95th mile was completed in seven hours exactly, and when he came in the winner of the quickest road race on record (100 miles in 7 hrs. 18 min. 55 sec.), Appleyard was as fresh as paint, except that he still felt slight cramp. The winner's times at the various stages were as follows:

Reading (without stopping), 70 miles,	4h. 50m. from start.
Maidenhead, 83 miles,	6h. 0m. "
Ninety-fifth mile,	7h. 0m. "
Hundredth mile,	7h. 18m. 55s. "

The times of the Medallists were—
Appleyard (Enamelled Medal), 7h. 18m. 55s.

*Thorn (Medallist of last year),	7h. 24m. 57s.
Coleman (1st Gold Medal),	7h. 25m. 20s.
†Butler (Medallist of last year),	7h. 30m. 28s.
Dalton 2d Gold Medal,	7h. 35m. 59s.
Walmesley 3d "	7h. 36m. 23s.
Garvey 4th "	7h. 41m. 15s.
Nevill 5th "	7h. 42m. 56s.
O'Reilly 6th "	7h. 48m. 44s.
Marchant 7th "	7h. 50m. 57s.
Williams 8th }	7h. 51m. 30s.
Cleaver 9th } dead heat,	

The others who finished came in in the following order:

Wilkinson, A. J.	7h. 58m. 42s.
Herbert,	7h. 59m. 46s.
Buist,	8h. 0m. 59s.
Godlee, T.	8h. 7m. 57s.
Wilson, H.	8h. 12m. 22s.
Bridges,	8h. 16m. 34s.
Muller,	8h. 18m. 46s.
Koch, A. H.	8h. 22m. 11s.
Powell,	8h. 44m. 20s.
Newman,	8h. 56m. 40s.
Parker,	8h. 59m. 12s.
Potts,	9h. 5m. 35s.

*Mr. Thorn, having gained a gold medal last year, could only win the enamelled this year, and therefore gets nothing but honor for his performance, the second best on record.

†The same applies to Butler.

All the men except Williams and Marchant appeared to be very fresh, notably Wilson and Newman, the latter of whom rode all the way with a loose crank, and the last 12 miles actually with only one crank on the machine.

The six days' bicycle race, which came off at Agricultural Hall, London, in November last, proved itself worthy of record. There were twelve starters, comprising all the most noted of the professional English bicycle riders, and the winner covered the greatest distance ever recorded as the result of man's muscular exertions for a similar time. The prizes offered were: For the rider who covered the greatest distance in the six days a gold medal and £100. For the second a silver medal and £25. For the third, £15. For the fourth, £10. Extra prizes of £10 and of £5 were offered, the first to all who covered 900 miles, and the second to all who covered 600, without taking a prize.

The start was effected at six A. M. of the 18th of November last, and from beginning to end the race was of the greatest interest, and was witnessed by an immense assembly. Among the notable events, Cann's feat of riding within three of 800 miles in four days, was wonderful. David Stanton, on the first day, covered 100 miles in six hours forty-three minutes, without a dismount. All the prize riders were in excellent form, and the spurts which were continually occurring as different men came alongside each other, created the greatest excitement. John Keen probably entered and started merely to lend his name. White had a bad fall, or he would have shown a better record.

The distances each day were as follows:

Name.	1st d'y.	2d d'y.	3d d'y.	4th d'y.	5th d'y.	6th d'y.
W. Cann,	226	422	613	797	948	1060 1-2
G. E. Edlin,	201	395	586	767	916	1025
G. Lees,	186	350	510	690	830	952
T. Andrews,	202	369	520	672	810	928
C. Terront,	124	303	489	608	739	900
J. Higham,	167	310	427	530	620	707
A. Evans,	182	298	360	480	600	704
D. Stanton,	214	352	400			

F. White,	200	270	384	480
J. Keen,	176	186		
W. Phillips,	78			
A. Markham,	63			

Cann won the first prize, and Edlin, Lees and Andrews the second, third and fourth. £10 was awarded to Terront for his nine hundred miles, and the 700 of Higham and Evans brought them £5 each. Cann is twenty-five years of age, weighed 140 pounds, of which he lost seven pounds during the race. His height is five feet eight and one-half inches, and he rode an ordinary "Stanley" roadster, fifty-two inches diameter, with ball bearings to the front wheel.

The race for the amateur championship of Scotland was held on the Linlithgow Road on the 11th of July last. The course was ten miles, and the prize a handsome challenge cup valued at fifteen guineas. To secure the personal ownership of the cup it must be won three times, but the winner in each competition receives a handsome silver medal.

The road was in capital condition and ten riders started. The race was exceedingly close and interesting, and after a gallant struggle was won by Mr. J. S. Purdie in thirty-two minutes fifty-two seconds, which comes within a few seconds of being the quickest time on record. The second man was only twelve seconds behind, and the other competitors came in all close together.

A novel race occurred at Fulham (Eng.) in July last, between two men named Gibson and Longstaffe, the former riding a bicycle and the latter running and receiving two minutes start. We are not informed as to the distance, but presume it was one mile. The bicyclist's time being 4.27 and the runner's 6.09. The latter was never caught, and won with eighty yards to spare.

During last summer a member of the Plymouth (Eng.) Bicycle Club took a run round Guernsey and Jersey, and through Brittany and Normandy. He was absent from home six days, had a thoroughly enjoyable tour, put up at good hotels and lived well;—all for £3.10.0, or \$17.50.

Mr. Walter Butten, captain of the Clarence (London) Bicycle Club, mounted his bicycle at midnight on the 11th of September last at the Marble Arch, and rode to Bath and back, a distance of 212 miles, in a few minutes under 24 hours.

During the six days' race, an exhibition of bicycles and sundries thereto pertaining, was held in the same building. Thirty-five different makers exhibited more than one hundred bicycles, among which the "Excelsior," "Stanley" and "Premier" were especially admired.

The Cambridge University (Eng.) Bicycle Club numbers 250 members.

Two members of the Cambridge University Bicycle Club recently made a trip to Nice and back, riding all the way, except across the Channel, on their two-wheel steeds. The entire distance travelled was 1530 miles, and the time occupied twenty-four days.

"A supramanubrial excursion" is the latest expression of a flight over the handles

On Nov. 1st, Mr. W. H. Pearce of Worcester rode from that city to Boston in four hours, thirty minutes; the distance by the road being about forty-eight miles.

The man who cannot ride the bicycle will miss his fair proportion of the good things and enjoyments of this world.—*Denver (Col.) Daily.*

THE PILGRIM.

BY T. W. O.

Give me my bicycle of quiet,
My horse of health to walk upon;
Enough of not pultaceous diet,—
My tin of lubrication;
My hose and breeches (leg's true gauge)
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.
Then every happy day, I beg,
More peaceful pilgrims I may see,
That have cast off their nags of leg.
And ride a-wheel back, just like me.

HARVARD ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

The annual field sports of the above were held at Jarvis field, Cambridge, on Saturday Nov. 2d, last, and were eminently successful. The track, though in capital condition for other sports, was much too soft for bicycle racing, adding another proof of the necessity which exists for a good cinder path, to enable us to exhibit any such record of speed as is found on the other side of the water.

The bicycle race was a handicap, mile heats, best two in three. W. D. Swan was assigned to scratch. C. P. Parker was allowed 15 yards, R. C. Sturgis 50 yards, and A. S. Tubbs 200 yards; the last entry, however, was withdrawn before the beginning of the race.

The race developed some good riding, but Swan's chances were best from the start. By the first lap he had caught up with Parker, in the second had passed him, and was eyeing Sturgis secure in front; in the third heat he had gained a lot; on the fourth more, and was sweeping over the twenty yards between Sturgis and himself with all speed. A handsome brush with Sturgis, who struggled pluckily, and Swan was a trifle ahead of him. But Sturgis was not beaten yet; a hot home-stretch fight it was. Cheers went up; both men dashed past the finish to all appearances even. The judges' keen sight made out Swan's wheel half its diameter ahead and gave him the heat; time 3.49.

Some foot races and other sports having been duly attended to, the riders were called to take their positions for the second heat. This was confined to Swan and Sturgis, Parker having withdrawn. Both the men appeared inclined to save themselves at first, but the final laps were run in capital style and resulted in Swan winning the heat and the race by not more than three or four yards. Time 4.07.

It is to be hoped that Harvard will organize its bicycle club without unnecessary delay, and that the much needed cinder path will be ready for the next repetition of these sports.

Since the time of horse-consuls, now long out of date,
No nags ever made such a noise in the state.

—Tom Moore.

Bully bard, you do me proud—
Cycle's fast, but isn't loud. —The B.

THE AGRICULTURAL FAIRS.

Bicycle racing at the State Fairs has practically become an established institution, and in more than one instance is likely to consign the hitherto popular "horse trot," if not to the limbo of forgotten things, at all events to a position of much less favor than it has hitherto occupied. A brief account of some of these races is appended:

AT FRAMINGHAM, MASS.,

the Middlesex South Agricultural Society offered prizes of the aggregate value of \$350, in three races of one, two and five miles. The date was Sept. 18th, 1878, and there were in all fourteen starters, with result as follows: The five mile race was won by W. R. Pitman in 21.38, A. De Witt Lyon second. The two mile race was won by H. E. Parkhurst in 8.40, W. H. Pearce second. The course was in as fair condition as could be expected for a trotting park.

AT THE MAINE STATE FAIR AT PORTLAND, ME.,

Sept. 19, 1878, W. R. Pitman and Thos. Harrison contested in a three mile race, which was won by the former in 11.54.

AT BRIDGEWATER, MASS.,

Sept. 20th, 1878, the Plymouth Agricultural Society offered prizes to the value of \$60, which were contended for in mile heats, best two in three, by A. De Witt Lyon, A. W. Stedman, M. W. Presby and E. H. Temple. Lyon won the first prize, Stedman second.

AT CONCORD, MASS.,

Sept. 25th, 1878, the Middlesex Agricultural Society offered prizes to the value of \$65, in mile heats, which were contended for by W. R. Pitman (first prize), W. H. Pearce, (second), C. H. Livermore, Lowell, and E. Tolman. The winner's time was 3.51 3-4.

AT ATTLEBORO', MASS.,

Oct. 3d, 1878, the Farmer's Association contributed \$125 in prizes, the contestants being, H. E. Parkhurst (first prize), G. R. Agassiz (second), and A. De Witt Lyon. The race, two mile heats, best three in five. The winner's time was 10.10, and the track abominable.

AT TAUNTON, MASS.,

Sept. 25th, 1878, Messrs. Parkhurst, Temple and Lowell competed for a cup in mile heats. The race was won by Parkhurst in 3.21 1-2.

Considering the heavy and unsuitable tracks on which these races were held, the recorded times are exceedingly creditable.

The races will probably be repeated during the coming season, when it is to be hoped local bicycle clubs will be established and proper cinder tracks constructed on which rates of speed more suited to the ability of the bicycle can be attained. The novel spectacle of bicycle racing proved a great attraction to the rural population, who thronged the grounds and manifested the utmost enthusiasm.

A RELIC OF BYGONE DAYS.

Most bicyclers will remember Mr. Burnham, who, in the old velocipede days did a good deal for the rotary cause by his enthusiastic adherence to the then new mode of locomotion. Mr. B. was much ahead in his ideas of what the mechanism of the wheel should be, and the machine which he devised and rode was then looked upon as something akin to the marvelous. But all that has changed now. Mr. Burnham went to Portland, Me., and took up his residence there, the "boneshaker" died out and the modern bicycle was born. At the Saturday meet of the Boston Club on the 2d of November, 1878, Mr. Burnham appeared in front of Trinity church, mounted on the machine which at one time was considered such a marvel of lightness and strength. Its very clumsiness, as compared with the modern bicycles, which were flitting hither and thither around him, now made it the centre of attraction, and when Mr. B., having first secured the aid of a friendly lamp post, dismounted, he soon became surrounded by the curious crowd.

Acting Captain Pope courteously invited Mr. Burnham to join the club in its run to West Roxbury; he accepted and the signal to mount was given. While Mr. B. again resorted to the lamp post the club had mounted and half encircled the enclosure, and in the second circuit they *overtook* Mr. Burnham, and then dashing out and over the Milldam, the "boneshaker" was seen no more.

It can hardly be supposed that Mr. B. expected any different result, but all bicyclers must feel kindly disposed towards one who in the old days championed their cause. We do, and we hope soon to see Mr. B. in proud possession of a modern machine, mounted on which, his well known strength and endurance can have a fair opportunity to assert itself.

CARMEN BICYCLICUM.

BY T. W. O.

Bicycling bloods go forth to war
 Hygeia's crown to gain;
 Her rosy banner streams afar,—
 Who follows in their train?

Who best can sit his pig-skin perch,
 Triumphant over bane,
 Who patient bears his jolt or lurch,
 He follows in their train.

That lawyer first, whose eagle eye
 Could look beyond the law,
 Rode forty miles upon the fly,
 Wrote what he did and saw—

And one who raids it into Song,
 'Midst some immortal strain,
 Rewriting poets where they're wrong;
 Who follows in their train?

A glorious band, the chosen club,
 On whom the spirit came,
 Twelve valiant saints, their hope the Hub
 Would mock not at the same;

They met the Briton's burnished steel,
 The Lion's narrow wain;
 They bowed their necks to mount the wheel,—
 Who follows in their train?

This mobile band of men and boys,
 With many converts made,
 Around the State unthrown rejoice,
 In garments light arrayed.

They climbed the steep ascent to saddle
 Thro' trifling toil and pain;
 May all yet have the grace to paddle
 And follow in their train!

—Boston Post.

CYCLER VERSUS PEDESTRIAN.

We received a visit a few days ago from Mr. Haydock, the pedestrian, who called our attention to an announcement in a late issue of the "Herald" to the effect that a certain bicycler was willing to arrange a match with any pedestrian, the latter to walk one mile to each three miles covered by the rider. Conditions were made that the race should not be for a less distance than 500 miles, and the running time should be limited to ten hours per day. The match was to take place in Boston, and the whole proceeds to be handed to the Young Men's Christian Union unless the pedestrian should prove the victor, in which case he was to receive \$1000. Mr. Haydock expressed himself ready to accept such a challenge, if made, but stipulated that the proceeds be divided equally between the "Union" and the "Association."

The next day a statement to that effect appeared in the "Herald," but up to date no response has been elicited.

No rider will wonder at this, for the feat proposed gives the chances altogether to the pedestrian. To make such a match profitable it must necessarily take place in some hall, and eight or nine laps to the mile is the smallest number that could be provided in any building available in this city.

To maintain a three-to-one rate of speed around so limited a circumference would, assuming it to be possible, inevitably make the rider dizzy, and, if sustained for any length of time, would probably terminate in vertigo and accident. There is, however, a point where rider and walker would be on even

terms, and we suggest to Mr. Haydock that he form his own opinion as to where this point may be; having done this, and assuming that his last acceptance still remains unnoticed, let him step into the field as the challenging party. A race of this kind, on any terms which did not make the result a foregone conclusion, would doubtless attract immense audiences, especially when the praiseworthy object to which the funds obtained were to be devoted became generally known. If none of our present riders accepted such a challenge, we are much mistaken if there are not dozens of athletes in the gymnasium of each society who would eagerly avail themselves of such an incentive to qualify for a contest to which would be attached so much of credit for themselves, and of pecuniary benefit to their respective institutions.

Messrs. F. S. and E. P. Jaquith took a hundred mile spin round the Chestnut Hill Reservoir on Tuesday, Oct. 29th, 1878, starting at seven A. M. and completing the distance at 6.45 P. M. This is the first run of one hundred consecutive miles which has been made in this country. The following is the summary of times and distances:

Stops.	Distance. Miles.	Total Miles.	Interval Minutes,
1	3 1-4	3 1-4	5
2	5 1-4	8 1-2	7
3	46 1-4	55	23
4	4	58	30
5	13	71	7
6	12	83	19
7	3	86	5
8	7	93	7
	7	100	

The 46 1-4 miles in the fourth course was run in 4 hours 17 minutes, without dismounting.

The run from home in the morning and back home at night brings the total distance up to 108 1-2 miles. Neither of the gentlemen were at all fatigued.

A NOVEL CANVASS.—In October last, pending the State elections, two members of the Boston Bicycle Club took a run across the State and canvassed every town, village and hamlet on the political question of the day. The astonished villagers returned their answers willingly enough, and the riders finished their day's fun fully satisfied that, by the aid of their tireless horses, they had become fully posted on the then vital topic of the hour.

A SUNDAY RUN TO PROVIDENCE.—As two members of the Boston Club were riding leisurely round the Chestnut Hill Reservoir on their bicycles, one Sunday in Nov., one of them suggested that they continue their worship of nature on that clear, cool day, by running on to Providence. It was agreed, and off they flew in a southerly course toward the sun, for the time was high noon. After a delightful ride through Newton, West Roxbury, Dedham, Norwood, Walpole, Foxborough, Mansfield, Attleborough, Seekonk, Pawtucket and Providence, they drew up at the Narragansett Hotel in just five hours' time in the saddle. The distance by the cyclometer from Chestnut Hill Reservoir to Providence was about forty-four miles. Toward the finish they raced over the road from Pawtucket, passing all the pleasure drivers, and dismounting in as fresh and buoyant a state as if they had only run up and down stairs. How they eluded the cows, chased the boys and the hens, drove back the dogs, and chaffed on the wing with the wondering farmers, was fun indeed. As one of them said, "It is as if I had been off on a voyage for a week, the change is so complete." They had ample time to attend divine service that evening at Providence, and to view the fair city by moonlight on foot, returning to Boston by rail in season for early business on Monday.—Transcript.

[The following letter is rather too long for our limited space, but it is so well written and interesting that we prefer not to abridge it.—ED.]

A RUN TO TAUNTON.

BY ONE OF THE "UNATTACHED."

Perhaps a description of a run to Taunton made by the writer a short time since may be of interest to his fellow-bicyclists, although he warns them at the outset that he has nothing exciting to record; no hair-breadth escapes or thirty-miles-an-hour spurts, unless he should draw on his imagination for them and, being a truthful man, he cannot do that.

Having learned that the regular Taunton turnpike as it runs through Easton is quite sandy, I chose a somewhat longer but I think much easier and pleasanter route. The first part is so well known that it needs no comment. It included Columbus Ave., Chester Park, Harrison Ave., Palmer, Winslow, Dudley, Greenville, Fairland, Moreland and Waverly Sts. to Blue Hill Ave.; thence through Washington St., Dorchester, via Codman Hill to the Lower Mills, ever a favorite run.

One word about the upper part of Harrison Ave. Mr. Editor, does any means suggest itself to your mind by which the *gamins* of that locality can be mildly but firmly restrained from their habit of throwing, at the heads of passing bicyclists, pieces of granite, or other geological specimens, to the weight of a pound or more? They do it in a spirit of playfulness which is quite *touching, or nearly so*, but not altogether pleasant.

At the foot of Milton Hill I dismounted, not having any ambition to become a muscular bicyclist, but inclined to go over the road, as through the world, with as little work as is consistent with a moderate degree of accomplishment. So I strolled up Milton Hill, a cigarette in one hand and my 50 in. Duplex Irish Roadster (the *ne plus ultra* of machines) in the other, balanced between my thumb and fore-finger. Arriving at the summit I stopped a few moments, though the scene is familiar to me, to enjoy the charming view one has to the east, of the valley of the Neponset, with the villages of Dorchester and other towns, scattered about in a most picturesque manner. Then down the south side of the hill, "legs over the handles," with an occasional application of the brake to keep the machine well under control, and restrain its ambition a little. Now a turn to the left leads to East Milton station. Here cross the track and turn to the right. This road is always good riding, at least at the sides. Just before reaching West Quincy station, turn, near a stone quarry, into Cemetery St., and then for a distance of two miles (to Quincy Adams Station O. C. R. R.) the road is like a floor, so firm is the clayey soil of which it is composed. On leaving West Quincy, let me caution others not to take the direct road over the hill to Braintree, but after passing a school house on the right, bear to the left through a wide, well-shaded road, and then straight on through a narrow back road (but a most excellent one and wholly free from dust). Crossing the Old Colony tracks at Quincy Adams station, take the first turn to the right, and, after half a mile *straight on*, come to the foot of Paine's Hill, a steep grade, and only the second dismount of much importance, from Boston. Another stroll and cigarette; turn sharp to the right at the top, and ride in a foot-path at the side of the road. After riding about half a mile, by looking back, a fine view of Quincy may be had. Soon turn to the left into Cedar St. and through the length of this, a good road, to Braintree; Cedar St. terminating in a short steep incline with one of those sharp corners about which bicyclists should be so careful, both for the sake of those in passing vehicles and of themselves. Now turn to

the right, cross the O. C. R. R. again at Braintree station and run up into Washington street, a remarkably good road leading to South Braintree. Arriving at the Square here, keep straight on to Holbrook, encountering one hill and about one-half mile of repaired road. Having now travelled about seventeen miles and being a little dry, as it was a warm morning, I resort to a farm-house for a glass or two of milk, in my opinion the best thing to drink when on the road, whatever one may drink elsewhere. I was somewhat taken aback by the utter impossibility of prevailing upon the good farmer's wife to accept pay for what I drank, and I thought to myself what a good thing it is to be a bicyclist, and discover that there is some primitive simplicity still left in the world.

Now comes a glorious run over the very best of roads—and occasionally in deserted places on the sidewalks. Spinning down the gentle incline out of Holbrook and hastening on, I soon reach Huntington Heights station, where there is a short hill and bad road, not over two hundred and fifty yards, however. Mounting again, I have good running to Brockton and very good through Brockton, a busy place, and on to Campello. Here I made a mistake; knowing that there is a mile of bad road straight ahead on the way to West Bridgewater I undertook to make a detour to the right, but, relying on the somewhat obscure directions of an enthusiastic Hibernian farmer, I bore too far to the right and came very near visiting the euphonious village of Cochesett. Perhaps this would not have happened if I had adapted my pace to that of the old man's horse, about three miles an hour, as he evidently expected me to do, saying, "I will jist show yez the road. Its that same I'm going meself." But I left him far behind, went two or three miles out of the way, and then went over into West Bridgewater before he came in sight. I should recommend, on the whole, going straight from Campello to West B. I had now ridden altogether some twenty-nine miles, and stopped, this time at a grocery store, for another glass of milk. Mounted—not my machine but a sugar-barrel and ate a few biscuits with it. Then on to Bridgewater, not a very good road for a mile or two, but approaching Bridgewater it is fine, and there are a great many pretty houses and places there. Here I made a short detour to pass the grounds of the State Normal School. (No, I did not spend any unnecessary amount of time inspecting the buildings.) The course has thus far been, in the main, south, but it now becomes more nearly west on a turnpike to Taunton, still travelled over by a mail-coach. The sidewalk is good and afterward the road fair, in general. Noticing a U. S. Post Office about as large as a dry goods' box, I inquired the name of the place and was told, "Scotland." Now, I suppose, if on leaving Vossler's with my machine, I had been heard inquiring the road to Scotland, unjust inferences would have been drawn as to the amount of "Bock" I had taken. From Scotland on to Raynham, resting a while on the shore of a pond there, and then in to Tainton, between roads and sidewalks, very fair riding. In Raynham are some excellent sidewalks, and as there do not seem to be any foot passengers, I do not see why with proper care, we may not take advantage of such places, especially where the road is not good. Passing through Taunton by the "Green" and on to the "Weir," the riding is not very good, although in other parts of Taunton it is fair in some places; still I think Taunton needs in its City Government some one to represent the bicycling interest. The City Hotel at the "Green" makes a good stopping place—on the road to Newport, for example—if one does not care to make the trip from Boston in a day. Taunton is particularly interesting to those who enjoy visiting manufactories, everything from a tack to a steam locomotive being made there. (Query.—Why don't they make bicycles?) It is also interesting to the writer as being the

place of his birth, though, as he left it at the age of one year, he did not have opportunity to indulge his mechanical tastes.

I had ridden about forty miles under a warm sun, without any discomfort. As I have said, I always do things comfortably, so, although my speed was usually nine or ten miles an hour, and often considerably more, still, by resting and walking, I reduced my rate of progress to about seven, sometimes perhaps not more than six. Wishing to spend the rest of the day with friends in Taunton, and also to be in Boston early the next morning, I returned by train; and, to show incidentally that I was not in the least exhausted, may remark that I took a pleasure walk the next afternoon (being Sunday) of about thirteen miles, and am not much of a walker either. I have taken a great many ten or twenty mile runs, but this is the longest thus far, and it fully sustains my conviction of the usefulness and many advantages of the bicycle, and the rapid increase we shall see in the number of riders.

So far as my experience of roads goes, I can recommend the above route as being an unusually pleasant one. Leave out the accidental detour and I think the distance is not far from thirty-seven miles.

MODERATE BICYCLIST.

RACING.

NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB.

The second annual winter meeting of this well known and flourishing club was held at Gilmore's Garden on the 3d and 4th inst., the sports commencing each evening at eight p. m. The attendance on each occasion was large, but especially so on the second evening, when a two mile bicycle race was one of the features of the occasion. The race was run in heats of two miles. For the first heat there were five entries, three of which, viz: James Nolan of New York, P. Van Nest of New York, and William R. Pitman of Boston, came to the scratch. A good start was effected and a fair pace sustained, Van Nest leading. At about the fifth lap Nolan retired, and Pitman began to press his competitor. Towards the end the race became very exciting, each rider spurring and passing the other, only, however, to be passed in turn, until, finally, Van Nest had to give in to the superior powers and skill of Pitman, who finished the heat leisurely in 10.58, Van Nest coming in a bad second.

For the second heat there were also five entries, four of which, viz: Joseph Lafon of the Mystic Boat Club of N. Y., W. Addison of Ravenswood, Long Island; S. R. Pomeroy of the Manhattan Athletic Club, and W. M. Wright of New York, appeared at the starting line. Addison at first took the lead, but seemed to be riding a machine too large for him as he "scalloped" considerably and, finally, at the hottest part of the race, with Wright pressing him closely, he fell, and machine and rider lay right in the track of Wright's wheels. The latter had no time to swerve from his course, but, with a firm grasp of his handles, he charged the obstacle, and, amid the intense and almost breathless excitement of those spectators who were at that part of the track, he rode over it in safety, and in doing so appeared to pass over the prostrate machine and its rider as well. Hearty cheers greeted this exhibition of skill, and although Addison, who did not appear hurt in the slightest degree, was up and at it again immediately, there was evidently no chance for him left. Of the other riders, Lafon gradually assumed the lead, but Wright finally came in an easy winner in 11.05 1-4; Lafon being second and about half a lap behind.

For the final heat Van Ness did not appear—although he was entitled to—and the race lay between Wright, Pitman and Lafon. This race developed the enthusiasm of the spectators to the highest pitch. The lead was taken by Lafon, who retained it for the greater part of the distance. Pitman and Wright seemed to have quite an exciting struggle for

second place, although there seemed to exist quite a strong impression that Wright was not letting himself out, but was only worrying Pitman, by alternate spurts and doggling at his heels. This opinion seemed to be justified by the facts, for suddenly towards the close, Wright put on a splendid spurt, passed Pitman, caught up with Lafon, passed him—after a game struggle by Lafon—and shot across the winning line amid the deafening cheers and wildest excitement of the spectators, winning the final heat in 9.54; Lafon second. Wright at once retired, seemingly but little disturbed by his exertions. Lafon was much exhausted and fell from his bicycle. Pitman, who came in leisurely, was but little disturbed, and performed the feat of stopping still on his bicycle for nearly a minute before he dismounted; a round of applause greeting him as he did so.

SUMMARY.

W. R. Pitman won the first heat on a "Columbia" in 10.58; R. Van Nest second.

W. M. Wright won the second heat on a French bicycle by Meyer, in 11.05 1-4; J. Lafon second.

W. M. Wright won the third heat on same machine in 9.54; J. Lafon second.

Although this race did not give a fair showing for the speed of the bicycle, it was the most interesting and important of any that have taken place, as yet, in this country. The arrangements by the Athletic Club were admirable, and the whole meeting a decided success. The track was in good condition for the other sports, but not at all in good condition for the bicycle. A really good bicycle track, however, will never be an accomplished fact until a proper cinder path is laid for the purpose; and, until then, our bicyclists must be satisfied with the comparatively slow running recorded above.

It is said that Lafon has entered a protest against Wright, on the ground that the latter once rode against the English long distance champion, Stanton; and, by so doing, became a "professional." If this should be sustained, it would seem that Lafon is "hoist by his own petard," for, by all rules of logic, he having ridden against Wright, must have become a "professional" also. We hope that the protest will not be sustained. The bicycling interest in this country is too young to lose so skilful an exponent as Mr. Wright from its ranks, and he who could beat David Stanton cannot be spared from the amateurs. The following, from the "Boston Herald," probably puts the Stanton-Wright affair in its true light:

"Mr. Wright was, at the time of Stanton's visit to New York, a member of the Velo de Sport de Paris. The rules of the club forbade him competing in his own name with a professional, but did not forbid him doing so under an assumed name. Wright therefore, assumed the name of Butler for that purpose, met Stanton and beat him easily, earning in so doing the proud distinction of being the only amateur who had beaten the English long distance champion.

LATER.—After some three or four day's deliberation, the N. Y. A. C. decided to sustain Lafon's protest, and have adjudged Wright a professional. Lafon thus takes the first prize and Pitman the second. Amateur 'cyclers must be careful for the future that Wright, whether under his own or an assumed name, is not present at any of their amateur contests. Wright's friends are justifiably furious at the decision which bars Wright and supports Pitman, the well known teacher of bicycle riding.

We want, IN EVERY CASE, name, list of officers, &c., of all new bicycle clubs which may be formed in any part of the country, and shall be much obliged to the senders of such information,

The American Bicycling Journal.

THE AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL will be published every Saturday at noon. Our country readers will much oblige by reporting any failure in delivery.

All communications should be addressed, and all money should be sent to, Editor AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL, 178 Devonshire Street, Boston, Mass. To ensure priority of insertion all communications should reach us not later than noon on Wednesday preceding publication.

THE AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL will be sent to any address in the United States or Canada, postpaid, for one year, for \$2.50, paid in advance.

We will forward single copies of this journal, postage free, on receipt of price—ten cents.

All communications should be accompanied by the real names and addresses of the writers—not necessarily for publication—but as a guaranty of good faith. We cannot undertake to read anonymous letters, or to return rejected contributions. Write on one side of the paper only.

BOSTON, JANUARY 25, 1879.

A WORD IN GREETING.

In our last number we made certain statements to which we beg to call the reader's attention. In the first place we promised that our appearance should be somewhat erratic; and that, while we by no means resigned our position as THE organ of the American bicycler, we should have to be governed by circumstances as to the date of our next issue. That we have been so governed the date of this number is sufficient proof, if proof were wanting, and the nature of the circumstances which have so governed us may—and will be—easily imagined by our kindly readers. It was far from our thought, when penning the article referred to, that so much time would elapse before we should again address our constituents, and it was not willingly that we allowed the days to go by with our pen yet idle. During this time, however, we have had abundant reason to look forward with cheerfulness and hope to the not distant future. Week by week we have watched the evidences of the constantly increasing public interest in our met-asome steed, and few indeed have been the days that have passed without bringing, in some form or other, cheering assurance that the seed which was sown had fallen on good ground and that the harvest was assured. In the sowing of that seed we deem it a high privilege to be able to say that we have lent a helping hand, and in the reaping of the harvest which is to come, even the gleaner's share should make us rich indeed. Our readers who have followed us from our first modest but ambitious attempt in the initial number of this journal, will not need to be told that the seed we refer to is the introduction of a new element of pleasant usefulness to the present generation. A pastime which is not only pastime, but more too; an inducement to the relaxed muscles and overwrought brains of our sedentary manhood to rest the one and healthfully employ the other, and an irresistible incentive to all to betake themselves to the

open air and the enjoyment of the Maker's glorious sunshine and health giving breezes. The vigorous body and pure mind which alone constitute perfect health, cannot and will not fail to assert themselves in the harvest we look for.

We have before now, however feebly, argued the cause of physical exercise, and we will not weary our readers by recapitulation. The necessity for some increased temptation to muscular exertion, other than that found in ordinary athletics, has been almost universally admitted, and that the bicycle supplies such has now been abundantly proved. A year ago, and our pedo-motor was, in this country at least, on trial; to-day it is so far established that we fearlessly assert that NOTHING CAN KILL IT. Not a day passes that does not bring its recruits to the little army of 'cyclers which, constantly advancing, will at no distant period occupy the entire continent. Even in those districts where the nature of the soil or other causes forbid the use of the bicycle at present, it is only a matter of time. Roads will be built which will be roads in fact as well as in name. From Maine to Mexico the bicycle will obtain, and a tour from one to the other will be not only practicable, but an accomplished fact. Let our non-riding readers deem us visionary if they will, our brothers of the wheel will bear us out in the assertion; and what is more, they will all help in hastening the day.

But we must return to the "statements" we referred to at the head of this article. One of them, made in our last number, was in regard to the completion of volume one of this journal. That statement we now revoke, and substitute this in its stead: Volume one of the AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL will be completed not on any fixed date, but with the twenty-sixth number. All subscribers will receive their papers until then, whatever their dates of issue. New subscribers will date from No. 1, and back numbers (excepting No. 12, which is out of print,) will be forwarded to each.

In this way we shall hope to make some amends to those gentlemen who so liberally came forward with subscriptions, and who have been subjected to delay in the receipt of their fairly purchased and due equivalent. We shall hope, too, that this offer will be accepted as some slight acknowledgment of the many kind letters of cheer and sympathy which we received when the temporary suspension of our paper became known.

The time will assuredly come when the early vicissitudes and struggles for existence of this little waif on the waters of journalism will be merely reminiscences. An interest like bicycling demands its own exponent, its record, its organ. And, when the bicycle attains to the wide popularity and universal adoption in store for it, it will not be forgotten that in this country we were coeval with the sport. Our more immediate future is in the hands of our readers. We pledge ourselves that the supply shall always be equal to the demand, but to produce that demand our friends must "put their shoulders to the wheel." The date of our next issue rests mainly

with them. They must order us, and get their friends and their friends' friends to order us at the railroad stations, book stores and news stalls. They must influence advertisers to avail themselves of our columns, and assure themselves that no true cycler's name is absent from our subscription list. In return for all this we can offer but little, save that our ability only shall limit our efforts in the cause. And when the hardy cycler of today shall—thanks to the wiry horse—look back along the vista of well spent years, it shall not be our fault, if, as he reclines in his easy chair and peruses the several hundredth number of the AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL, he finds therein ought save happy reminiscences of pleasant memories.

To all our readers—a prosperous new year.

That the modern bicycle is revolutionary (no pun intended) in its influences, no one who has watched its development will deny. Just how far such influences may govern us in the future it is not yet easy to foresee, but the advertisement of the proposed English bicycle tour which will be found in another column, is a sermon in itself, as indicating one, at least, of the many surprises which would certainly have escaped us had not the bicycle of to-day rendered them possibilities. To travel first cabin to Liverpool and back, to spend a month in the almost ecstatic enjoyment of bicycle riding along the well kept highways, the shady lanes and the picturesque cross roads of old England, to put up at cosy inns in secluded villages; to partake of wholesome fare and to receive respectful hospitality, to enlarge one's knowledge, and to lay in during two whole months a store of health and vigor which may last for years, and all this for *two hundred and ten dollars!* Why, it's as splendid as it is original in conception, and in its execution it should not fail to be a gigantic success.

THE WRIGHT PROTEST.

Since writing our account of the New York race we hear that the committee of the N. Y. Athletic Club have, after due deliberation, sustained the protest against Wright, and have adjudged him a professional, and therefore not entitled to the prize. In the absence of definite information as to the reasons and arguments which have governed this action, we must reserve our opinion, but at the same time confess that, as far as the facts are known, it appears totally uncalled for and unjustifiable. We will revert to the matter again in our next issue.

Club News and Wheel Talk.

The Boston Bicycle Club held its eleventh regular business meeting on the 6th inst., at Vossler's, 19 Hawley street, Boston. The treasurer's report showed that the finances of the club, which now numbers thirty-two members, were in flourishing condition. Among the other business of the evening, a motion to celebrate the anniversary of organization by a club dinner was unanimously carried, and the secretary instructed to make the necessary arrangements with "mine host" Vossler for the occasion.

Sixteen club runs have been held the past season, the length of which varied from ten to twenty-five miles.

The first club race was held at Chestnut Hill, on Saturday, Oct. 19th, 1878. The course was around the upper reservoir, mile heats, and the first prize, a gold medal, was won by Mr.

Geo. R. Agassiz. Time 3.21 1-2. The second prize, a silver medal, was taken by Mr. T. N. Hastings.

The second club race was held on Saturday, Nov. 30th, the course being from Chestnut Hill to Wellesley and return, distance twenty miles. Mr. Geo. R. Agassiz, the only member who came to the scratch, rode over the course—kindly accompanied by Captain Sharp of the Suffolk Club—in 1h. 46m. 45s., and was awarded the gold medal.

On Dec. 1st, a pleasant gathering took place at East Milton, the Boston and Suffolk clubs uniting to greet Mr. W. M. Wright, a gentleman from New York City and late member of the "Velo Sport de Paris." A pleasant run in company to Milton Lower Mills, wound up a very enjoyable occasion.

The Suffolk Bicycle Club is growing apace, and now numbers forty members. We regret that no report of its doings has reached us in time for this issue.

Mr. A. D. Chandler has been tendered the presidency of the above club, and we can wish them no better wish than that he may be induced to accept the invitation.

Another club is, we are informed, in process of formation in this city. The name has not yet been decided on, but we understand that the spirit of the organization will be mainly local.

The San Francisco Bicycle Club is an established fact, and we shall hope soon to hear from it and report its doings in these columns.

New York has at last the material for a club, and the organizing of the same will shortly be accomplished.

Unauthenticated reports of the formation of bicycle clubs in various cities have reached us. Authentic news of this kind will be gladly received by this paper.

The most enjoyable and best attended club runs in this city have been those in which the Boston and Suffolk clubs have united.

The San Francisco Bicycle Club will petition the Golden Gate Park Commissioners for permission to hold their practice runs in the park before the hour of eight A. M. and after six P. M.

Bermuda, with its hard, smooth roads, equitable climate and delightful scenery, should be a very paradise for bicyclers, and yet, as far as we can learn, there are only three bicycles on the whole island.

THE MONTREAL BICYCLE CLUB.—Our Canadian brethren do not propose to remain behind the times in the matter of bicycling, and a club is already formed in Montreal, while others are being talked of in various parts of Her Majesty's dominions. We gladly welcome this new accession to our favorite sport, and extend to the Montreal Bicycle Club our warmest greeting and best wishes for its success. We hope it will keep us advised of all its club doings worthy of record, for which we shall gladly find a place in these columns.

We have received a letter from a fellow cycler, now in England, in which he eulogises the Pelican Hotel at Deal. We have not space for the whole letter, but we learn—and gladly publish for the benefit of those of our riding readers who contemplate an ocean trip next season—that the roads in the vicinity of Deal are capital, the scenery charming, the cuisine of the Pelican Hotel perfect, and its veteran proprietor, Mr. W. H. Deacon, a prince of good fellows who always has a welcome for bicyclers—and especially for Americans.

Roll on, thou high and light Bicycle, roll!

Ten thousand feet step o'er thee, not in vain—

[*Cetera desunt*—poemster stepped out to get some more gin-spiration!]

THE PIONEERS OF AMERICAN BICYCLING.

We publish below a partial list of those gentlemen to whom is due much of the credit attaching to the present standing of bicycling as a manly sport and exercise, as well as an agreeable mode of locomotion in this country.

Although nearly two hundred and fifty names appear upon this list, we have good reason to believe that it does not represent more than one-half the number of bicyclers that are scattered over the land, and we should be much obliged to our friends if they would correct any errors we may have made, and supply us with such names as we have omitted.

"A year ago our bicycling brethren could almost have been counted on one's fingers. A year hence,—shall the ratio of increase have been sustained?

"We believe it will, and we call on our readers to aid us in spreading the knowledge of our glorious steed along the continent.

"Our thanks are due to many of our friends, to the Pope Manufacturing Co., and to Cunningham & Co., for valuable assistance in compiling this list.

*Geo. R. Agassiz, Cambridge, Mass.; Oliver Ames, Easton, Mass.; A. J. Able, Pleasant St., Dorchester, Mass.; Hobart Ames, Easton, Mass.; M. Allen, San Francisco, Cal.; G. C. Adams, Quincy, Mass.; H. F. Appleby, 362 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.; Thos. Aspinwall, Brookline, Mass.; H. Aspinwall, Brookline, Mass.; F. B. Abbott; E. Atkinson; H. Atkinson, Boston, Mass.

S. D. Bennett, Brookline, Mass.; Wm. F. Brownell, 155 Federal St., Boston, Mass.; Edwin Lee Brown, Chicago, Ill.; Paul O. Brewster, 118 Federal St., Boston, Mass.; E. B. Bird, 119 Milk St., Boston, Mass.; *Paul Butler, Lowell, Mass.; *Geo. H. Balch, 45 State St., Boston, Mass.; *Jos. T. Brown Jr., cor. Bedford and Washington Sts., Boston, Mass.; W. G. Barrett, San Francisco, Cal.; F. E. Belden, Hartford, Conn.; G. K. Boutelle, Cambridge, Mass.; W. G. Borland, 229 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.; C. A. Bullard, 149 Beacon St., Boston Mass.; Frank Bates, Washington St., Braintree, Mass.; Arthur K. Brown, Peabody, Mass.

Arthur Cunningham, 22 Pearl St. Boston, Mass.; Edward Cunningham, Milton, Mass.; Edward Cunningham, Jr., Milton, Mass.; G. Loring Cunningham, 206 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.; Dr. M. L. Chamberlain, 110 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.; Dr. C. H. Corken, Milton, Mass.; W. W. Clark, Fitchburg, Mass.; Geo. F. Chaval, Buffalo, N. Y.; F. C. Childs, Mt. Auburn Cemetery, Cambridge, Mass.; *A. D. Chandler, Brookline, Mass.; W. H. Cragin, 18 Rockland St., Boston; F. H. F. Cragin, 18 Rockland St., Boston Highlands; R. S. Codman, 57 Marlboro' St., Boston, Mass.; C. H. Currier, 2400 Washington St., Boston; *E. C. Cabot, Brookline, Mass.; *Geo. E. Cabot, Brookline, Mass.; *E. F. Cabot, Boston; *J. L. Curtis, 35 Congress St., Boston; Chas. P. Curtis, Jr., Boston; E. W. Cook, Wampausag Mills, Fall River; Mort. Crehore, Boston; Frank Cabot, Brookline; E. C. Courey, Somerville, Mass.; George A. Clark, Clark Thread Works, Newark, N. J.; Geo. E. Curwen, Salem, Mass.; A. G. Carpenter, 2 Westminster St., Providence, R. I.; E. W. Converse, Jr., Newton, Mass.

*R. C. De Clermont, San Francisco, Cal.; R. C. De Clermont, Jr., San Francisco, Cal.; H. De Clermont, San Francisco, Cal.; *Robert M. Diaz, 374 Washington St. Lives at Belmont; Dr. James Dwight, 70 Beacon St., Boston; Dr. Thos. Dwight, 70 Beacon St., Boston; Richard H. Dana, 4th, Boston; *J. G. Dalton, Edinboro' St., Boston; *J. S. Dean, 935 Broadway, So. Boston.

C. F. Ellis, Quincy, Mass.; Thomas Earl, Essex St., Salem, Mass.

G. Foster, 71 Broadway, New York City; F. C. Foster, 15 Oxford St., Cambridge, Mass.; Foster, Sen. Boston; M. C. Ferris, Brookline; W. G. Fish, 65 High St., Boston; R. A. Fairfield, Biddeford, Maine; Frank W. Freeborn, Columbus Ave., Boston; Charles Fletcher, Melrose, Mass.; *Willis Farrington, Lowell, Mass.; Tapley Francis, Chestnut Hill, Newton Centre, Mass.; Chas. E. Fuller, 385 Beacon St. Boston; Edward S. Freeman, 91 Summer St., Lynn, Mass.; Harry Freeman, New Jersey; M. A. Frazer, Watertown, Mass.; W. M. Farwell, Northboro, Mass.; Geo. F. Fisk, Amherst, Mass.

J. B. Golly, San Francisco, Cal.; John H. Garland, Chelsea, Mass.; W. E. Gilman, Chelsea, Mass.; W. L. Green, Longwood, *Capt. Thacher Goddard, 379 Beacon St., Boston; *Geo. A. Goddard, Equitable Building, Boston; Dr. Geo. M. Garland, 98 Boylston St., Boston; P. Grant, Jr., Boston, Mass.; Richard Garvey, 407 Chestnut St., St. Louis; A. T. Greenough, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

*Sidney Heath, Chapel Station, Longwood, Geo. Hall, Brookline, Geo. W. Hills, Newton, *Edw. C. Hodges, 110 Oliver St., Boston; *T. Nelson Hastings, Woburn, R. W. Hodgson, Newton, Harriman, Linden Place, Brookline; *Edward Hogan, Herald Office, Boston, D. Hadley, Harvard School, Charlestown, Will Hutchinson, Concord, Mass.; Mitchell Harrison, Harvard College, lives Phila.; Tolman & Hill, 425 Main St., Worcester; B. W. Hanna, Salina, Kansas; C. S. Hawley, Binghamton, N. Y.; J. Holman, Cleveland, Ohio.

A. W. Iasigi, 43 Mt. Vernon St., Boston, Oscar Iasigi, 43 Mt. Vernon St., Boston.

Edwin P. Jaquith, 70 Pearl St., Boston, Frank S. Jaquith, 70 Pearl St., Boston, Henry G. Jordan, 17 Congress St., Eustis Jaques, 83 Boylston St., Boston. Everett Jordan, Attleboro', Mass. L. H. Johnson, Orange, N. J.

Chas. G. Koop, 143 Montague St., Brooklyn, N. Y. N. T. Kidder, 2 Newbury St., Boston. Chas. A. Knight, 800 Bond St., Herbert W. Knight, 5 Broad St., Walter M. Knight, 800 Bond St., Newark, N. J.

Franklin A. Lemmen, Watertown, H. S. Libby, Milton, Geo. F. Lowell, 71 Carver St., Boston, Littlefield, Malden, David M. Little, Commonwealth Ave., Phillip Little, Boston, C. B. Lowell, Millbury, Lawrence, Newton Centre, W. P. P. Longfellow, Cambridge, Mass. Clark Lawrence, Hartford Conn. H. B. and W. B. Land, H. P. Land, San Francisco, Cal.

J. Lafon, 17 Cedar St., Newark, N. J. Geo. Lewis, 56 Summer St., Boston. Longstreet, 717 Walnut St. Phila., Pa.

McKee, East Boston, Dr. Geo. Monks, 61 Chester Sq., *Harry S. Mann, 42 India St., E. Preble Motley, 22 Commonwealth Ave., Boston. Rev. C. McGrath, South Boston. *Chas. B. Marsh, Tewkesbury, Chas. J. Means, Dorchesster, H. W. Mason, Cambridge, Henry G. May, Hingham, Clarence Murphy, Salem, *S. L. Morrison, 19 Rockland St., Boston Highlands, Mass. Chas. O. Morse, Great Falls, N. H.

Richard Nicholson, 18 Kilby St., James Noble, Boston.

H. F. Otis, Beacon St., Boston. H. S. Owen, Washington, D. C.

Albert A. Pope, Newton, *Edward W. Pope, Watertown, *Edward E. Preble, Stoughton, Chas. A. Parker, Harvard College, W. H. Pearce, Worcester, Prof. Pilkin, Braintree, T. S. Pratt, 22 Front St., Worcester, A. J.

Philbrick, Salem, Mass. Arthur W. Pope, 96 Boylston St., Harry M. Pope, 96 Boylston St., S. H. Peaice, 84 Franklin St., H.E. Parkhurst, 381 Columbus Ave., *Chas. Ed. Pratt, 40 Water St., Linsey Prescott, 188 Beacon St., W. R. Pitman, 5 1-2 Beacon St., T. Preston, Boston. C. H. Porter, Winona, Mich., S. B. Pomeroy, 22 West 39th St., N. Y. Wm. Portman, Louisville, Ky. Warren H. Poley, 5371 Germantown Ave., Phila., Pa.

John Ritchie, Brookline, Mass. John Richardson, Warren & Co., T. Richardson, H. Richards, F. C. Richards, 87 State St., Boston. C. Rathborne, Albany N. Y. Ed. Richard, 383 Laramer St., Denver, Col.

J. J. and Geo. Searle, Geo. Strong, San Francisco, Cal. W. H. Stone, Jr., First Nat'l Bank, Concord, C. H. Sanders, Fisherville, N. H. Edward Stanwood, Longwood, Fred Sharon, Harvard College, W. S. Scolum, West Newton, Wm. A. Shaw, Winthrop, J. H. Sturgis, Jr., Brookline, L. A. Shaw, Jamaica Plain, J. S. Sampson, Taunton, Jas. H. Southwick, Peabody, R. C. Sturgis, 52 Thayer Hall, Cambridge, E. P. Sharp, Dorchester, Mass. *Arthur W. Stedman, 122 Summer, John Storer, Hotel Vendome, *Edward Sherwin, 8 Exchange Place, G. H. L. Sharp, John, and Russell Sharp, 54 Commonwealth Ave., A. R. Sharp, K. C. Sharp, Wm. D. Sohier, Park Sq., R. C. Sturgis, Richard D. Sears, Beacon St., W. D. Swan, 6 Berkeley St., P. S. Stowe, 61 Court St., Boston. W. N. Scott, St. James Hotel, Baltimore, Md. W. E. Sinclair, Gilmore Garden, N. Y.

M. E. Tubbs, 4 Beck Hall, Harvard, Coll. *Chas. L. Tilden, 117 Milk St., Henry Tudor, corner Beacon and Joy Sts., Boston. E. W. Temple, Taunton, John H. Taylor, Pond St., Jamaica Plain, H. E. Townsend, Marlboro', O. S. Townsend, Northboro', E. D. Thayer, Jr., Cherry Valley, Worcester, Mass. A. C. and W. B. Tubbs, 349 Tremont street, San Francisco.

R. Van Ness, 205 Fifth Ave., P. Van Arkel, Continental Hotel, N. Y.

Walter J. Wells, Harvard College, lives Brookline, F. W. White, Brookline, *Dr. Harold Williams, Brookline, Geo. Washburn, Brockton, W. A. Wessells, Austin street, East Somerville, Arthur G. Wellman, Linden Pl., Brookline, Walter Woodman, 9 Kirkland Place, Cambridge, H. W. Warren, Jamaica Plain, A. E. Wood, Northboro', Mass. W. M. Wright, 71 Broadway, N. Y. City. J. A. C. Wright, Harvard College, Rochester, N. Y. E. J. Waring, Star Oil Works, Pittsburg, Pa. R. Wandler, Hartford, Conn. W. W. W. Wood, Washington, D. C. T. R. Whitney, 143 Tremont street, A. F. Webster, 55 High street, *Geo. B. Woodward, John Hancock Life Ins. Co., lives Brookline, *Frank W. Weston, 178 Devonshire, lives Dorchester, *Wm. R. Whitney, 335 Washington street, Dr. Oliver Wadsworth, 139 Boylston street, E. P. Whitney, Boston.

*Members of the Boston Bicycle Club.

Professional Bicycling.

THE ENGLISH MILE CHAMPIONSHIP.

The Christmas bicycle sports at Wolverhampton were well attended, and in spite of the disagreeable and inclement weather, there were upwards of one thousand people assembled at the Molineux Grounds to witness them. The principal event was the one mile championship race between John Keen of London and Walter Phillips of Wolverhampton. The superb track was in its worst condition, the thaw which

was following the long frost causing it to be covered with a semi-liquid mud, and rendering it hard going. Both the men were in splendid condition, and Happy Jack, as the champion is called by his friends, brimful of confidence, declared that he had "never felt better." Phillips won the toss and took the inside position, but Keen did not allow him much advantage from this, for at the start he put on a tremendous spurt and, passing Phillips took the inside position before the first fifty yards had been covered. This position he retained, Phillips being close behind him and receiving a perfect mud bath from Keen's wheels. On the last quarter mile, Phillips put on steam and tried to pass, but to no avail, and Keen won by about seven yards, never having been headed after taking the lead. Time, three minutes ten seconds. Keen rode a fifty-six inch of his own manufacture, and Phillips a fifty-five inch double hollow fork racer, by Hillman & Herbert of Coventry.

They have an ice race-course now in London, at Lillie Bridge, four laps to the mile, laid alongside the cinder path, and John Keen, the champion bicyclist, is looking for some one with whom to have a friendly trial of speed thereon. Keen will of course use the cinder path, and such a race would be exceedingly interesting.

In June last there was a match at Lillie Bridge Grounds, Brompton, Eng., between John Keen and W. Perkins, the latter to walk eight miles while the former rode eighteen and one-half miles. A good pace was kept up by both the contestants, but Keen won easily by 200 yards. His time for the eighteen and one-half miles being sixty-two minutes twenty-three seconds. Perkins' time for the eight miles was sixty-two minutes fifty-two and three-fourths seconds.

Correspondence Column.

BICYCLING IN WASHINGTON, D. C.

EDITOR AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL:

A person living in or near the National Capitol, and knowing any of the merits of bicycles or bicycling, will at once notice the difference between Washington and many other cities, and how well adapted the long and well-paved avenues and streets are for the use of them.

The difference in riding on these concreted thoroughfares and those of other cities, is as great as would be experienced riding in an old-time wagon without springs, as compared with carriages used at the present day. Without undue boasting, I think Washington is the first city in the country for their use. The bicycle was first seen here on the avenue about two years ago, exhibited by a Frenchman. Many persons, noticing the new machine, remembered the old velocipede which so thoroughly captivated the people eight years before, and predicted for this invention the same short career. But when the English bicycle made its appearance about two months ago, ridden by a resident, the interest in it began to increase as its merits became known. Soon after, a second, a third joined in the afternoon "spin," until a sixth could be counted, and up to the close of the season, that is, when cold weather set in, there could be seen many persons admiring this little club as they glided over these perfect streets in the enjoyment of this most exhilarating sport.

Of all the makes and styles used here thus far, the "Columbia" may be said to possess more combined advantages or improvements than any other, and has one great point in its favor which makes it far superior to all others; because so many of its parts are made by machinery and can be duplicated without much cost or loss of time, by sending to the manufacturers.

If a bicycle of English make meets with an accident, it can only be repaired by the tedious and expensive process of making the parts by hand. Considering the general finish and firmness with which it rides, I can safely say that, for this city and neighboring roads, the "Columbia," made by the Pope Manufacturing Company, is the best, and can be called the "Practical American Roadster."

As soon as the spring opens, or the weather will admit, it is contemplated forming a club, and I think I am safe in saying that by this time next year a large number will be added to the list of Washington bicyclists.

Yours truly,

H. S. OWEN.

EDITOR AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL:—

It may interest your readers to know that a run to Bridgewater, Mass., will give them as fine a variety of good, indifferently good, poor, atrocious, better, better still, and then capital roading, as they could find in any direction out of Boston. It may also interest them to know that the one hotel there seems to be kept, as a matter of favor to the public, by the surliest specimen of a landlord[that it has ever been my fortune to meet, and my travels in one direction and another have not been inconsiderable, either. Refreshment can be obtained at moderate charges, whether solid or liquid; but to obtain the latter, a devious and intricate pathway down mysterious passages and up equivocal stairs must be trod, and finally, when the sanctum is reached, the air of secrecy with which your order is filled would be ludicrous if it were not so intensely exasperating. This hole and corner drinking, however, is the only kind you are permitted to indulge in at this establishment, for a request for a glass of wine or a bottle of lager beer, at the dinner table, meets with a most prompt, unhesitating and peremptory denial. Such, at all events, was how I found it in September last, and I hope you will permit me to so advise your readers.

My after dinner cigar (and if ever my digestion needed one it was on that occasion) I purchased at a druggist's store next door to the hotel, and riders will, I doubt not, always find courteous attention awaiting them behind its counters. Until the hotel changes hands, however, bicyclers will find Bridgewater a capital place to—keep away from.

JACK Easy.

Answers to Correspondents.

"Geo. W." Jacksonville, (and some twenty others).—We must decline to advise intending purchasers as to description of machine which we consider best. We have of course our own preference, but it would not be fair to those engaged in the business if we were to state it. We refer you to our advertising columns, and to the statements made therein by the Pope Manufacturing Company and by Cunningham & Co., both of this city; either of whom will afford you any information you may require. If, after deciding upon the description of machine you require, you desire to ensure beyond possibility of doubt that it leaves here in perfect order, you should avail yourself of our "Purchasing agency," particulars of which will be found in another column.

"Videx," Chicago.—Chas. Howard's address is, or was, 14 St. Bride street, London, E. C., England. We have no doubt that he will gladly advise you.

"G. B. O." Phila.—We should be glad to hear from you again.

"A. M. H." Rochester, Minn.—If you will refer to our advertising columns you will there find answer to your query. Hope you will succeed in your project.

"H. F. C." Buffalo.—Many thanks for your favor. We

hope you will see that your local news-vendor has us on sale.

"C. W. N." London, Eng.—Hope to reach you more frequently now.

"W. H. A." Hartford, Conn.—Shall be glad to hear of your progress.

"G. F. C." Buffalo.—Pardon delay. We have substituted the Annual for 1879 for that which you ordered, and expect them in about three weeks.

"H. L. C." Marcellus, Mich.—Hope your machine will prove a success, and shall be glad to hear from you.

"C. K." N. Y.—Your items will now be in order.

"G. B. O." Phila.—We wish you every success. Shall be glad to hear from you and to record your efforts, to the best of our ability. The copies you asked for were mailed to you and, we hope, reached you safely.

BICYCLE ENTERPRISE.

The importance of bicycling in its business and commercial aspect cannot easily be over estimated. The introduction on these shores of a new industry, one which in the mother country profitably employs its millions of capital and, in one way or another, the labor of thousands of specially skilled mechanics, is not a matter to be slightly spoken of, but rather, in its infinite possibilities, bespeaks the attention of our political economists, and the careful consideration of all thinking men. It is not our intention here to proceed to any exhaustive treatise on this subject, although we opine that such would not be out of place in these columns. We merely make the general statement preparatory to the brief consideration of a matter of more immediate interest to the bicyclers, whom we suppose constitute the bulk of our readers.

From the date of our initial number we have been frequently—we had almost said constantly—in receipt of letters asking for advice as to choice of a machine. Such inquirers we have invariably referred to our advertising columns. We do not propose, for it would be manifestly unfair, to depart from this rule, but our paper would be incomplete and our duty but partially fulfilled, were we to fail to keep our readers advised of such matters as pertain to the manufacture of bicycles, whether in this country or abroad, in which they—as readers or riders—or both—should be interested.

Among the various makes of machines from which the American public can choose, the

"COLUMBIA" BICYCLE.

made by the Pope Manufacturing Company, 87 Summer St., Boston, commands, by virtue of its being the first and practically the only American made bicycle in the market, the first place on our list. To make a bicycle may not appear to some a matter of insurmountable difficulty—neither is it. Neither is the making of a watch; but to make either, by the quantity, with perfect mechanical adjustment of the parts—and there are nearly three hundred separate parts in a good bicycle—requires a primary outlay of thousands of dollars for machinery alone, and a continual repetition of such outlay for materials and skilled labor. Now a watch is an article of universal use, and a good one can always find a market. This cannot, as yet, be said of the bicycle, although the time is rapidly approaching when it may. We had always looked forward and with confidence, to a future when, *the demand having attained sufficient proportions*, American capital, labor and ingenuity would come to the front with the supply. We must, however, confess to our complete astonishment when we first heard that, with unparalleled pluck, amounting almost to audacity, the Pope Manufacturing Company had anticipated the demand, were ready with the supply, and that a veritable American bicycle, the "Columbia," had been born. We cannot too highly eulogise the keen far-sighted enterprise

which has produced this result, and we feel justified in bespeaking for it the unanimous commendation and liberal patronage of our riders.

In its mechanism, the "Columbia" is almost an exact counterpart of one of the most popular of English makes, the Duplex Excelsior, the general principles of which are too well known to need but a brief description here. The wheel is of the always reliable spider pattern, each spoke headed in the felloe and fastened at the hubs with nipples and locknuts. The felloe is V shaped and the tires are of solid red rubber. Each wheel runs on cone bearings. The backbone is of hollow steel, and the open steering head, in one solid forging, receives the adjustable centre, which connects it with the backbone.

In point of finish the "Columbia" is far superior to the general run of English machines. All the bright parts are machine burnished, and so beautifully has the work been performed that the casual observer would assume, without a second glance, that all were nickel plated. In conclusion, the "Columbia," happily named, and representing the most important step yet taken in the field of American bicycle enterprise, deserves and will doubtless secure, the high consideration of American riders.

THE "HARVARD" BICYCLE,

although not manufactured on these shores, is another evidence of American bicycle enterprise, somewhat differently applied. The well known firm of Cunningham & Co., of 22 Pearl street, Boston, who were the first to engage in the bicycle business in this country, and to whom, therefore, riders are under no small obligations, have designed and produced this elegant machine with special view to the peculiar requirements of average American roads, and of American riders. In its general design this machine also is modeled after the Duplex Excelsior, and in fact those already made are almost fac-similes.

The "Harvard" proper, however, will present many improvements upon the original model. The steering will be upon the well known "socket" principle, admitting of the front wheel being turned to any required angle, or even completely around if desired, while by an ingenious application of cone bearings to the head, any looseness caused by wear can be easily taken up, and perfect rigidity secured. An important item, in connection with this head, is that it combines a longer centre with a lower handle than can be obtained in any other way. The spokes of the wheels are on the direct principle and dispense with nipples and locknuts; the bearings are parallel to both wheels, and are adjustable and dust proof. Detachable cranks, which can be easily taken off and straightened in case of accident, are used on the driving wheel, and a recess in the outer face of each nut diminishes the distance between the pedals, giving more directly vertical application of power, and avoiding the awkward appearance which widely separated feet will impart to the most graceful rider. The backbone is hollow steel, and the whole machine, finished "all bright" and burnished, is in its graceful contour and thorough workmanship, alike creditable to Cunningham & Co., to whose special specifications it is constructed, and to Bayliss, Thomas & Co., of Coventry, England, at whose extensive works (among the largest in the country), it is manufactured.

We must not omit to notice that the "Harvard" is shipped to this country in pieces, making so large a saving in the item of freight that twenty-five bicycles now come in the space formerly occupied by five. The diminution of cost consequent upon this method will be appreciated by the purchasers.

SOLILOQUY OF A WARY WOBBLER.

ADDISON WITH ADDITIONS,

Whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after rides on bicycles?
And whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling in the mud? Why shrinks the soul—
Back on herself, and starts at nasty croppers?
"Tis the Divinity that stirs within us,
"Tis Bisakel himself points what we're after,
And intimates bicycling unto man,—
Bicycling, that so pleasing, dreadful thought!

WHAT TO DO, BY D.

If sad that Fortune's wheel can't use thee well,
And seeking for some surer "dear Gazelle,"
Cheer up, step up, and try the bicycle.

OUR PURCHASING AGENCY.

We are in receipt of numerous letters from parties at a distance, asking whether we can purchase for them from the Boston agents, a bicycle, and in doing so, give them such benefit from our practical knowledge of the points of a good machine, as shall ensure only such an one being forwarded to them. To date, we have invariably declined to act in this capacity; but having heard at various times of parties who, in consequence of our so declining, have failed to possess themselves of a machine fearing that they may not at such distance get a good one, we are, to a certain extent, induced to withdraw our refusal, and to make to such the following offer:

We will act as purchasing agent for the selection of any description of bicycle which the purchaser may desire, will examine the same thoroughly and ensure its being in perfect order and properly packed for transportation, and will act in every particular as though purchasing the machine for our own personal use.

We will not, however, advise intending purchasers as to what we consider the best machine; such a course would be manifestly unjust to our advertising patrons, but we will only undertake this commission on receipt of the following blank, properly filled out, signature attached, and with enclosure mentioned.

[FORM.]

DATE.

To THE "AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL" PURCHASING AGENCY, 178 Devonshire Street, Boston, Mass.:

On receipt of this, please proceed to the warerooms of

in your city, and select for me a

[Here insert description of machine.]

bicycle, as advertised and described in their catalogue on the page. My name and address is

to which you will please have my bicycle forwarded, C. O. D., per express,

Enclosed you will find P. O. O. for \$5.00 (five dollars), in full payment for your services in this matter, as above.

Yours truly,

SIGNATURE.

We will immediately acknowledge receipt of the above, and proceed to select the bicycle which may be described. As soon as the bicycle is dispatched per the express mentioned, we will notify our correspondent of the fact, and there our duty in the matter will end. To those who live beyond a "five dollar radius" from our city, our Purchasing Agency offers considerable benefits, but those who live within such radius are earnestly advised to come on and choose for themselves.

ADVERTISEMENTS. SCALE OF CHARGES.

One page, (outside), each insertion,	\$35 00
One page, (inside), " "	25 00
One column, " "	13 00
Half column, " "	7 00
Quarter col., " "	4 00
One inch, " "	2 50

Special terms will be made for continued insertions.

NOTICE TO NEWS AGENTS AND DEALERS!**The American Bicycling Journal**

will be supplied to order at Wholesale Rates by

The New England, the American, the Western, and the St. Louis News Co.s,

All Bicycle riders, and all persons desirous of promoting the adoption—
as an American institution—of this healthful, manly, and useful means of locomotion and exercise—the modern *Bicycle*—should see that the AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL is on sale at the various Railway Stations and News Stores that come within their influence. It is within their power to do much to further our efforts in this way. Back numbers from No. 1 can be furnished.

Will our Friends take notice?

THE BICYCLING TIMES,

Published weekly at East Temple Chambers, Whitefriars, Fleet Street, London, E. C., England. Price, Threepence per copy.

Contains all the current English Bicycling News of the day, and will be found not only of interest, but of exceeding value to American Bicyclists.

"THE BICYCLE ANNUAL," for 1879.

Price, One Shilling.

Orders for the above, with cash, can be sent to the office of THE AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL, and will be forwarded at once to the publishers in England.

1879.

A Bicycle Tour through England.

Towards the latter end of July next, it is proposed to form a small party (not exceeding twenty in number) of

American Amateur Bicyclists,

and to proceed on a Bicycle Tour through a portion of England.

The departure will take place from Boston; and from Liverpool the party will proceed by indirect route as far as the

South-East Coast and Return.

The line of travel will measure about six hundred miles,—and as enjoyment and recreation are desired, and speed is a secondary matter, it is proposed to consume about thirty days in covering the distance.

The Great Metropolis of London,

and about one hundred and fifty other cities, towns, and villages will be visited, and stops of a day or two at a time will be made whenever the interest attaching to the locality may render it desirable.

THE PARTY WILL BE ABSENT FROM BOSTON FROM

FIFTY-FIVE TO SIXTY DAYS,

and will be under the guidance of a gentleman thoroughly conversant with the route to be travelled.

The cost per head will be

TWO HUNDRED AND TEN DOLLARS,

which will include First Cabin Passage to and from Liverpool, and all Hotel expenses. No wines, etc., included.

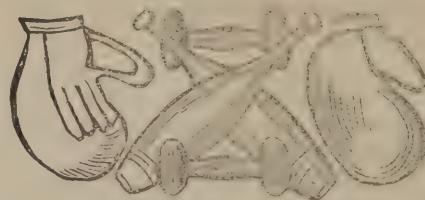
An opportunity for such extended enjoyment at so MODERATE AN EXPENDITURE has never before been presented.

For detailed route or further information address (with stamp for reply):—

MANAGER, English Bicycle Tour,
Office American Bicycling Journal.
Boston, Mass.

N. B.—Should applications in sufficient number warrant, a pioneer party, to start early in May and return early in July, will be arranged. The terms will be the same as above, and the July trip will not in any way be interfered with.

FOR SALE at a reduced figure, a 54 inch Duplex Excelsior Bicycle, perfect in every respect, and as good as new. Has not been ridden more than 100 miles in all. Only reason for selling, too large for owner. Address (with stamp for reply) "ROADSTER," care of AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL, Boston.

**GEO. WRIGHT'S EMPORIUM,**

For Gymnasium, Base Ball and Bicycle Outfits. Boxing Gloves, Running and Walking Shoes. Send for Illustrated Journal of prices.

790 Washington Street, Boston.

Branch Store, Providence, R. I.

CARL VOSSLER'S DINING ROOMS AND RESTAURANT,

19 and 21 Hawley Street, Boston.

Private Dining Rooms for Clubs and Parties. The Cuisine and appointments of this establishment cannot be surpassed.

Headquarters of the Boston Bicycle Club.

Sole New England Agent for the celebrated

"TOLEDO LAUGHR,"

unparalleled for its purity, sold in United, Royal and British.

BRANCH RESTAURANT,

8 Post Office Square, Boston.

CARL VOSSLER, PROPRIETOR.

W. L. CLARK & CO.,

8 Post Office Square, Boston.

W. L. CLARK & CO., PROPRIETORS.



CUNNINGHAM & CO.,
Importers and Manufacturers of
ENGLISH
BICYCLES,

22 Pearl Street, Boston,

are now prepared to fill orders for

The "Harvard" Roadster,

acknowledged to be the most perfect Bicycle yet introduced in this or any other country.

The "HARVARD" is manufactured solely for our house, according to our special specifications, by Messrs. Bayliss, Thomas & Co., the makers of the well-known "Duplex Excelsior" roadster, always a favorite with American riders.

The "HARVARD" presents, in one perfect whole, a combination of all the most valuable improvements made in the various makes of English machines during the past few years, and with them combines other improvements, which are the direct result of our experience as importers and riders.

The "HARVARD" will be found in every respect the most reliable roadster in the market, and specially adapted to average American roads and to American riders.

The "Harvard" Racer,

The lightest and strongest Racing bicycle,—Ball bearings, Hollow sword scabbard forks, &c., &c.

The "IMPROVED" DUPLEX EXCELSIOR ROADSTERS & RACERS,

made by BAYLISS, THOMAS & Co., Coventry, England.

The "Premier" Roadsters and Racers,

made by HILLMAN & HERBERT, Coventry, England.

The "Stanley" Roadsters and Racers,

made by HYDES & WIGFUL, Sheffield, England.

The commodious Riding School is open each day. Lessons free to purchasers.

Our New 16-page Catalogue, giving detailed information, is now nearly ready, and will be sent to any address on receipt of application enclosing a three-cent postage stamp.

Repairs to Bicycles promptly and efficiently performed.

CUNNINGHAM & CO., 22 PEARL ST., BOSTON, MASS.

The Columbia Bicycle.



A strong, serviceable roadster, capable of carrying any weight.

It is made of the best steel and Norway iron, the fittings are carried to a high degree of perfection, all the parts being interchangeable, and is equal in workmanship and finish to any English bicycle.

[From the "Scientific American."]

"Undoubtedly the most perfect bicycle now made is the Columbia."

As some riders may prefer an English bicycle, we have made arrangements with the leading English manufacturers, so that we can sell imported machines lower than consumers can import them for their own use, and our cable code enables us to transmit orders without delay.

A full stock of bicycle sundries constantly on hand.

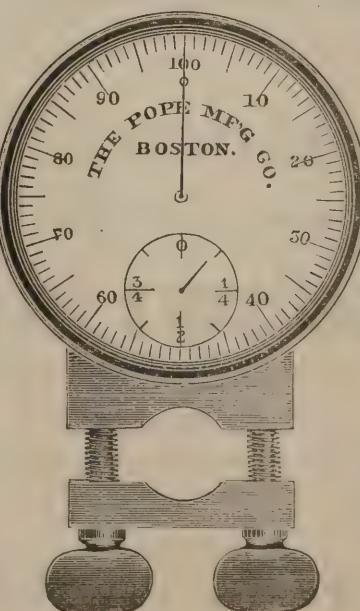
Send 3-cent stamp for 20-page Catalogue containing Price List and full information.

A commodious Riding School with competent instructors in attendance. Purchasers taught free of charge.

Pope's CYCLOMETER. PRICE, \$7.00.

These are hermetically sealed to be free from dust and water. The parts work automatically, without the aid of oil, and the face is marked to indicate the number of miles travelled. The Cyclometer is secured to the axle of the large front driving wheel, between the spokes, and with every turn of the wheel the Cyclometer makes a revolution. A weight within the Cyclometer hangs perpendicularly and so remains while the instrument revolves.

In ordering it will be necessary to send the diameter of wheel on which the Cyclometer is to be used.



**The
POPE
MANUFACTURING CO.,
87 Summer Street,
BOSTON,
MASS.**



VOL. 1, No. 16.

BOSTON, AUGUST 9, 1879.

TEN CENTS.

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—Bicycling, for pastime or for practical locomotion, is too firmly established now to admit of the slightest fear of its ever dying. Like one of the most famous of its vehicles it has adopted "Excelsior" for its motto, and nothing can stay its onward career. Riders, however, should be careful in using and not abusing their glorious exercise. The latter will be powerful to retard but from the former the benefits and enjoyments to be derived are incalculable.

—What can be compared with the luxury of an early morning ride in springtime? To be mounted above one's fellows on the whirling wheel, its bright spokes flashing in the infant rays of sunshine; to glide swift and noiseless over the smooth roads, past fields and woods and hedges, dew-spangled and heavy, as though half asleep and loth to be awakened; to breathe, long and deep, the life-renewing odors of the dawn, to hear with a soul attuned in harmony, Nature's morning hymn of praise, and, with the exhilaration born of rapid motion, to join in the Hosanna chorus. What ecstasy of enjoyment! what relief from the plodding monotony of daily routine!

—The project of continuing the East Chester Park extension to Five Corners, Dorchester, will, it seems, be eventually carried through and considerable work may be done on it during the present season. It is hard to overestimate the value of this extension to bicyclers, a clear run from Beacon street to Five Corners, along an elegant and well kept drive-way, nearly three miles in length, will be in itself invaluable; but, in addition to this, riders will then be able to reach some of the best roads and most charming suburbs in Massachusetts, without traversing the barbarous cobble pavements, and other objectionable features which now so frequently intervene between Boston and bicyclic bliss.

—The Detroit Free Press has always a good word for bicycling and bicyclers, and on that account, as well as for other reasons too numerous to mention, deserves well of our fraternity. It must learn, however, that the term "velocipede," is, like the old bone shaker to which it was first applied, out of date. "Bicycle"—"bicyclist" and "bicycling" are the synonyms for our graceful and delightful vehicle, rider and exercise.

—The riding schools were busy during the snow season. Riders find it hard to get along without their customary exercise, and so, when snow forbade open-air enjoyment on the wheel, the in-door facilities provided by our enterprising manufacturers and importers become the more fully appreciated.

—We note that H. R. H., the Prince of Wales, has bought his son a bicycle, and we commend the item to the notice of President Hayes, Governor Talbot and others, particularly the latter. Imitation is the sincerest flattery.

—The bicycle is also catholic in its tendencies. The Cunninghams now pay tribute to the "Pope."

AMERICAN CLUB DIRECTORY.

[Secretaries of Clubs, present and future, will please keep us informed of any changes in, or additons to this list, which may occur.]

(1) **BOSTON BICYCLE CLUB**—Founded Feb. 12th, 1878.

Entrance Fee—Five dollars.

Subscription—One dollar per quarter.

Club colors—Red, white and blue.

Club badge—A silver five pointed star, over the motto "Pedibus Bicyclus Addidit Alas," and enclosing letters "B. Bi. C." in monogram.

Uniform—Helmet with badge on front, jacket, vest, breeches and stockings, all of dark seal brown.

Head Quarters—"Vossler's," 19 Hawley Street, Boston.

President, Charles Ed. Pratt; Captain, A. W. Stedman; Secretary and Treasurer, Frank W. Weston, 178 Devonshire Street, Boston.

(2) **SUFFOLK BICYCLE CLUB**—Founded April 13th, 1878.

Entrance Fee—One dollar.

Subscription—Five dollars per annum.

Club colors—Red and black.

Club badge—The letters S. B. C. in silver monogram.

Uniform—Polo cap with badge in front, jacket, vest, breeches and stockings all of dark blue.

Head Quarters—36 Charles Street, Boston.

President, A. D. Chandler; Captain, J. C. Sharp, Jr.; Secretary and Treasurer, F. E. Cabot, Brookline, Mass.

(3) **BANGOR BICYCLE CLUB**—Founded Sept. 1st, 1878.

Entrance Fee

Subscription

Information Requested.

Club badge

Uniform

Head Quarters—Bicycle Hall, Bangor, Maine.

President, (not yet elected); Captain, (not yet elected); Secretary and Treasurer, A. E. Meigs, Bicycle Hall, Bangor, Maine.

(4) **SAN FRANCISCO BICYCLE CLUB**—Founded Nov. 28th, 1878.

Entrance Fee—One dollar.

Subscription—Twenty-five cents per quarter.

Club colors—Blue and white.

Club badge

Uniform } Information Requested.

Head Quarters }

President, R. de Clairmont; Captain, G. Loring Cunningham; Secretary and Treasurer, Charles L. Barrett, 106 San Jose Street, San Francisco.

(5) **MONTREAL BICYCLE CLUB**—Founded Dec. 2nd, 1878.

Entrance Fee—Five dollars.

Subscription—Two and a half dollars per annum.

Club colors—Silver and blue.

Club badge—Silver "Beaver" broach and M. B. C. in monogram.

Uniform—Dark blue.

Head Quarters—Montreal.

President, (not yet elected); Captain, Charles J. Sidey; Secretary and Treasurer, Horace S. Tibbs, P. O. Box, 1733, Montreal, Canada.

(6) **MASSACHUSETTS BICYCLE CLUB**—Founded Feb. 1st, 1879.

Entrance Fee—Two dollars.

Subscription—One dollar per quarter.

Club colors—Not decided.

Club badge—M. Bi. C., in silver and gold monogram.

Uniform—Helmet with club badge in front, jacket, breeches and stockings, all of brown tweed.

Head Quarters—Not decided.

President, Albert A. Pope; Captain, E. W. Pope; Secretary and Treasurer, H. E. Parkhurst, 87 Summer Street, Boston.

(7) **CAPITOL BICYCLE CLUB**—Founded Feb. 7th, 1879.

Entrance Fee—One dollar.

Subscription—By assessment as needed.

Club colors—Red, white and blue.

Club badge—C. Bi. C. in monogram of club colors.

Uniform—Blue coat, brown leggings, drab breeches, blue cap.

Head Quarters—not yet fixed.

President (Vice) Max Hausmann; Captain, H. S. Owen; Secretary and Treasurer, L. P. Einolf; Room 46 LeDroit building, Washington, D. C.

(8) **FITCHBURG BICYCLE CLUB**—Founded Feb. 21st, 1879.

Entrance Fee

Subscription

Club colors

Club badge Information Requested.

Uniform

Head Quarters

President, (not yet elected); Captain, (not yet elected); Secretary and Treasurer, W. George A. Wilson, Fitchburg, Mass.

(9) **BUFFALO BICYCLE CLUB**—Founded Feb. 22nd, 1879.

Entrance Fee—Three dollars.

Subscription—Not fixed.

Club color—Blue.

Club badge—Not decided.

Uniform—Blue silk cap with visor, blue sack coat, blue stockings, grey corduroy knee breeches.

Head Quarters—362 Main Street.

President, G. F. Chavel; Acting Captain, G. F. Chavel; Secretary and Treasurer, J. T. Gard, 276 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

(10) **SALEM BICYCLE CLUB**—Founded March 1st, 1879.

Entrance Fee—One dollar.

Subscription—Not decided.

Club colors—Grey and blue.

Club badge—Not decided.

Uniform—Not decided

Head Quarters—Not decided.

President, A. L. Huntington; Captain, F. M. Paine; Secretary and Treasurer, C. A. Buxton, 246½ Essex Street, Salem Mass.

(11) **WORCESTER BICYCLE CLUB**—Founded April 9th, 1879.

Entrance Fee

Subscription

Club colors

Club badge

Uniform

Head Quarters

President (?) Captain, Fred. S. Pratt; Secretary and Treasurer, George M. Doe, Worcester, Mass.

(12) **HARVARD BICYCLE CLUB**—Founded April 17th, 1879..

Entrance Fee

Subscription

Club colors

Club badge

Uniform

Head Quarters

President, W. G. Twombly, '79; Captain, M. Tilden, '81; Secretary and Treasurer R. C. Sturgis, '81.

(13) **ESSEX BICYCLE CLUB**—Founded March 8th, 1879.

Entrance Fee—Five dollars.

Subscription—Fifty cents per month.

Club colors—Pink and pearl grey.

Club badge—E. Bi. C. in monogram of silver.

Uniform—Polo cap, dark blue with club monogram in front, breeches of drab corduroy and dark blue jacket and stockings.

Headquarters—Newark, New Jersey.

President, J. Lafon; Captain, L. H. Johnson; Secretary and Treasurer, Herbert W. Knight, 766 Broad street, Newark, N. J.

(14) **PHILADELPHIA BICYCLE CLUB**—Founded May 22nd, 1879.

Entrance Fee—Five dollars.

Subscription—One dollar per month.

Club colors—Dark red and light blue.

Club badge—Not yet decided.

Uniform—Navy blue shirt, stockings, cap and necktie, drab corduroy breeches.

Head Quarters—No. 17 South Third street, Philadelphia, Penn.

President, Thomas K. Longstreth; Captain, Henry Longstreth; Secretary and Treasurer, H. A. Blakeston, 3905 Chestnut Street.

- (15) BROOKLYN BICYCLE CLUB—Founded June 21st, 1879.
 Entrance Fee } Not decided.
 Subscription }
 Club colors—Black and cherry.
 Club badge—Not decided.
 Uniform—Dark navy blue throughout.
 Head Quarters—Windsor Terrace, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 President, (Not yet elected); Captain, C. Koop; Secretary
 and Treasurer, T. H. Muir, 30 Broadway, N. Y. City.
 (16) WANDERERS BICYCLE CLUB—Founded?
 Head Quarters—Boston.

(Information Requested.)

- (17) PROVIDENCE BICYCLE CLUB—Founded July, 7th, 1879
 Entrance Fee—Five dollars.
 Subscription
 Club colors Not yet decided.
 Club badge
 Uniform
 Head Quarters—Providence, R. I.
 President, Albert Carpenter; Captain, E. G. Thurber;
 Secretary, E. C. Churchill, 1 Providence and Worcester Depot
 Providence, R. I.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

City of Boston Bicycle Races.

The observance of the "glorious fourth" in the "Hub" was signalized on the 4th of July, 1879, by two important innovations,—for the first,—the discordant ear-distressing clamor of church bells rung without the least regard to time or harmony, or anything in fact, but noise, was conspicuous by its absence, and great was the relief thereby. For the second,—the appropriation by the City Government of the sum of two hundred and ten dollars for prizes for Bicycle races, became for record the first "official" acknowledgment of the existence and importance of the Bicycle and its riders, and of the claims of Bicycle racing to a position among other national and common sports and pastimes. A measured half mile carefully and accurately surveyed over the broad surface of Huntington Avenue, by Mr. Eliot C. Clarke, constituted the most desirable race course which the city could for this occasion command, and, although the sharp turns which were needed in all but the half mile heats proved decidedly objectionable, still, the general hard smooth nature of the road bed did much in the way of amends, and resulted in a tolerably good average as to speed. The average as to weather, too, was not bad; for, although the first heat was run with the thermometer nearly at the nineties, a sudden thunder shower, lasting nearly an hour, cooled the air for the subsequent races, and, by reducing the number of spectators to perhaps three or four thousand, made the labors of the police in clearing the track, much easier of performance. The Germania Band, which *was to have* enlivened the scene, took advantage of this shower to retreat into such secure quarters that nothing more was seen of them except the bold bugler, who—to his lasting honor be it said—stood to his post and did his duty to the end. The judges were five in number, Chairman, Chas. E. Pratt, President of the Boston Bicycle Club; Albert Pope, President of the Mass. Bicycle Club; Edward Sherwin, Boston Bicycle Club; Eliot C. Clarke and A. R. Sharp, Suffolk Bicycle Club. The duties of starter were performed by Frank W. Weston, Secretary of the Boston Bicycle Club; and J. B. Woodward, Ex-President of the Boston

Bicycle Club, most acceptably filled the position of Secretary to the judges.

The races, four in number, consisting of one half mile race, one mile race, one three mile race, and one slow race of half a mile, were commenced at 4 o'clock p. m. The three mile race was for a money prize, and open to all, but the other races were for amateurs only. Before each of the latter, it was announced from the judge's stand that protests against certain of the riders (Will. R. Pitman, H. M. Pope and George Harrison) had been handed in, charging them with being professional riders, and therefore disqualified for a race between amateurs. The judges invited the protesting parties to attend at City Hall on the following Monday, to meet those protested against, and to submit their evidence, at the same time stating that the status of those amateurs riding would be in no way affected, whether the three riders referred to were found to be professionals or not. The duties of the judges in this matter were much simplified by the withdrawal of Pope and Harrison, leaving only the case of Pitman to be adjudicated upon.

The following is a summary of the racing:

HALF MILE RACE.

Entries, twelve. Starters nine.

FIRST HEAT. (Time not taken.) J. C. Sharp, Jr., 1st. L. H. Johnson, 2nd. H. Gray, 3rd. W. W. Allen, 4th.

SECOND HEAT. J. C. Sharp, Jr., 1st. (1.27½), L. H. Johnson, 2nd. (1.33½), H. Gray, 3rd. (1.34½), W. R. Pitman, 4th. (1.35).

AWARDS.

First Prize.	Medal, value	\$20.	J. C. Sharp, Jr.
Second.	" "	\$15.	L. H. Johnson.
Third.	" "	\$10.	H. Gray.

ONE MILE RACE.

Eight entries. Five starters.

FIRST HEAT. L. H. Johnson, 1st. (3.33), W. R. Pitman, 2nd. (3.37), E. P. Sharp, 3rd. (3.43½), C. S. Sharp, 4th. (3.48).

SECOND HEAT. L. H. Johnson, 1st. (3.40½), W. R. Pitman, 2nd. (3.45), E. P. Sharp, 3rd. (3.48½), J. Holman, 4th. (3.58½).

THIRD HEAT. (To decide fourth position in event of the protest against Pitman being sustained). C. S. Sharp, 1st. (3.49), J. Holman, 2nd. (3.54½).

AWARDS.

First Prize. Medal, value	\$25.	L. H. Johnson.
Second. " "	\$20.	{ Retained, pending Judges' decision on protest.
Third. " "	\$15.	

THREE MILE RACE

OPEN TO ALL.

Five entries. Three starters.

FIRST HEAT. Thomas Harrison, 1st. (12.18½), John W. Wilson, 2nd. (12.44), R. H. Fox, (retired at end of second mile).

SECOND HEAT. Harrison, 1st. (12.48), Wilson, 2nd. (13.02½).

AWARDS.

First Prize.	\$50 cash,	Thomas Harrison,
Second. " "	\$30.	John W. Wilson.

SLOW RACE, HALF A MILE.

Four entries. Three starters.

Holman, slowest, (24.28).
 Pitman, (23.40).

Damoreau, (did not complete the distance).

The Prize, a Medal, value \$5.00, was awarded to Mr. Holman.

The one mile, and the three mile races, were especially interesting and exciting. In the former, the winner, Mr. L. H. Johnson, captain of the Essex Bicycle Club of Orange, New Jersey, who visited our city especially for this race, won high praise from all for his graceful and powerful riding, and proved himself well fitted for the high position his Club has conferred upon him. In the latter race, each contestant led alternately, and passed and repassed each other amid the greatest excitement of the spectators. In the first part of the last third mile it looked as if Wilson was sure of his heat, his lead at that time being at least a hundred yards. It was then that Harrison settled down to his work; gradually the distance between them lessened, and, at the end of the third quarter Wilson was left in the rear, and, amid loud cheers, Harrison rode in the winner.

The races as a whole were a grand success, and reflected the utmost credit upon all concerned; among whom may be mentioned the spectators who enjoyed them, the riders who competed in them, the judges who so excellently arranged them, and the enlightened and progressive City Fathers, to whose good judgment the public are indebted for a spectacle so pleasing and so interesting.

THE PROTEST MATTER

IS W. R. PITMAN A PROFESSIONAL BICYCLER?

The hearing before the Judges, to decide on this matter, was held at City Hall on Monday, July 7th, Mr. Chas. E. Pratt in the chair. The specifications of the protest stated that (1) he (Pitman) had ridden for money in Bangor in the summer of 1878; (2) that he had taught Bicycle riding, both in Bangor and Boston, and (3) had engaged in other athletic pursuits for money; (4) that he had competed with John W. Wilson and other professional riders in Lynn, for money; and (5), that he had sold various prizes which he had won in so-called-amateur races,—for money.

Although Mr. Pitman had been duly notified, he was neither present in person nor represented in any way, and the judges after long and evidently careful weighing of the evidence laid before them, announced that Will R. Pitman was by the terms of the rules laid down, a professional bicycler, and, as such, disqualified. The second and third prizes in the milé race were therefore awarded to E. P. and C. S. Sharp.

Club News & Wheel Talk.

[Secretaries of Clubs, and Bicyclers everywhere, are respectfully requested to contribute items for this department.]

The Boston Bicycle Club held its first annual Meeting on Monday, Feb. 3rd, at "Vossler's,"—when the following officers were elected:—

President, Charles Edward Pratt,
Captain, A. W. Stedman,
Senior Sub-Captain, H. S. Mann,
Junior Sub-Captain T. W. Hastings,
Sec'y and Treasurer, Frank W. Weston, (second year).
Club Committee, Messrs. Preble, Farrington, Dalton and Pope.

The Secretary, in his report, alluded to the proposed English Bicycle tour, which he hoped would receive the warm support of the club. Some correspondence with the Secretary of the New York Athletic Club, bearing upon the "Wright" matter, was read. The project to form a stock company to purchase land and lay out a half mile cinder-track for bicycle racing was referred to, and the statement that there was every probability of such a track being ready by next spring, was received with applause.

The "amateur" and "professional" definitions gave rise to one of the most lengthened and earnest debates in which the club had yet been engaged, and a variety of views were expressed. The club was unanimous on the necessity of a strict line being drawn, and the matter was finally referred to a committee of five, with power to confer with other clubs, and instructions to report at a future meeting. The committee so appointed were Messrs. A. D. Chandler, E. C. Cabot, E. Sherwin, Geo. B. Woodward, and E. Preble.

The first annual dinner of the Club, which followed the business meeting, was an exceedingly enjoyable affair. The menu was all that could be desired, the viands excellently prepared, admirably served, and thoroughly enjoyed. After the removal of the cloth the national and international toasts were duly honored, and drew forth from the retiring captain and sub-captain well chosen remarks appropriate to the occasion. The toast of the evening,—"Success and prosperity to the Boston Bicycle Club, the first Bicycle Club, in the biggest country, with the longest roads, and the stiffest hills in the universe,"—was proposed in a most eloquent and telling speech by President Pratt, and was honored with the greatest enthusiasm. Other toasts, all indicative of the most fraternal cordiality among the members, followed in due course, until the "last train" hour drew near when a committee was dispatched to summon mine host Vossler. The appearance of whose genial countenance was the signal for renewed enthusiasm. Advantage of this incident was taken to express the obligations which Mr. Vossler had conferred upon the club, not only on this occasion, but on each of the evenings when the club had held its meetings under his roof. Mr. Vossler, in his reply, deprecated any such sentiments, and, laughingly alluding to his own avoirdupois, stated that he did not feel sure whether he should not be compelled in self-defence, to attempt to subjugate the steed so much in favor with his guests. He should curb his impatience, however, until he found one which appeared strong enough to command his confidence. The meeting shortly after terminated.

The thirteenth meeting of the above club was held at Vossler's, on Monday, March 3rd, and the usual business transacted. The uniform of the club was changed to seal brown in color, and the cap hitherto worn, abandoned in favor of the helmet shape.

The Treasurer's report, showing that the club had a considerable cash balance in hand, was accepted, and the Secretary's report—covering, among other matters, the progress made in the foundation of stock company for a cinder-path—was well received. The committee on definition of the term "professional bicycle rider," reserved their report for next club-meeting.

At the fourteenth meeting held at same place, on April 7th, the committee on "professional" submitted their report, on which action was deferred until the fifteenth meeting, held at same place, on May 5th, when the club adopted the definition of the term "professional bicycler" that will be found in another column. This concludes the regular business meetings of this club, until the close of the heated term.

The successful meet of Fast-day 1878, was to have been repeated this year, and with strong probabilities of a very large muster, but the unexpected and unwelcome snow-storm of the preceding Monday so destroyed the surface of the country and suburban roads, that the clubs wisely determined to postpone for a more favorable opportunity. The morning of the 3rd of April was so beautiful, however, that the Suffolk Club could not resist the temptation of the weather, and many of the members having the advantage of residing near each other, a

meet was arranged at the corner of Berkeley street, and Commonwealth Avenue, at 10 a. m.

Some of the members of the Boston and Massachusetts Clubs, who were riding in the vicinity, joined the Suffolks, and at 10.30 some twenty machines started off and enjoyed a short run in company.

Messrs. A. D. Chandler, President, and J. C. Sharp, Jr., Captain Suffolk, Bi. C., have gone in company on a bicycle tour through England. If time serves we understand they will also essay the roads of the continent.

Bicycle colonies of from two to a dozen are to be found, just now, at nearly any summer resort, and on cool mornings or evenings the whirr of the wheel is no infrequent sound. At the Rose Standish House, Downer Landing, there are—or were—half a dozen riders, and the good yacht "Mist," which is a frequent visitor at that favorite resort, is manned by a crew of five more. Whether certain ladies prefer navy blue or Bicycle brown, is a point on which it is, as yet, difficult to obtain a candid opinion; but time will show.

The Montreal Lacrosse Club gave a gold medal for a two-mile Bicycle race, at their sports on the 6th of June last. The winner was H. S. Tibbs, Secretary Montreal Bicycle Club.

The track at Park Garden, Providence, is a great success. Arrangements are now in progress for several bicycle races, to take place on or about the 2nd of September next; for which handsome prizes will be offered.

At the Sports of the Harvard Athletic Association, in May last, a one mile bicycle handicap made one of the most interesting of the events of the day.

There were six entries, as follows:

H. A. Abbe, '81 (75 yards;) J. H. Sturgis, '81 (scratch;) W. D. Swan, '81 (scratch;) F. L. Creesy, '82 (100 yards;) J. A. C. Wright, '81 (50 yards;) and T. Homer, '79 (scratch.) In the first heat Swan passed Sturgis and Homer almost at once, and started at a quick pace after Wright, who on the third lap, went ahead of Creesy. Swan then, by beautiful riding, drew up to Wright, and passed him, after a momentary spurt. His riding throughout was especially good; and he came in first in 3 min. 31 2-5 sec., Wright a good second in 3 min. 32 1-2 sec., and Creesy third. The final heat was almost a repetition of the first; Swan again succeeded in beating the field, in 3.30, with Wright second in 3 min. and 31 1-2 sec.

In the Buffalo Bicycle Club there are only two men under six feet high.

At the Authors' Carnival in Buffalo, in May last. Messrs. Bidwell, Gard, Chavel, and Townsend, of the Buffalo Bicycle Club, took a run round the Rink in which the carnival was held; the seats being cleared away for the purpose.

Bicycling in the suburbs of Boston closed on the second day of January last, and remained closed till the sixteenth of February. On that day the more travelled roads were in splendid order, and the Captain, Sub-Captain and Secretary of the B. Bi. C., availed themselves of the welcome opportunity to take a short spin in company. After netting 24,—28, and 20 miles respectively, they adjourned to their homes, healthier, happier and hungrier men. The next day spread the news, and towards evening numerous riders availed themselves of the unexpected opportunity. Then, alas, came more snow and the too short solstice terminated.

The Suffolk Club has established its headquarters at 36 Charles street, where it has a commodious room, well supplied with charts and Bicycle publications, both home and foreign. Stable accommodation can be obtained in the immediate vicinity.

The first meet of the Harvard Bicycle Club took place in Harvard Square, Cambridge, on the 26th of April last. Fourteen riders, under sub-captain Parker, had a very enjoyable run in company.

March is kinder in Ohio than in Massachusetts. One of the riders there was able, during that month, to cover 150 miles at odd intervals. Last year we did better here, but this year he was to be envied.

On Saturday, March 8th, several 'cyclers held a meeting in Orange, N. J., and organized the "Essex Bicycle Club." A committee was appointed to draw up regulations to be submitted to the club at the next meeting. This was held in Newark on April 16th, and the following business transacted: Election of officers; —president, J. Lafon; secretary and treasurer, Herbert W. Knight, 766 Broad street, Newark, N. J.; captain, L. H. Johnson, Orange, N. J. Sub-captains, bugler and guide were also elected. Uniform and By-laws were discussed and laid over to the next meeting. It was decided to have pink and pearl-gray for club colors. The constitution will probably be (with a few alterations) identical with that of the Boston Bicycle Club. The club head quarters are at Newark, N. J.

A contemporary states that some of the Detroit ladies have taken to bicycle riding.

The By-laws of the new clubs are all founded on those adopted a year ago by the Boston Bi. C.

At the annual Fair of the Burlington County Agricultural Society, to be held at Mount Holly, New Jersey, on Oct. 7th to 10th, there will be two "free to all" bicycle races. One on Thursday, Oct. 9th—2 mile heats, best 2 in 3, \$100.00, and one on Friday, Oct. 10th—3 mile heats, best 2 in 3, for \$150.00, cash.

Pittsburgh, Pa., will have an Exposition in September next, and will offer, it is stated, as an inducement to professional riders, two prizes, one of \$1000, and one of \$500, for a six days bicycle race.

The Essex Club (N. J.) which was only organized in March last, has certainly made the champion record on the racing path thus far—having, in nine races, taken eight first and five second prizes, as follows:

April 5.	Columbia Boat Club,	3 miles.	Jos. Lafon	1. 14.41 3-5
May 24.	Staten Island Ath. Club,	2 miles.	L. H. Johnson	1. 8.21 3-5
May 31.	Short Hills Ath. Club,	2 miles.	L. H. Johnson	1. 10.55
June 7.	Manhattan Ath. Club,	2 miles.	L. H. Johnson	1. 7.47
			W. P. Field	2.
Jun. 12.	Elizabeth Ath. Club,	3 miles.	W. P. Field	1. 12.19 1
			H. W. Knight	2. by 1 ft.
Jun. 28.	Plainfield Ath. Club,	2 miles.	L. H. Johnson	1. 8.32 1
			C. A. Knight	2.
July 4.	Boston Bicycle Races,	1 mile.	L. H. Johnson	1.3.33 3.40 1
		½ mile.	L. H. Johnson	2. 1.33 1
Aug. 2.	New Jersey Ath. Club.	1 mile.	L. H. Johnson	1. 6.12
			C. A. Knight	2. 6.25

* Very poor Tracks.

Our Purchasing Agency.

The objects of which are fully detailed in No. 15, page 13, is still in operation and our services are at the command of riders living at too great a distance to attend to this matter themselves.

Reviews.

(Our reviews of several very important and valuable publications in the bicycle interest are postponed for want of space until our next issue.)

The advertisement of "Roadster" in our last number, called forth eighty-three replies.

BICYCLING SONG.

Tune—"Dearest Mae."

I sprang upon my gallant steed,
It bounded 'neath my tread;
No cares nor sorrows could I heed
As through the air we sped.
The sun lay crimson in the west,
The soft breeze fanned my brow,
I rode the steed I loved the best,
Would I were riding now.

CHORUS.

Would I were riding now,
Would I were riding now,
'Twill always be sweet memory,
Would I were riding now.

Through leafy lane and shady street,
Bicycle bore me on,
O'er head the waving branches greet
The sunlight, come and gone.
The hush of even falls apace,
With silent wheel, I glide
Along where dusky moonbeams brace
The orb's ascending stride.

CHORUS:—Would I were, &c.

Ah! if my steed could only feel
The joy which thrills my heart,
Its senseless nerves of burnished steel
Would leap to do their part;
Yet gladly, as I mount, I will
It, with my life endow;
My trusty steed, I love it still,
While I am riding now.

CHORUS.

While I am riding now,
While I am riding now,
Bicycle gives a joy that lives
While I am riding now.

L. H. J.

A RUN FROM NEW YORK TO SARATOGA.

A very enjoyable run has been made by Mr. Wentworth Rollins from New York to Saratoga, leaving New York City on Thursday, July 3rd, at 6 a. m., and arriving at Saratoga on the 8th inst.; the length of the run being about 190 miles. Mr. R. describes his route as follows:

"Start from Fifty-ninth street and Eighth avenue, New York: Follow the Boulevard, or old Bloomingdale road, a broad, macadamized roadway, extending to 152d street, with two steep grades at 125th street (Cannonsville), up and down; the up grades too steep to be easily mounted.

At 152d street turn east four blocks, then north six blocks, over a fair road; here turn off into the King's highway, or what is known as the Old King's Bridge road. This macadamized road leading to King's Bridge, nine miles from New York, has frequent grades, all passable with the bicycle excepting one, which is short; in a few places it is rocky and sandy, but all in all, a good road.

Crossing King's Bridge, dismount and walk one-eighth mile west to Riverdale, through sand to the depth of two inches. Thence six miles over a good macadamized road, to Yonkers, which is fifteen miles from the start. On the road to Yonkers

walk up two long hills, three-eighths and one-half mile long, where, arriving at the Getty House, the first rest is made.

Starting from here take the old post road, or what is now called Broadway. One-half mile from the Getty House it will be found necessary to dismount for a very steep hill, after which a good macadamized road leads to Hastings, nineteen miles out. Then a roadbed, smooth and hard as a floor, to Dobbs's Ferry, twenty miles from start, to Irvington 21 7-8, Tarrytown 27, and Sing Sing 35 5-8, the roads are charming, with few hills and rough places.

The beauty of the scenery from Yonkers to the last place is beyond my power to describe. I can only recommend others to take the trip and appreciate it for themselves.

Though I have been up the Hudson many times I never imagined its banks were studded with such residences, some of them palatial. The trees along either side form a bower over the road by their interlacing branches, making it most picturesque. The road leads along the sides of the hills about two-thirds of the way up, which gives it a considerable elevation, from which beautiful views can occasionally be obtained among which that of Tappan Zee, at the point where it spreads out like an immense lake, is worthy of mention.

From here for about five miles out the roads are tolerable, but from this point to Peekskill they cannot be traveled with a bicycle. And from here to Poughkeepsie they are not much better.

At Poughkeepsie, you find many hard, smooth, macadamized roads, the delight of the bicyclist.

North from here, through Hyde Park, to Rhinebeck Village ninety-two miles from New York.

As charming and good a road as could be desired. After leaving Rhinebeck a varied road, which can be travelled, but dismounts and walks of from one-quarter to one mile are not unfrequent; nevertheless, I should advise the trip to any one having time and not caring for an occasional walk, as the scenery along the road will well repay one for the trouble. You have an almost uninterrupted view of the Catskill Mountains which cannot be had from any other point, and you pass through a most picturesque country; old homesteads, quaint taverns and antiquated farmhouses, telling of generations long, since passed away, add beauty to the scene. The city of Hudson, one hundred and fifteen miles out, is well worth visiting. From here to Albany the roads are fair.

Shortly after leaving the city you come to Brick Tavern, a large brick house, one hundred years old, the host having the ability to entertain his friends with amusing and interesting anecdotes of the past for as long a time as it may please them to say. Twelve miles further on "Kinderhook, a quaint old place, and very old. The attraction here, and one of which the people are quite proud, is the old Van Buren manor. After leaving here, you enter a finely cultivated country, its well built and kept farmhouses and outbuildings showing taste, comfort and wealth—the white farmhouses and red barns making a very pleasing picture. On the right can be seen quite distinctly the mountains of Massachusetts and Vermont,

To Troy the road is not bad except in wet weather, when it becomes impassable for the bicyclist. Hence to Saratoga it is very sandy half the way, and hard going; but the other half is very good travelling."

The journey was not undertaken either for notoriety or for "a record." It was simply a pleasure trip, pure and simple, and, as such, afforded the rider such healthful gratification that he earnestly hopes his brother riders will all speedily avail themselves of the facilities which the possession of a "wheel" affords for similar gratification.

After a few days to be spent in exploring Saratoga and its surroundings, Mr. Rollins intended to proceed to Buffalo and thence to Troy via the tow-path of the Erie Canal.

Bicycle Race at San Francisco.

The first bicycle race on the Pacific Coast took place on the 22nd of February last, under the auspices of the Occident Cricket Club, and formed one of the most interesting of a long series of Athletic competitions, in which the Caledonian, the Olympic and the Oakland Athletic Clubs took part. The distance run was one mile and the contestants were Messrs. J. F. Purdy, C. L. Barrett, G. Loring Cunningham and R. Searle, none of whom were in the best form, owing to the late incessant rains which for some weeks had rendered out door practice impossible. The track (3 laps and 220 feet to the mile) was in very good condition, and, had the race been run in heats, the men after becoming warmed up to their work would doubtless have made better time. A good start was effected, but Searle and Barrett soon drew ahead and a very pretty race in pairs ensued. For some three parts of the distance the two leaders alternated in honors, until, on the home stretch, Searle drew slightly ahead and finally crossed the line hardly two lengths ahead of Barrett. Time, 3m 51 3-5sec's. Cunningham came in a good third, closely followed by Purdy. The latter rode a machine a size too large for him and consequently found it more difficult than did the others to contend against the high wind which prevailed.

A large concourse of spectators, to most of whom the modern English Bicycle was a novelty, witnessed the race and expressed the most unbounded enthusiasm at the result. More bicycle races will doubtless follow.

THE HEBREW FAIR BICYCLE RACES.

Unfortunately for the fair fame of the bicycle, the managers of the Hebrew Fair resolved to enliven its closing solitudes with a bicycle race,—and to that end prepared a well-sounding programme, and invited the participation of all amateur-riders. The report of a track eight laps to the mile, with a boarded floor and consequent probabilities of speed, attracted a goodly number of entries, and on the appointed evening, Jan'y 27th, about thirty riders—largely composed of members of the Suffolk Club, appeared with their machines upon the floor. The track, as might have been expected, was exceedingly unsatisfactory, and the riders did not hesitate to express their disappointment, nor to pass remarks the reverse of complimentary upon the originators of the affair. In point of fact, a more unsuitable race course could hardly have been produced. Its general outline was egg-shaped, the narrow end very narrow indeed, one side was quite straight and ran not more than eight feet wide, between the stalls, while the other side curved irregularly, in the endeavor to avoid the posts, but permitted such as refused to be avoided to jut up here and there almost directly in the path of the riders. The bicycler, however, is an animal not easily scared, and, after riding round the course a few times, and becoming familiarized to its dangers, a sufficient number of the riders stood to their entries, to make the racing interesting. As no point of view could command the entire course on account of the intervening fair structures, the judges were posted "all along the line," while the starters took their position (cheered by the presence of your reporter) in front of the raised platform reserved for the ladies.

The first event was the *two mile race*, which was between J. C. Sharp, captain of the Suffolk Bicycle Club, and W. H. Pierce of Worcester,—un-attached. Both men started well

together, and, as they disappeared round the first corner, Pierce was ahead, on coming into view again, Pierce was not only ahead, but had nearly covered the whole of that side of the lap before Sharp appeared at the upper corner, and then whirled past the judges at a rate of speed which was not exceeded, if equalled, during the whole evening. At the next appearance Sharp had considerably decreased the distance between them, and Pierce began to cast anxious glances behind him. At each lap the distance grew less and less; on the fourteenth the men passed the judges scarcely a yard apart; and, on the fifteenth, amid tumultuous cheers and the wildest excitement, Sharp went by with Pierce several yards behind him, the next lap closed the race, and Sharp came in the winner by about eight yards, in 8m. and 5 sec.

Subsequent inquiries revealed the fact that Sharp had fallen, in avoiding one of the posts on the first round, and in so doing had disabled his machine, fortunately another machine was near by, and Sharp immediately mounted it and gallantly won the race as stated.

The *one mile race* came next, with H. M. Pope and G. H. Lowell at the scratch for the first heat. Pope at once took the lead and kept it during the entire heat, which he won in 4m.

The second heat was between J. A. C. Wright and J. P. Livermore, but the latter took a header over the handles in the endeavor to avoid a post, and, although he again mounted, Wright came in an easy winner in 4m. and 4 sec.

In the final heat between Wright and Pope, one of the riders passed the other *on the inside* during the first lap. This the judges very properly would not allow, and the riders were stopped and started again. Pope had the inside position, and, in passing the unlucky post before alluded to, he had to press Wright, who was neck and neck with him—so far to the outside, that the latter's pedal caught the boundary rope and threw him, spraining his wrist so severely that he was unable to complete the heat, which was won by Pope in 4m. and 81 sec. Wright entered a claim that Pope fouled him, and the judges reserved their decision.

A slow-race between the two races above described, was hardly worth reporting. It was run in heats by six riders, and won by H. M. Pope. None of the other riders, excepting perhaps Mr. Wright, exhibited particular skill, and the waiting was to the spectators on and about the platform exceedingly wearisome. A slow-race should never be attempted unless the track is wide enough for the riders, and visible to the spectators round its entire length, and even then its interest is doubtful.

Mr. W. R. Pitman was entered for the above races, but being protested against as a professional, he gracefully declined to mar the harmony of the occasion by insisting on competing. He indulged however in a spin against time, and made with a flying start, the mile in 3m. and 5 sec., thus additionally proving how ill-adapted the track was for light-speed.

The track was then given up to the assembled riders, who for an hour or so gratified their friends with exhibitions of graceful "cyleship." Among the riders, Captain Stedman of the Boston Club was conspicuous in its elegant uniform, and his graceful mounting by the pedal was greeted with enthusiastic applause by the spectators. The latter numbered about 800, and there would doubtless have been a still larger gathering but for the exceedingly disagreeable weather.

Geo. F. Chavel and G. R. Bidwell, of the Buffalo Bi. C., have been developing considerable speed during the season. The roads round Buffalo are in very good order, and runs to Alden (21 $\frac{1}{2}$) or Niagara (23) are popular and enjoyable.

THE AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL.

THE AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL will be published every Saturday at noon. Our country readers will much oblige by reporting any failure in delivery.

All communications should be addressed, and all money should be sent to, Editor AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL, 178 Devonshire Street, Boston, Mass. To ensure priority of insertion all communications should reach us not later than noon on Wednesday preceding publication.

THE AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL will be sent to any address in the United States or Canada, postpaid, for one year, for \$2.50, paid in advance.

We will forward single copies of this journal, postage free, on receipt of price—ten cents.

All communications should be accompanied by the real names and addresses of the writers—not necessarily for publication—but as a guaranty of good faith. We cannot undertake to read anonymous letters, or to return rejected contributions. Write on one side of the paper only.

BOSTON, AUGUST 9, 1879.

IN CONTINUATION.

It is hardly necessary for us to endeavor to express any part of the regret we feel at our inability to lay the sixteenth number of our journal before our readers until this late date. At time of our last issue we hoped to do better, and that we have not so done is no fault of our will or intention. It is best, perhaps, to avoid any appearance of a promise with this number, but we will state that we hope to issue No. 17 within the next thirty days, and that the balance of the twenty six numbers of Vol. 1 will appear with much greater rapidity than their predecessors. With the cooler weather now at hand bicycling will receive renewed impetus, and the time will be brought nearer when we shall be able to greet our readers with periodical regularity. To hasten that time, however, we need their help. Our subscription list has increased greatly since the issue of our last number, but we want it increased still more. We cannot afford to employ canvassers for advertisements, but we want every one at all interested in our prosperity to bear in mind that our circulation, though comparatively small at present, extends into nearly every state in the Union, and that the very novelty of our publication causes it to be eagerly read—*advertisements and all*—making it for all advertisers who seek wide dissemination an unequalled medium.

We are perfectly willing that our labor should be a “labor of love” for some time to come; all we ask for the present is, that our subscribers and advertisers should become sufficiently numerous to enable us to issue our journal without the serious pecuniary loss which we have had to sustain, hitherto, with each number. That accomplished, and a regular date of publication not only fixed but adhered to, and we shall not have to ask from our readers any special efforts on our behalf, although we shall always count upon, and endeavor to merit, the hearty good-

will of which we have—even already—received so many substantial tokens.

“LET BY-GONES BE BY-GONES.”

Our readers will remember that some time ago (No. 5 page 9) we called attention to the “Scientific American” which, in its issue of Feb. 9th. 1878, replied to a correspondent who asked whether a twenty mile journey could be performed with less fatigue on a bicycle than on foot? “We do not know but we think it doubtful.” Soon after this (No. 8 pages 2 & 4), we had to notice the very droll statements of another correspondent to the same scientific journal, which proved conclusively (?) that it was not possible to run a velocipede over a given distance in a given time with less expenditure of power than would be required to walk the said given distance, because, absurd as it would be to hitch oneself, horse fashion, to a velocipede, it would be still more absurd to mount it and increase, by the weight of the rider, the friction of the moving parts.

The appearance of the foregoing absurdities in such widely-read pages as those of our scientific contemporary, and at a time when the bicycle was having its first struggle for recognition in this country, was not without harm, temporarily, to our cause; but still “the wheel” kept rolling on, until at last (Jan. 18th,) the “Scientific” takes back-water thus :

“The bicycle is now very popular here, and is daily becoming more so; it has arrived at great perfection. It is of great practical utility, as well as a rational means of amusement. It is, in fact, an ever-saddled horse that eats nothing and requires no care,” &c., &c. &c.

The “S. A.” should avoid extremes. To say that a bicycle requires “no care” is as absurd as to doubt its utility for a twenty-mile run, and might mislead an inquiring public. But let us let by-gones be by-gones; while, even thus late, we welcome the “Scientific American” to the “right side of the hedge.”

THE WRIGHT PROTEST.

The New York Athletic Club, in sustaining the protest which disqualified Mr. W. M. Wright from receiving a prize won at their meeting in January last, were guided by what they deemed satisfactory proof, that he had on May 10 and June 8, 1876, at the American Institute building in New York City, under the assumed name of R. Butler, of Kentucky, ridden two match races against David Stanton, the professional long-distance champion of England, which matches were publicly announced and advertised as for \$600 and the championship.

It is said that there is a strong pressure being exerted to induce the N. Y. A. C. to reconsider their decision, on the ground that Wright did not ride for money—although it was so advertised—and that he did not transgress any rule of bicycling athletics in force at the time in this country. We shall be glad to hear of any method by which Mr. Wright can be re-instated as an amateur bicyclist, for the interest in this country can ill afford to lose him.

WHAT IS A "PROFESSIONAL BICYCLER."

The Boston Bicycle Club, as befits its position as the pioneer club on this continent, has incorporated in its by-laws the following definition of this much-vexed term :

"(1) A professional bicycler is one who has ridden a bicycle in public for money, or who has engaged, taught, or assisted in bicycle riding, or in any other Athletic exercise, for money."

"(2) A bicycler who shall have competed with a professional bicycler in public, or for a prize, knowingly and without protest (except at a meeting especially sanctioned by an amateur bicycler club) shall be considered a professional bicycler."

"(3) Any person not included in the above definitions shall be considered an amateur."

This definition is in general effect the same as that adopted by the English Bicycle Clubs, and all amateur athletic organizations throughout the world.

Post equitem sedet atra cura
Doth not apply to the cycling tourer.

—It has been charged that the particular powers in whom is vested the nomenclature of our thoroughfares display poverty of imagination, and the frequent recurrence of "Washington," "School," and similar names attached to our streets, has been brought forward in proof of the allegation. This is surely unjust; for example,—Is there not a road which passes through Ward 23 and connects "Washington Street with Ward 24; called Glen Road?" and have not these same authorities caused to be affixed to the lamp posts and sign boards thereon, this legend,—"Glen Road STREET? Poverty of imagination indeed!

By-the-way, it is said that Blue Hill Avenue Street will shortly replace the title which has hitherto been content with the three first words. Columbus Avenue Street, Pemberton Square Street, &c., &c., will doubtless adapt themselves in due time.

A type in nature for bicycling Souls,
Rivers can only run, great Ocean rolls!

—In the Islands of the Azores, the volcanic formation is everywhere apparent. The roads are all made of pumice, hard and porous, and are always, despite the frequent rains and humid atmosphere, in splendid condition. Were it not for the laziness induced by the climate, the Azores would be another paradise for bicycles.

Hereditary walkers! know ye not
Who would be free themselves must mount the wheel?

—All good book-keepers should be thoroughly posted as to balancing—on a bicycle.

While the wheel holds out to turn,
The *milest* walker may go learn.

"Walla Walla."—You had better subscribe. Reports from your section seem to show that the interest is growing, let us hear from you.

The Suffolk Club Races.

The races of this flourishing Club, held at the Chestnut Hill Reservoirs on the afternoon of Saturday, May 10th last, brought together a goodly number of contestants and a large concourse of interested and enthusiastic spectators. The prizes were gold medals—the gift of Amos A. Lawrence, Esq.—and silver medals presented by the Club. The programme included a quarter mile, a one mile, and a five mile race.

The first event was the quarter mile, for which there were five entries; the first prize, a gold medal, being won by Russell S. Codman, and the second prize, a silver medal, by Geo. R. Agassiz.

The next event was the one mile, for which there were four entries; the first prize, a gold medal, being won by Russell S. Codman, and the second prize, a silver medal, by Edward P. Sharp.

The five mile race, for which there were three entries, was won by G. Tappan Francis.

The races were well contested throughout, and at their close the club was entertained by Mr. Lawrence, whose hospitable mansion overlooked the course.

A Bicycle Meet on the Point Lobos Road, and formation of the San Francisco Bicycle Club.

(From the San Francisco Chronicle of Nov. 29th, 1878.)

Yesterday morning, by invitation of Loring Cunningham, a grand meet took place on the Point Lobos road, at which all the bicycles in the city together with their owners, by whom they were ridden, were present. The object of the gathering was merely for practise, and for the encouragement and better promotion of the sport. The names of the gentlemen, comprising eleven riders, who participated are as follows: Loring Cunningham, W. G. Barrett, R. de Clermont and two sons, James J. Searle, George Searle, George Strong, J. B. Golly, W. B. Land and M. Allen. The start was made at 8 o'clock from the old toll-gate, and the party rode leisurely, two by two, along the road to the Cliff House. One or two inexperienced riders were obliged to dismount and walk up the hill, but the others kept their saddles, and in some instances displayed much grace and skill in managing their automatic steeds, executing many rapid and difficult curves and evolutions. The time to the Cliff, a distance of some three and a half miles, was twenty minutes. Here the party, after partaking of a lunch, resolved to form themselves into a bicycle club, and organized temporarily by electing Loring Cunningham President and W. G. Barrett Secretary. A few of the experts then tried a ride along the sandy ocean beach by way of experiment, but found the tide was too high to permit of that sort of amusement, and so, shortly after 10 o'clock, the bicycle cavalcade set out to return home, stopping at the half-mile track with the intention of trying a brush, but owing to its heavy condition no note of the time was taken.

Mr. Cunningham, one of the local experts, some months since made a run of fifty-two miles from this city to San Jose in seven hours, exclusive of halts by the wayside, and this is the only long run of any note performed near San Francisco. A number of machines ordered by gentlemen of this city are now *en route* from England, and it is the intention of the San Francisco Bicycle Club to increase and strengthen its organization and do its utmost to cultivate and disseminate the art of bicycle-riding.

We beg Mr. W. S. Britten's pardon for the way we spelt his name in our last number.

[From the Transcript.]

WHEN THE ROADS ARE DRY.

Ho, for the saddle of the fleet and the bold !
The iron-back courser that never grows old !
With hoof that is muffled, and wings at the heel,
All harnessed to sunbeams, and sinews of steel !

What horse with his rider e'er mingled in one ?
What steed needs no groom like my steed of the sun,
Who knows but his master, and he nothing more,
But to roll away still, and to roll evermore ?

'Tis the rapture of motion the wild hunters know,
When they run down the bison, and throw the lasso ;
'Tis the fetterless freedom the Bedouin flings
To the lance of the foe, or the Samiel's wings.

Like an army of snowflakes, as countless and still,
Lo ! the bicycles hover o'er valley and hill !
'Tis the age of the prophets, the era of gold,
When "the many shall run to and fro," as foretold.

One foot in the stirrup, and a hand on the mane,
And the world is forgot, nor remembered again.
While the sun holds high holiday, we will have ours,
For a dance of delight, and a race with the hours.

GREYSTONE.

Newton Centre, April, 1879.

Professional.

The New York Tournament

On Wednesday May the 14th last, a bicycle race, "open to the world," as the announcement had it, was commenced at the American Institute Building, New York City. The programme read thus :

"A premium of \$500 and the champion trophy shall be given in prizes, to be divided as follows: \$250 and champion cup, first prize: \$150 for second, and \$100 for third. The prizes will be awarded to the competitors covering the most miles in 72 hours and 24 hours, and the one making the quickest 100 miles. Any bicycle, with a wheel of any diameter, can be used. The track will be twelve feet wide, with eight laps to the mile. The contest is open to all bicycle riders in the United States. The race will be started by report of pistol, and none of the contestants will be allowed to reverse, and they will be required to ride left hand to the pole. Entries, which close April 1, should be sent, together with \$20 entrance fee, to William De Noielle, at the Institute building."

For some cause, best understood by those concerned, only eight contestants appeared at the time appointed. These were (1) William de Noielle, (2) Chas. H. de Noielle, (3) W. C. McClellan, (4) W. E. Harding, (5) A. P. Messenger, (6) Thos. Walsh, (7) D. Beland, and (8) W. Rutland.

The spectators were few in number, and the contest throughout attracted comparatively little public attention. The surface of the track was asphaltum (formerly used for roller skating), elliptical in form and, marked out with chalk. McClellan did not start. We have no particulars of the race except that it was generally uninteresting, that during the race a collision occurred between Harding and the elder de Noielle, in which the former was quite badly hurt, and that the score at the close was given : W. de Noielle 500½ miles; C. de Noielle 500; Rutland 476; Belard 315; Darling 291; Harding 215; Walsh 210; Messenger 178.

The prizes were awarded as follows;

To W. de Noielle \$250 in cash and a \$250 gold medal.
To C. de Noielle \$150 in cash.
To W. Rutland \$100 in cash.

A Race at Cincinnati.

A one hundred mile bicycle race, for three hundred dollars a side, was run at the Belvidere of the Highland House, Cincinnati, O., on the 17th of April; the contestants being Sam. E. Adams, of Washington C. H., Ohio, and John Robinson, of Baltimore, Md. The former riding a fifty-two inch, and the latter a fifty inch wheel.

The start was effected at half past 1 o'clock, Robinson at once taking the lead, and keeping it for the first ten miles when Adams went to the front; from this stage until the fifteenth mile, it seemed to be anybody's race, but by this time Adams had warmed up to his work, and appeared to have his contestant well in hand. Both the riders had numerous falls and, at the 71st mile, Robinson came a nasty cropper in the middle of a spurt, and strained his right wrist so badly that he was forced to retire. Adams continued alone, completing the 100 miles in 10h. and 59½ sec., and winning the six-hundred dollars. The following is the official score:

Adams.		Robinson.		Adams.		Robinson.	
Miles.	h. m.	Miles.	h. m.	Miles.	h. m.	Miles.	h. m.
10.....	0:47½	10.....	0:46	70.....	7:55	70.....	7:57½
40.....	3:55	40.....	3:55½	75.....	8:34½	75.....	8:34½
45.....	4:48½	45.....	4:48	80.....	9:00	80.....	9:00
50.....	6:08	50.....	6:10	85.....	9:26	85.....	9:26
55.....	6:31	55.....	6:32½	90.....	9:52½	90.....	9:52½
60.....	6:54½	60.....	6:56½	95.....	10:35½	95.....	10:35½
65.....	7:30	65.....	7:32	100.....	10:59½	100.....	10:59½

Transatlantic.

Congratulatory---1879 Season---Touring---Racing
---Novelties.

EDITOR AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL:

For some time I had heard of the existence of a Bicycling organ in America, but was quite unprepared for such a well got up and interesting budget as awaited me one morning lately. Considering that the riders in your country must as yet, of necessity, be limited in numbers, I think you have gone ahead to produce a paper. I should like to congratulate you on the various merits of the publication, and particularly on the fact of its enterprising spirit, but I fear that I am much too late in so doing. But I will say, that I believe that the 'cycling movement in your country will grow to enormous proportions, and I and cyclists generally wish you every success.

As I write the snow is coming down beautifully, and altogether the weather and roads are beautiful. (This is ironical please note.) The 1879 season has not yet started, but it bids fair to be more successful than its predecessors. Clubs are springing up and old established ones are just on the move. We are to have the Metropolitan meet again at Hampton Court, I should estimate the number of riders who will be present at over two thousand. Then we are to have about a dozen provincial meets, with an average number of about 200 to 800 riders. As regards touring, we have, as you know, a large national institution, the "Bicycle Touring Club." There are consuls in every large town and some small ones too, who are called upon by tourists for information as to local roads, hotels, &c., &c. It is now rapidly increasing both in numbers and influence.

Racing this season will doubtless bring out some new men, who will accomplish some wonderful performances. By-the-bye, there is a rumor that Keen is going to get married. I wonder whether he will retire from the path. Even if he does he'll still be "Happy Jack," or ought to be.

We are promised some startling novelties, I must confess we had some last year, folding bicycles, double hollow forks, hollow rims, hollow spokes, adjustable rake, &c., were certainly new; but I suppose we may look for more. Already there is a triple hollow fork machine, and the extraordinary "Challenge," a machine with a great rake, the maker of whom (Singer) claims safety, comfort and as easy in propulsion as the ordinary bicycle, from which it differs only in the great rate and pedal arrangements. But we are not surprised now at anything, I can assure you.

In conclusion, I would be glad to see any of you Boston cyclists should you come anywhere near 100 miles of Newcastle or Tyne in your projected tour. WALTER D. WELFORD.

A CLERGYMAN'S VIEWS

At the annual dinner of the Buckingham (Eng.) Bicycle Club, the Rev. W. F. Norris, in the course of a capital speech, in response to one of the toasts, said:

With regard to himself and his presence there that evening, it seemed to him that Christianity was far above and beyond all arts and sciences, inasmuch as Christianity was conducive to and productive of good living; and anything that was healthy, manly and noble was very nearly allied to Christianity itself. Their Club, and the exercise and skill which belonged to it, possessed these characteristics, and being so he considered the Clergy were as much in their place there as in the pulpit. And why? because it very much depended upon how life was spent here whether there would be a happy eternity in the future. Religion had its cheerful as well as its mournful side, and it became the clergy to do all in their power to improve and raise the social tone of society, and to teach those about them how to live a bright, cheerful, godly, useful life; and in order that this might be the case, the body itself must be cared for by regular recreation and rules of exercise strictly carried out. He liked to look below the surface of things and, as he did so, he could see a good principle underlying the whole, and he hoped their club would continue to prosper. He begged to thank all present for the cordial reception given to the toast, and for the very kind way in which his name was coupled with it."

Later on, it fell to the reverend gentleman to propose the toast of the evening, "Success to the Buckingham Bicycle club," in the course of which, speaking of bicycle riding, he said:

"In homely practical England, he did not think there was hardly a better sport or pastime, for besides being a healthful recreation it was productive of manliness and good fellowship such as all ought to be anxious to promote. He was often tempted to think old Buckingham was one of the best, and best conducted towns in England, but even Buckingham was not free from spot and flaw. He had thought for a long time past that Buckingham had not made anything like sufficient provision for the healthy recreation and amusement of the youths and young men growing up around them.

* * * * *

A young man who could put fifty miles between his lunch hour and dinner time on a bicycle, was a much better fellow than the slouching villain who moved about with his hands in his pockets seeming to have nothing whatever to live for. Bicyclists must also remember that while they were supporting

pleasure they were also supporting work, for he saw there were fourteen houses in Coventry and twenty houses in other towns where bicycles were manufactured in large numbers; so that these articles made a deal of work for which capital wages were paid."

"The Bicycle at the North Pole."

"It is rumored that Mr. James Gordon Bennett included in the outfit of the Arctic expedition, twenty-five Columbia Bicycles with the intention of trying the experiment of crossing the ice fields with them, in the direction of the pole, after having made a winter harbor as far north as possible."—*Herald*.

This is clearly a mistake, the intense cold of the Arctic regions would cause the steel machines to become too brittle for service; The *Herald* reporter probably intended to refer to "Leatherette," which, as every one knows, is also a product of the Pope Manufacturing Co., and which, under Col. Pope's ingenious management, has already been applied to such varied uses that it would not be at all surprising if it were found to be the one thing hitherto lacking in former Arctic expeditions. What if the *Herald* should have some day to astonish its readers with some such head-line as this:

THE NORTH POLE AT LAST!

The success of the Expedition mainly due to LEATHERETTE ! ! !

A RUN THROUGH WISCONSIN.

Messrs. Edwin F. Brown of Evanston, Ill. and Harry Farwell of Chicago, left the former place on Monday, June 30th, at 9 a. m., for a run through Wisconsin via, Chicago, Kenosha, Milwaukee, Waukesha, Lacrosse, and Appleton. They propose making an extended round among the lakes in Waukesha county before proceeding to Appleton, whence they will return to Chicago by the most direct route. At last accounts they were about to leave Milwaukee, after a most pleasant run thus far, during which they were the objects of the most unbounded astonishment to the country people among whom they passed. The honest grangers in the fields, especially, suspending their labor in amazement as, over the fence lines, the riders seemed to be walking in the air, the slender wheel being lost to view in its rapid revolutions.

The Law and the Bicycle.

The Boston Police Commissioners are heard from to this effect:

"BOSTON, July 3d, 1879.

To the Superintendent of Police. Sir:

In regulating the use of the Bicycles, you will be guided by the same laws as apply to ordinary vehicles, and see that they conform therewith both as to speed and location.

HENRY S. RUSSELL, Chairman,

Attest, JAMES A. HOWARD, Clerk.

—The proposed international college rowing match seems to have fallen through, because the English colleges find it impossible to keep their crews in training late enough in the season to give Harvard a chance to get 'em. Now that Harvard has its college bicycle club, no such difficulties will stand in the way. Both Oxford and Cambridge always have men in training for the saddle, and an international bicycle match could be arranged at any time without the least difficulty. Harvard numbers among her students some of our best riders.

Correspondence.

[Many letters of interest and value are unavoidably omitted from this number, owing to lack of space. Where possible, we have condensed and used the information imparted, but many letters not susceptible to such treatment, stand over for a future number.]

"Pioneers of American Bicycling."

Under this heading we published in our last number a list—as complete as we could compass—of over two hundred and fifty riders, who at that time formed the nucleus of the present and the future army of riders. We are in receipt of numerous corrections and additions to the list, of which we shall be glad to avail ourselves when opportunity offers. The list of riders has now, however, largely out grown the space to be spared in the columns of [this journal,—and the cry is, "Still they come."]

EDITOR AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL:—

The letter from "Jack Easy" in No. 15, wherein he ventilates the description and amount of accommodation for the Bicycler in Bridgewater, Mass., I have read with a great deal of quiet satisfaction. If ever I go there I shall certainly buy a cigar from that obliging druggist, and as certainly shun the hotel. If I had any similar experience to relate, I would give it to you most willingly, for I think that if any member of the travelling public should meet with more kindness and attention than another, from country or even city hotel keepers, that member is the touring bicycler, and I hold it to be the duty of all to take "Jack Easy's" method of warning their fellow 'cyclers,' when occasion demands it. As bearing upon the point,—and much more concisely than I could put it,—I take the liberty of enclosing a copy of a letter which appeared last year in the pages of that most excellent contemporary of yours, the English "Bicycling Times."

Yours, "X."

"Bicycle riders have now become such important customers to roadside inn-keepers, especially in towns and villages distant from railways, that it seems worth considering whether they cannot combine the influence of the Clubs to secure decent treatment where they stop. I know an Inn in a village on the Guildford Road, for example, where a hungry rider going in at seven or eight in the evening, and asking for a chop or steak, is almost certain to be told by a scowling landlady that it is too late to cook, though probably there is a good fire in the kitchen (into which, by the way, she occasionally invites her guests to take their refreshment) plenty of idle hands about, and a butcher's shop within two stone throws. Under these circumstances it is customary for the disappointed guest to meekly content himself with the proverbial bicyclist's fare of "tea and turn out," either because this is the best house in the village, or because he is too tired or too lazy to go in quest of an inn-keeper more alive to his own interests. Wise people, keeping inns in out of the way spots, ought to be aware that the bicyclists are their best friends, and ought to cultivate a kind of patronage which is so rapidly increasing. When they do not, however, I am satisfied that it is in our power to quicken their apprehension on this point, say, by framing, with the general approval of the clubs, a list of houses where a cheerful reception is to be found, the list to be revised from time to time and circulated. Meanwhile it would do good if bicyclists who have experienced surly and inhospitable treatment would make known their grievances through your

columns,—*Vice-versa*, the comfortable house, with an attentive and genial landlady, who does not scold, ought—if *bona-fide*—to deserve a line of mention."

J. J. THOREAU.

EDITOR AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL:—

Can you give me any information about an English publication, called, if I remember right, the "Bicycle Riders' Magazine," which appeared in the early days of the Bicycle? Can you or any of your readers tell me how and where I can obtain a complete file of it?

BIBLIOMANIAK."

[If you will write to the editor of the "Bicycling Times," Whitefriars street, London, E. C., Eng., you will doubtless obtain, through the correspondence column of that journal, an answer to your inquiry.—ED.]

[Since issue of last number, have had over one hundred applications for advice in choosing "make" of machine. This it is clearly out of our province to give, but if any of our readers would wish to help these would-be-riders, by advising them on the subject, we will gladly in our next number afford them space to do so. ED.]

EDITOR AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL:—

I have heard a good many inquiries as to the nature of the road between here and Lowell, whether it is rideable, &c.

The road which I took the other day—via Winchester—certainly is so, and I covered the distance with my machine in exactly 55 minutes, leaving Boston at 11 a. m., and reporting at the Merrimack House in Lowell, just in time for dinner.

A ride after dinner in the suburbs of Lowell did not impress one so favorably, although the roads were not bad by any means, still they did not compare with the road I had come over in the morning, which, by the bye, I omitted to state, was the Boston and Lowell Railroad.

SANDY.

P. S. My machine was in the baggage car.

[There can be no doubt about it, the foregoing must be a "goak" of the first water. It must not occur again how ever. ED.]

EDITOR AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL:—

The "Advertiser" has the following: "The question of regulating bicycle travel in the streets, or prohibiting their use in the public thoroughfares, will soon be decided by the police commissioners."

I don't know whether the above means that there is an effort to stop our fun or not, but it would be well to look out for any such attempts in season.

Very truly yours, A. R.

EDITOR AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL:—

DEAR SIR,—As another instance of the power of the bicycle, a boy of my acquaintance, 9 years old, went from Milton to Cohasset a few days ago, on a 31 inch machine, on Spring roads, made his visit there and returned, all between his breakfast and dinner, a measured distance of 30 miles.

It is quite useless for the old-gentleman-afraid-of-his-horse, who occasionally appears in the "Transcript," to protest against the introduction of such a cheap, certain, speedy method of transportation. He might as well exhaust himself protesting against horse railroads.

He always seems aggravated, too, by its noiselessness, which to others seems one of its greatest virtues. Indeed, is it not the same old gentleman a—o—h—h "or his sister or his cousin or his aunt," who cries out against the steam whistle, and the busy rattle of the express cart? It won't do to blow both hot and cold.

ANOTHER OLD GENTLEMAN

RATHER AFRAID OF HIS HORSE.

Answers to Correspondents.

L. E. A., Ohio—See Advertisement.

S. H., Boston—Thank you. Your faith is justified. We do not, and never did, intend our subscribers to lose by their patronage. The full complement of matter originally intended will ultimately be received by each of them. As for No. 12, we hope to publish another edition of it some day, and send a copy to every subscriber who has not received it.

A. M. H., Minn.—That's right; glad to hear it. Go ahead and keep us informed of progress.

Cha., Buffalo—The annuals were delayed.

Minn.—Very sorry.

G. H. M., Philadelphia—(1) We have not heard of any. The best way to find out is to advertise in our columns.

(2) No, not as a regular thing; but such treadles can be made by any machinist, to special order. We advise you against them however.

E. E., Hon. Sec. Buckingham—Much obliged. Always glad to hear from you.

G. S. C., Frisco—The time was not very good, but it was a beginning. Sorry the local did not more fully describe, but, as you will see, have used the information as well as we could.

Z. Y., Brooklyn—It was a most absurd statement. We should have done the same.

I. L., Newark.—Your private letters are respected. We look forward to the time when you will agree with us, that, in losing the name in question, our cause suffered; and if at any time the decision can be revoked, it would be in every sense most desirable.

E. G., Baltimore—We sent you a copy of the "Times" on 4th inst.

T. C. W., Norfolk, Va.—Your postal was forwarded to us through the Cunninghams. We quite agree with you, it is "too bad." We have felt this strongly, but you are the first of our subscribers to mention it. Expressions of sympathy, of cheer, and of good will we have had in plenty, but of complaint, till yours—none.

I., Orange, N. J.—You will see that we have appreciated.

W., Cleveland, O.—Your balance to hand. Thanks.

E. A. Wood, Northboro—We sent you a copy of No. 15, which we hope was what you wanted. We intend also to send you one of this issue.

A. G. C., Providence—Thanks for your good wishes. You will not be alone long, depend upon it; we should appreciate news of runs in your section.

H. W. K.—Thanks for corrections. We shall hope some day to be able to use them in a revised list.

W. H. P., Philadelphia—Answer by mail.

E. W. H., Sparta—What is the nature of your soil, and are your roads kept in good repair?

G. A. W., Fitchburg—Have done as you requested. The change of name is decidedly an improvement.

S. E. A., Washington, O.—Sorry we could not reply to you sooner. Try again.

G. F. C. Buffalo—Thanks for your good intentions. If every intending subscriber would carry out his intention at once, the regular and frequent issue of this Journal would be ensured. As it is we do the best we can, and although we shall give you all we offered for the subscription price (20 Nos.) still at present we can only issue each number as frequently as we can afford the luxury.

Read our editorial in No. 15

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NOTICE TO NEWS AGENTS AND DEALERS.**The AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL**

Will be supplied to order at Wholesale Rates by the
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All Bicycle riders, and all persons desirous of promoting the adoption—as an American institution—of this healthful, manly and useful means of locomotion and exercise—the modern *Bicycle*—should see that THE AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL is on sale at the various Railway Stations and News Stores that come within their influence. It is within their power to do much to further our efforts in this way. Back numbers from No. 1 can be furnished.

WILL OUR FRIENDS TAKE NOTICE?**THE BICYCLING TIMES,**

Published weekly at East-Temple Chambers, Whitefriars, Fleet Street, London, E. C., England. Price, Threepence per copy.

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Made by BAYLISS, THOMAS & Co., Coventry, England.

The "Premier" Roadsters and Racers,

Made by HILLMAN & HERBERT, Coventry, England.

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Made by HYDES & WIGFUL, Sheffield, England.

The commodious Riding School is open each day. Lessons free to purchasers.

Our New Sixteen-Page Catalogue, giving detailed information, is now ready, and will be sent to any address on receipt of application, enclosing a three-cent postage stamp.

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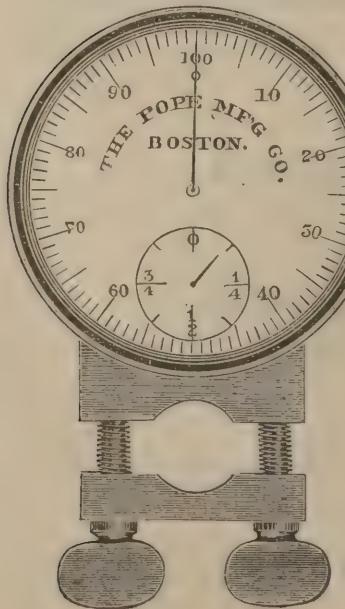
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THE POPE
MANUFACTURING CO.

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VOL. 1, No. 17.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 18, 1879.

TEN CENTS.

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—As we go to press the news has reached us of the arrival at New York from England of Messrs. Cann, Forrest and Etherington, and that they will make their first *début* in Boston.

To be a gentleman is not all that is required to constitute an amateur, however desirable it may be that every amateur bicyclist should be a gentleman.

The Boston Club and the Mass. Club will hold a union run of two days duration, starting from the foot of Walnut Avenue on Friday Oct. 24th, at 8 a.m.

The run out will be westward and probably as far as Northboro', the riders returning by a route more southerly than the outward one.

The total distance will be about ninety miles.

—The powder house at Dedham has added to its revolutionary fame since the visit of the bicycle riders on Sept. 11th, last.

The *Advertiser*, in noticing the late six days contest at Agricultural Hall, London, very pertinently remarks,—“The extreme limit of achievement in bicycle riding will no doubt be ascertained in due time, but at present each successive trial results in a performance more amazing than that which preceded it.”

—The Mayor of Newport R. I., has ordered that bicycles are not to be allowed on certain streets and avenues in his city. Measures calculated to inspire the said Mayor with more respect for riders and a clearer knowledge of their rights, will probably be taken before long.

—Forty pounds of bicycle is the “mechanical equivalent” of a 1000 lbs. of saddle-horse, and more too; or, from another point of view, man, 2 feet and 2 hands, equals horse, 4 feet and 16 hands! Put all that in your tables.

—Sudden remark to us by an irate literary gent on reading a poem manufactured by a bicycle bardling in one of our previous issues (No. 11)—“Holy Moses, what a mosaic!” We passed him a fan.

We think that the construction of the bicycle presents some significant symbols. Obvious in it is the cross above the crescent; and it certainly brings good wheel to man, and superior pace on earth. Truth and purity are manifest in its steel and rubber, and uprightness in its course—most of the time.

When the “metallic base of hydrogen” was discovered, the scientists said the field of chemistry was immensely widened. So is it with out-door exercise, now that we have the metallic base of equitation well established.

The bicycle is an arrow vehicle.

AMERICAN CLUB DIRECTORY.

[Secretaries of Clubs, present and future, will please keep us informed of any changes in or additions to this list.]

Each Club is numbered in the order of its date of organization.]

- (1) **BOSTON BICYCLE CLUB**, Boston, Mass.
Entrance Fee
Subscription
Club colors
Club badge
Uniform
Head Quarters
- (2) **SUFFOLK BICYCLE CLUB**, Boston, Mass.
- (3) **BANGOR BICYCLE CLUB**, Bangor, Maine.
- (4) **SAN FRANCISCO BICYCLE CLUB**, San Francisco, Cal.
- (5) **MONTREAL BICYCLE CLUB**, Montreal, Canada.
- (6) **MASSACHUSETTS BICYCLE CLUB**, Boston, Mass.
- (7) **CAPITOL BICYCLE CLUB**, Washington, D.C.
- (8) **FITCHBURG BICYCLE CLUB**, Founded Feb. 21st, 1879.
Entrance Fee—Two dollars.
Subscription—One dollar per quarter.
Club colors—Blue and crimson.
Club badge—Not decided.
Uniform—Helmet, sack coat, knee breeches, stockings, all of dark blue.
Head Quarters—247 Main Street, Fitchburg, Mass.
President—W. W. Clark; Captain, (not yet elected); Treasurer, E. L. Caldwell; Secretary, W. George A. Wilson, Fitchburg, Mass.
- (9) **BUFFALO BICYCLE CLUB**, Buffalo, N. Y.
- (10) **SALEM BICYCLE CLUB**, Salem Mass.
- (11) **ESSEX BICYCLE CLUB**, Newark, N. J.
- (12) **WORCESTER BICYCLE CLUB**, Founded April 9th, 1879.
Entrance Fee—One dollar.
Subscription—Not decided.
Club colors—Cardinal red.
Club badge—Not decided.
Uniform—Helmet, jacket, breeches, and stockings, all of grey tweed.
Head Quarters—Not decided.
President and Captain, Fred. S. Pratt; Secretary and Treasurer, Wm. R. Lovell, Prov. and Worcester Freight office, Worcester, Mass.
- (13) **HARVARD BICYCLE CLUB**, Harvard College, Cambridge Mass.
- (14) **PHILADELPHIA BICYCLE CLUB**, Philadelphia, Penn
- (15) **BROCKTON BICYCLE CLUB**, Founded June 1st., 1879.
Entrance Fee
Subscription
Club colors
Club badge
Uniform
Head Quarters
President and Captain, K. W. Shaw; Secretary and Treasurer, Fred. B. Howard.—Brockton, Mass.
- (16) **BROOKLYN BICYCLE CLUB**, Brooklyn, N. Y.
- (17) **WANDERERS BICYCLE CLUB**, Boston, Mass.
- (18) **GERMANTOWN BICYCLE CLUB**—Founded July 5th 1879.
Entrance Fee
Subscription
Club colors
Club badge
Uniform
Head Quarters
President, Dr. A. F. Muller; Captain, W. H. Poley; Secretary and Treasurer, J. Pennell, Armat st., Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.
- (19) **PROVIDENCE BICYCLE CLUB**, Providence, R. I.
- (20) **DETROIT BICYCLE CLUB**—Founded Sept. 2nd, 1879.
Entrance
Subscription
Club colors
Club badge
Uniform
Headquarters
President, Louis I. Bates; Captain, N. B. Conger; Secretary and Treasurer, J. C. McCaul, Detroit, Mich.

(21) **CLEVELAND BICYCLE CLUB**—Founded Sept. 30th, 1879.

Entrance Fee	
Subscription	
Club colors	
Club badge,	Information Requested.
Uniform	
Head Quarters	

President, T. B. Stevens; Captain, J. H. Wade Jr.; Secretary and Treasurer, Alfred Ely Jr. Cleveland, Ohio.

(22) **CHICAGO BICYCLE CLUB**—Founded (?); Information requested.

(23) **YORK (PA.) BICYCLE CLUB**—Founded (?); Information Requested.

[Details of organization of clubs not fully described in the foregoing, can be found on pages 2 and 3 of No. 16. "American Bicycling Journal."]

West Jersey Agricultural Fair at Woodstown.**ONE MILE AMATEUR BICYCLE RACE.**

First Prize, Plate, Value \$25.00. Second, \$15.00, Third, \$10.00

This race, which was held Sept. 11th, was the means of collecting the largest number of people ever known at this fair, being witnessed by over seven thousand persons. The contestants were Messrs. H. B. Hart, John Gibson, Henry Longstreth, Charles Collier, George E. Bartel, Frank Edgar Seddall, J. Dyson of Philadelphia, and J. Holman of Cleveland, Ohio. They were divided into two heats, the first and second of each heat to run for the final.—First heat, Messrs. Dyson, Gibson, Collier, Bartel. Dyson took the lead and retained it to the finish, whilst Collier and Gibson kept pretty well together however, Gibson finished one yard ahead of Collier for the second position.—Second heat, Messrs. Holman, Longstreth, Hart and Siddall; the lead was taken by Longstreth, followed closely by Hart and Holman, but was not overtaken, coming in fifteen yards in front of Holman.—Final, Messrs. Dyson, Gibson, Longstreth and Holman; a good start was effected and all kept well together for one-third of a mile, when Longstreth and Holman went in front, keeping close together, when Holman made a good spurt and won easily by eight yards, Longstreth second and Gibson third. Time, 3-58 1-2. The track was very rough, with one up grade, or the time might have been faster, under the circumstances it was not bad. Prof. Rollins of Philadelphia, was the manager of the racing, after which the contestants became the recipients of the hospitality of the Association.

New York to Chicago.

Mr. Wentworth Rollins, whose run to Saratoga was reported in the last number of this paper, completed his journey by arriving at Chicago on the evening of September 27th last. Upon arriving at Grand Crossing, he found the Chicago Bi. Club waiting to receive him, and after a short halt the mount was sounded and the riders with their guest proceeded to the Grand Pacific Hotel via, Drexel Boulevard, Michigan Avenue and Clark Street. At the hotel, Mr. Rollins became the guest of the Club and of course the lion of the evening.

The route from Saratoga was as follows: Utica N. Y., Aug. 2nd, Syracuse Aug. 6th., Rochester Aug. 9th., Buffalo Aug. 15th., Erie Aug. 29th., Cleveland September 5th., Toledo Sept. 14th., Adrian Sept. 23d., Otis Sept. 26th., Chicago 27th.

From July 3, when he left New York, to date of his arrival at Chicago, Mr. Rollins covered about 2000 miles of roading. At the various points of interest he made frequent halts of from three hours to three weeks duration, and he now finishes his vacation tour, invigorated both in body and mind, and fully convinced that there is no recuperative instrument which will compare with the modern bicycle.

Frightening a Horse.

While staying at the seaside during the past summer, Mr. William P. Field, the bugler of the Essex Bicycle Club, "was summoned to answer unto" &c., one Johnson, a pedlar of cabbage, beans, watermelons and other luscious matters, for damages alleged to have been sustained by the said Johnson, because of a runaway horse frightened by the bicycle of said Field. The case was heard by Jeremiah Bennet Esq., Justice of the Peace, both sides being represented by counsel; witnesses were sworn and examined on behalf of each party, and the testimony of the plaintiff (as well as that of the defendant), showed conclusively that the horse was left unattended and untied,—it furthermore appeared in evidence that at the time the horse started the bicycle was at least two hundred feet behind it, the head of the animal pointing in the same direction as the bicycle was travelling, and a wagon to which the horse was harnessed, standing between the machine and the horse. Judgment was rendered for the defendant and received with three ringing cheers which the Justice made no effort to suppress.

In the afternoon of the same day three members of the Essex Bicycle Club, together with Mr. Briggs of the Philadelphia Bicycle Club, took a run of twenty five miles along the Jersey coast, doing the distance in two hours and a quarter.

Racing at Pittsburg,

The city of Pittsburg, to which is attached the proud distinction of possessing the first, and in fact the only, specially constructed Bicycle Race course in this country, has been holding an Exposition lately, the chief attraction to which—on the 7th and 8th instants, were the bicycle races, which were witnessed by a large and enthusiastic assemblage of spectators.

The first race was called promptly at 4.30 p. m., on Tuesday the 7th, distance one mile, best in two heats,—and was won by Meyer of Pittsburg.

The second race was a boys' race, distance half a mile, maximum size of wheel allowed, 44 inches. A most plucky contest the little fellows made of it, pushing almost neck and neck, the spectators almost wild with excitement. The victor was Master R. E. Waring.

On Tuesday the 8th, the first race was three miles, in one heat, time was called at 5 p. m., and the race was won by Holman of Cleveland O.

The second race was in three heats, distance one half mile, and was won by Beltz.

The third race was a quarter mile slow race, and was won by Holman.

The track measures four laps to the mile.

The following is a summary:

AMATEUR RACES.**Tuesday, Oct. 7th.—ONE MILE RACE.**

FIRST HEAT. Meyer, 1st. Time 3.51 1-4. Holman a good second.

SECOND HEAT. Meyer, 1st. Time 3.47 1-2. Holman ten yards behind. The two other starters in the race, Beltz and Keneagy, were left hopelessly in the rear.

AWARDS.

First Prize. Gold Medal, value \$50. Meyer.
Second. Silver " " \$20. Holman.

BOYS' RACE, ONE HALF MILE.

FIRST HEAT. Waring, 1st. Time 2.10. Cote six inches behind.

SECOND HEAT. Waring, 1st. Time 2.08. Cote five feet behind.

AWARDS.

First Prize. A Bicycle Lamp. Master Waring.
Second. " Bell. " Cote.

AMATEUR RACES.**Wednesday, Oct. 8th.—THREE MILE RACE.**

Holman, 1st. Time 12.38.

Meyer, 2nd. By one eighth of a mile.

Beltz, 3rd. By several yards.

AWARD.

A Gold Medal, value \$50. to Holman.
HALF MILE RACE.

FIRST HEAT. Beltz, 1st. Time 2.04. Waring a good second. Augerbaugh, 3rd.

SECOND HEAT. Beltz, 1st. Time 2.04. Waring, 2nd. Augerbaugh, 3rd.

AWARD.

A Gold Medal, value \$ to Beltz.

SLOW RACE.—One quarter mile, won by Holman, to whom the prizes, an immense pop corn ball, two feet in diameter, and a Silver Medal, value \$5.00, were awarded.

Much of the success attending these races is to be credited to Mr. H. B. Thompson of Pittsburg, who was indefatigable in his efforts to that end.

Club News & Wheel Talk.

[Secretaries of Clubs, and Bicyclers everywhere, are respectfully requested to contribute items for this department.]

The Boston Bicycle Club held its sixteenth regular monthly meeting at "Vosslers" on Monday, September 1st, Mr. H. C. Sibley in the chair. The funds in hand were found to be steadily on the increase, the membership to be larger, and the general condition of the Club most satisfactory. The seventeenth regular meeting was held at the same place on Monday Oct. 6th, when a committee was appointed to confer with a committee of the Massachusetts Bi. Club, and to arrange for a joint club run of two days duration, to take place some time during the present month. President Pratt, at the request of the meeting, gave a sketch of the two days run of the 11th and 12th ult., at close of which he received an enthusiastic vote of thanks for his labors, the successful result of which has brought so much honor to his Club. The Club Committee have the subject of races under consideration.

The Mass. Bi. Club had a very successful run on Saturday, Sept. 20. The meet was at Walnut Avenue, at 8 a. m., and the route was taken via. Dorchester, Milton, Quincy, Hingham and Nantasket to Cohasset where the Club did hearty justice to one of Kimball's famous dinners. An hour's lounge on the rocks and piazzas was followed by the call to mount and the morning's route was retraced, the Club picking up constant accessions to the ranks on the way home. Not a horse was frightened during the run, although in passing through Milton twelve consecutive teams driven by ladies were met or passed.

Mr. W. M. Wright of New York City, about whom so much has appeared in the columns of this Journal, has had his case re-considered by the "National Association of Amateur Athletes of America," and has been by that honorable body re-installed in his position as an Amateur.

President A. D. Chandler, and Capt. J. C. Sharp Jr., of the Suffolk Bi. Club, have returned from their European tour. They report that the English roads, although of course aver-

aging much better surfaces than in this country, are not on the whole so very superior to some in the immediate vicinity of Boston. They had a most enjoyable time and look better for their trip.

The Boston Club has secured accommodations for stabling their bicycles and for ablutionary purposes on Boylston street near the Hotel Brunswick, advantages of which the members of this flourishing Club are not slow to avail themselves.

There have not been so many races on the trotting tracks at the agricultural fairs this year as there were last. The fact is, a trotting track is not suited for bicycle racing, and the sooner that fact is fully appreciated, the sooner will the time come when no town, with any pretensions to progress, will be without a specially laid bicycle track of its own.

Thomas K. Longstreth, President of the Philadelphia Bi. Club, is reported as having made a very pleasant run from Philadelphia to Lawry's Station, 70 miles, in 12 hours, leisurely riding. The roads were on an average fair, but a smooth patch of twelve miles could not be resisted, and Mr. F., putting on steam for the occasion, covered it in fifty-six minutes.

Mr. Howard of Providence, R. I., has generously presented to the Providence Bi. Club, a gold medal, value \$50, to be competed for in the forthcoming club races now in process of preparation.

A suburban New Yorker can now come by bicycle to 104th street and from there the elevated railroad affords him rapid transit "down town."

The races of the Suffolk Club are to take place at Chestnut Hill Reservoir on Saturday Oct. 18th, at 3 p. m.

The Harvard Bicycle Club will hold their fall races in Jarvis Field on Saturday, the 18th of October.

There is talk of yet another Bicycle Club in this city, this time at the South End. Roxbury, too, talked that way some time ago, but wisely concluded that one strong club was better than two weak ones, and so joined the Bostons.

latter indeed riding so pluckily and persistently that the betting men were several days before they would lay any odds against him.

Waller made his first 100 miles in 6h. 27m. 30s.; 200 miles in 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours, and completed 261 miles in the first day, each of these times being the quickest on record. His thousand miles occupied 73hrs. 45m. 18s., and on the fifth day he accomplished the unparalleled feat of riding from 6 a. m., till 12, midnight, *without a single stop or dismount*, covering a distance of 220 miles, a performance which speaks volumes both for the endurance of the rider and perfection of the machine which he bestrode, and which (a 53 inch D. H. F. Premier) was not treated to one drop of oil during the whole of this remarkable day's journey. Terront, who rarely left the track while Waller was on it, stuck to him gamely during the whole of the day, losing only 15 seconds altogether in twice changing from one machine to another to allow of the bearings being oiled. On the morning of the fifth day at a quarter to ten o'clock, Waller beat his previous six days record, viz., 1172 miles. W. Cann had a fall during the first days running, and badly sprained his wrist, but he pluckily continued to the end. Andrews practically gave up on the second day.

For the following summary of the race, showing times and distances, we are indebted to the columns of the English *Bicycling Times*.

	Distance ridden. Miles. Lps.	Time in saddle. H. M. S.	Time off H. M. S.	Stop- pages.
Monday ..	261 1 $\frac{1}{2}$	17 49 5	0 10 55	2
Tuesday ..	253 1 $\frac{1}{2}$	17 40 50	0 19 10	3
Wednesday ..	230 0	17 53 20	0 6 40	1
Thursday ..	235 3 $\frac{1}{2}$	17 55 30	0 4 30	1
Friday ..	220 1	18 0 0		0
Saturday ..	204 7	16 38 35	0 21 25	1
Total ..	1,404 7	105 57 20	1 2 40	8
		TERRENT.		
Monday ..	252 1	17 32 32	0 27 28	2
Tuesday ..	250 3	17 46 44	0 13 16	3
Wednesday ..	228 4	17 55 5	0 4 55	1
Thursday ..	236 1	17 48 5	0 11 55	1
Friday ..	218 1	17 59 45	0 0 15	0
Saturday ..	205 2 $\frac{1}{2}$	16 38 35	0 21 25	1
Total ..	1,390 5	105 40 46	1 19 14	8
		HIGHAM.		
Monday ..	244 6	17 21 51	0 38 9	4
Tuesday ..	222 0	16 35 8	1 24 52	6
Wednesday ..	204 1	15 57 57	2 2 3	9
Thursday ..	187 0 $\frac{1}{2}$	16 16 2	2 43 58	7
Friday ..	177 4 $\frac{1}{2}$	15 22 55	2 37 5	6
Saturday ..	109 5 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 5 15	6 53 45	7
Total ..	1,145 2 $\frac{1}{2}$	90 40 8	16 19 52	39
		CANN.		
Monday ..	233 5 $\frac{1}{2}$	16 38 9	1 21 51	8
Tuesday ..	190 3	14 0 40	3 59 20	10
Wednesday ..	181 6 $\frac{1}{2}$	14 23 15	3 36 45	10
Thursday ..	182 1	13 37 39	4 22 21	8
Friday ..	172 1	13 29 50	4 30 10	10
Saturday ..	139 6 $\frac{1}{2}$	11 7 33	5 52 27	10
Total ..	1,100 1	83 17 6	23 42 54	56

The following were the totals of the other men:—Pagis, 972; Thresher, 736; Leeming, 650; Andrews, 386.

The Judges were Messrs. G. W. Atkinson, of the *Sporting Life*, H. Etherington and C. J. Fox Jr., of the *Bicycling Times*, assisted by eight well known gentlemen as time keepers and a large and trustful staff, under the supervision of G. W. Bagley Esq., to register the laps. The awards were as follows :

1.—G. W. WALLER, first prize, the champion belt, a magnificent specimen of workmanship in gold, silver, and precious stones, mounted on lion's hide, value £100.

Gold medal and £50 in money; with £75 added for beating record time—£125.

2.—C. TERRONT, second prize, gold medal and £25 in money

This, the most important of all the English professional bicycle races, took place as above on the 1st, 2nd, 3d, 4th, 5th, and 6th of September last. The contestants were Waller, (the holder of the belt) Terront, (the French champion) Higham, Cann, Pagis, Thresher, Leeming and Andrews.

The conditions of the race restricted the contestants from riding more than eighteen hours each day, or during any other hours than between six in the morning and midnight, and limited the number of competitors to ten.

The first prize was the "Belt," carrying with it the professional long distance championship of the world, and money prizes aggregating £225, together with gold, silver and bronze medals.

The race was given under the management of Harry Etherington & Co., the publishers of the London *Bicycling Times*.

Limited space forbids a detailed account of the racing, suffice it to say that it proved from beginning to end to be of the most absorbing interest to the immense crowds of spectators which witnessed the contest. Almost from the word "go" the lead was maintained by Waller, closely pressed however by the other riders, especially Terront, the French champion, the

with £25 added for finishing within five miles of the leading man; and an additional £25, as Waller was never more than twenty miles ahead at any time during the week—£75.

3. J. HIGHAM, third prize, silver medal and £15 in money.
4. W. CANN, fourth prize, bronze medal and £10 in money.

THE WINNERS.

GEORGE WALLER, the winner, was born at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and is now twenty-four years of age. He first commenced bicycling six years ago, and made his first appearance at Gateshead, Borough Gardens, in 1878, when he won 3rd prize. He is by trade a stonemason and diver, and has worked at repairing the Tyne docks under water.

CHARLES TEBRONT, born in Paris, is twenty-one years of age, and first learned to ride the bicycle in 1875. He was second in the last race. He is employed as a messenger on the Paris Bourse.

W. HIGHAM, of Nottingham, was born in Nottingham, and is twenty-eight years of age; he commenced riding in 1869, and rode in the last competition. He stands 5ft. 7½in. in height, and scales 11 stone 3lb. He is employed by Mr. Smith, the bicycle manufacturer, of Nottingham.

W. CANN was born in Sheffield, January 4, 1853, and is now therefore twenty-five years of age. He weighs about 10 stone, and commenced bicycling about eight years ago. He first ran for money in the celebrated Sheffield to Plymouth race, in which, however, he was beaten by Wilson, as his machine gave way. He, however, afterwards ran Wilson a twenty-five mile match for £25 a side and beat him. He won the first six days' race in November, 1878, scoring 1,062 miles in the week, but, though a hot favourite for the last race, he unfortunately fell in the second mile and was put out of the race. He is employed in bicycle manufacturing by Hydes and Wigful, of Sheffield.

Reviews.

"CYCLING."

One of the latest additions to the special literature of our sport comes to us in the form of a well edited and otherwise exceedingly attractive monthly magazine called "Cycling," published in England at Newcastle on Tyne.

The quality of the reading and the general get up of the journal are capital, and embrace excellently written articles upon the "History of the Bicycle" "Bicycle Mechanism" accounts of tours, races, and other matters of interest to the fraternity. Literary rather than "newsy" in its style, the new journal most acceptably fills a void in bicycling literature without conflicting in the least with established interests. So great has been the appreciation of the English riders that at the eighth number, the Proprietors were enabled to double the size, making it a thirty two page paper.

We cordially welcome our new contemporary, and extend to it our best wishes for its enduring success.

An Unfair Discrimination.

A PROMINENT BICYCLER PROTESTS AGAINST ALLEGED ILL-TREATMENT—PROFESSIONAL OR AMATEUR?

[In the spirit of "fair play" and justice to Mr. Pitman, whose services in the cause of "the wheel," whether professionally bestowed or not, entitle him at all events to an impartial hearing, we reprint the following from the columns of the Boston *Herald*. We cannot of course notice his ingenious argument further than to assure him that, were his premises facts and his deductions correct, we should rather deem it an honor than otherwise to engage in demonstrating an undoubt-

ed truth viz. that there is not *necessarily* any incompatibility in the terms "gentleman" and "professional."—ED.]

To the Editor of the Herald:—My attention having been called to an article in the last number of the AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL regarding the Wright protest, I take the liberty of stating a few facts for the benefit of all interested in the silent steed. As I was one of the contestants against Wright in the race mentioned, I feel more than an ordinary interest in the attempt to reopen the hearing whereby he was adjudged a professional, after two weeks' deliberation. In the language of the judges, Mr. Wright had ridden the bicycle in an open professional race against a professional for money in New York. After a fair and impartial hearing, Mr. Wright appearing before the committee in person, he was decided a professional, thereby giving the first prize to Lafon, the second to me. No protest was entered against me, though it was understood that Lafon intended filing one, but, on being assured by gentlemen prominent in bicycle circles here that I was an amateur, he refrained from so doing. Now the editor of the American Bicycling Journal, who is a prominent member of the Boston club, editorially advises his reinstatement as an amateur bicyclist, simply because "the interest in this country can ill afford to lose him." As an interested bicyclist I protest against any method which the American Bicycling Journal advises. After the decision of the judges in the bicycle races on Huntington avenue, July 4, I claimed that they had treated me unfairly and decided me a professional without giving me a hearing. The notices to attend their meeting did not reach me until too late to appear before them. In an interview with Mr. Pratt, chairman of the board of judges, he said he was willing to reopen the decision and give me a hearing if the other judges were willing.

One of the number did not give me a chance to appear and defend myself, but said that the affair must rest where it was. I deny all charges brought against me, and can prove them false with one exception, viz: That of teaching bicycling, which I admit. As a salesman it was part of my duties, and I claim that, under the rule by which I was adjudged a professional, Messrs. Pope, Messrs. Cunningham & Co., and last, but not least, the editor of the American Bicycle Journal himself, is a professional. The latter gentleman, with a persistency I cannot understand, has always insisted that I was a professional. That the July 4th races were ridden under the most arbitrary English rules, no one acquainted with them will deny; and if, in the future, the city of Boston allow such rules to stand, it will permit only those who belong to the Suffolk club to ride. The July 4th committee acted in their decision as if the affair was of small consequence, but, to me, it is a question affecting connection with athletics for life, and I appeal to the public, and all who are interested in bicycling, if I have been dealt with fairly. I claim to be an amateur, and as such feel competent to prove my position. The New York Athletic Club—the leading sporting authority in the country—adjudged me an amateur. I have done nothing since to have that decision reversed. If we are to live up to English rules, no one who is a mechanic, an artisan or a laborer, can compete in amateur races. I would suggest to all lovers of bicycling, that they vote to abolish that absurd rule whereby such men as Messrs. Albert A. Pope, Edward Pope, Arthur Cunningham and Frank Weston are adjudged professionals.

WILL R. PITMAN.

BOSTON, Aug. 23.

Correspondents and contributors will recognize by the crowded state of our columns the necessity we are under of deferring some of their favors till the next issue.

The Wheelless.

[Closely after Holmes.]

BY J. G. D.

We count the working heads that rest
 Where the fleet whirling riders beckon,
 But, on our silent carrier's crest,
 The slow-goers who will stop to reckon?
 A few can twirl the magic wire,
 And noiseless wheel is proud to win them;
 Alas, for those who walk and tire,
 And bide with all their riding in them!
 Nay, care not for the live alone,
 Much song has told their art's glad story;
 Wail for the wheelless, who have none—
 No lyric chants pedestrian glory!
 And while Arcadian breezes sweep
 O'er Bicycle's mirific flyer,
 Call where the clattering horse-cars creep,
 To bring your brothers *one yard higher*:
 "O men that walk, and take car line—
 Have tightening boot or tortoise horses,
 And Gout going home to cordial wine,
 Slow-dropped from crowding's crushing process;
 Attend the song and echoing chord,—
 With over-ridden poets dealing,
 For you the parodies are poured,
 As mad as mirth, as *two as wheeling!*"

Bicycling in New York.

The suggestion of "The American Bicycler" that each rider in a new locality should make public his experiences, in order to supply material for a general "road-book" and encourage his neighbors to engage in the pastime, will doubtless seem a sufficient excuse for a brief report concerning the roads of the metropolis. In the course of the last month I have rode 118 miles on a dozen different days, and though rumors have come to me of the movements of a few other riders I have never happened to run across any of them. Perhaps the fact that the thermometer has on most of these days indicated from 90° to 100°, explains why I have had the streets so completely to myself. At all events, I am only enabled to record the result of my own limited observations: If other New York cyclers have made more extensive travels, and more complete explorations on the city roads, I only hope they will hasten to print the needed corrections to my present letter. Fifty-ninth street the southern boundary of Central Park, (which extends from Fifth to Eighth avenue, and is bounded by 110th street on the north), is the lowest starting point for metropolitan bicycling. From the south-west corner of the Park, a broad double roadway of smooth macadam, called the Boulevard, stretches to 155th street, or only a trifle less than five miles,—the municipal topography of "twenty blocks to the mile" making the calculation of distance a very easy matter. From 118th street, a half-mile hill slopes downward towards the north, and then upward to 138th street, and there is a double-track horse-railroad at the foot of the slope; a quarter-mile hill slopes down northward from about 85th street, and there is a gradual upward slope from 108th to 118th; there is an upward slope from 150th to 154th, and then a downward one to 155th; but the whole five-mile track may be covered in either direction without making a dismount, and it is as pleasant a road as one need want.

A turn to the eastward from the Boulevard may be made at 152d or 155th street, both of which are macadam. In the latter

case a hill is to be climbed, and the track is not quite as smooth, but these blocks of rather heavy road on Tenth avenue are thus avoided, if the ride is continued to the north. This avenue improves from 155th to 162d, which is the end of an upward slope. Here stands the Fort Washington Hotel, the terminus of the city omnibus line; and the road to Kingsbridge branches out to the northwest. The Croton tower at Highbridge may be seen about half a mile above. The ride up Tenth avenue may be continued as far as 196th street, where there is a beautiful view of Williamsbridge and the upper Harlem. Two hills, one of them rather difficult for riding, are to be climbed during this last mile and a half. The track, though inferior to the Boulevard, is a fairly satisfactory one; and a rider has no trouble in going from 196th to 59th street, (say seven miles) without a dismount, provided he guards against the sandy spots in ascending the little hill near Highbridge.

Instead, however, of going back by the Boulevard, the rider may go on macadam to the east from Tenth avenue either at 155th, 152d, or 145th street, to St. Nicholas avenue, which extends towards the south-east, with a general downward slope until it reaches Central Park (110th street), at 6th avenue. The latter extends northward in a bee line to Harlem River, offering two miles of smooth macadam, almost perfectly level, with no other hindrance than a double-track horse-railroad at 125th street. As this avenue is broad, has few houses upon it, and is not much frequented by horses, it offers an excellent place for bicycle races. Seventh avenue is not quite as smooth and there is more driving upon it, while St. Nicholas avenue which I have not yet rode upon, is the scene of a great deal of fast driving, and its appearance on the morning after a rain was rather too heavy for comfortable bicycling. The change from 6th to 7th avenue is made at 145th street, which I presume continues good as far as 10th avenue, though there is a hill near that point. Macadam makes 110th street passable from river to river; and 72d street is also excellent from the Hudson River to the Park, and again eastward from the Park, perhaps as far eastward as Harlem River.

Fifth avenue is made smooth by macadam from 72d to 59th street; and the broad sidewalk outside the eastern wall of Central Park, makes bicycling along that avenue possible as far as 110th street. This walk is excellent from 59th to 85th street, and fairly good to 90th. From that point to 110th street the hard earth is replaced by a single line of flag-stones, on which it is possible to ride with a fair degree of comfort, spite of growing grass and occasional unevenness between the flags. Roads pass under the Park at 65th, 85th, and 97th streets, though I have never tried any of them, and roads enter the Park at 64th, 72d and 96th street. At these half-dozen places the sidewalk rider has to dismount, and there are also Park entrances at 79th and 90th street, where no dismounts are necessary. The longest sidewalk stretch therefore is from 72d to 85th street, and a turn may be made without going off the walk. The Park sidewalk on 59th street is still broader, and the stretch between Fifth and Eighth avenues is an excellent one for speed,—the down slope being towards the east. At the Eighth avenue corner the rider can get to the macadam of the Boulevard without dismounting, though a double-track horse-railroad is to be crossed, or he can take to the sidewalk along the west wall of the Park and ride to 72d street, with a dismount at 65th. Above 72d the ride may be continued on the stone flags, with half a dozen dismounts, as far as 110th; but it is far pleasanter to take the Boulevard. From the Boulevard at 162d street a macadamized road leads to Kingsbridge, the northern limit of New York Island,—a distance of perhaps two miles, with several small hills most of them sloping

downward. At the Kingsbridge hotel, a few rods south of the bridge itself, a turn may be made to the east. The rider then dismounts at the railroad track and climbs a quarter-mile hill of macadam, then rides perhaps half a mile to the foot of Jerome Park, where he strikes Central Avenue, a broad smooth road leading in nearly a straight line to Harlem River at Macomb's Dam Bridge, about three miles below. Except for a short hill, with a few bad sand spots half a mile from the park, the track is nearly level for the whole distance, though there is a gradual ascent as the bridge is approached. Crossing it on foot and walking four or five rods to the left, the rider mounts again at the head of Seventh avenue, and continues his career towards the south.

Another route is to start at the north end of Harlem Bridge, (132d street), and follow the Eastern Boulevard for about six miles till the macadam ends at the crossing of Pelham avenue. The grades are not severe and there is only one place where the sand is apt to cause a dismount. By following the Boulevard about a mile and a half further, Jerome Park may be reached, but most of the distance is impassable for a bicycle, and Central avenue must then be followed for some distance before a mount can be made. Pelham avenue, however, strikes Central just at the foot of the Park, where the smooth roadway begins, and it should therefore be used in crossing over from the Boulevard. Perhaps it is smooth enough to ride upon, (as it is merely a continuation of the road from Kingsbridge, which is a smooth one), but I have not yet tried it. Of the streets in and near Harlem, First avenue is macadamized from 109th to 116th, Avenue A has a hard dirt road from 116th to 119th and then macadam to 124th; Fifth Avenue has macadam from 124th to Harlem River; 124th street has macadam nearly or quite all the way between the two last named avenues, and is passable as far as 6th avenue; 128th street is passable from 6th to 3d avenue, (a dismount at 4th avenue), though there are many holes and rough places in the macadam.

The only route that I have tried on Long Island is from the Astoria ferry northward along the flags of the sidewalk, for about half a mile, till the macadam is reached at the top of a hill by a church—on Trafford street, I think. Thence a down grade leads to the "shore road," which is excellent for more than a mile, though a short rough hill requires a single dismount. The view of the Sound just above Hellgate is before the rider all the while, and is a very pretty one. Having returned to the lower ferry and to the bridge over Sunswick Creek just south of it, a ride due east may be made for a mile or more along the flag and dirt sidewalks of what I think is called Broadway. Returning to the bridge and crossing it on foot, the flag-stones may be followed southward for a mile without dismount to the Ravenswood Post Office, and then without dismount for another mile to Hunter's Point, where ferry boat may be taken to 34th street.

I see little pleasure in riding on the Belgian and other stone pavements which generally prevail in New York below 59th street,—perhaps because a fall upon the same when I made my first "mount," three months ago, dislocated my left elbow—though a street is sometimes seen having enough dirt upon the stones to make a smooth track. The police as yet make no objection to the presence of a bicycle on the flagging of the sidewalk;—but a different rule would no doubt be adopted should many machines appear there, especially on frequented streets. The necessity of dismounting at every cross walk of itself makes north and south sidewalk riding undesirable, though, in an east-and-west passage, the distance from avenue to avenue is often quite considerable. I have heard

that a Brooklyn regulation forbids bicyclers to use the sidewalk, though they are admitted to the roads of Prospect Park. The New York Park Commissioners, however, will not allow a bicycle on the roads or walks of any of our city parks.

The *Westchester County Atlas*, published in 1872 by J. B. Beers & Co., of 36 Vesey street, has proved of such service to me that I recommend it to other riders of the city. Its largest map, about 28 inches square and on a scale of four miles to the inch, is divided by ten mile circles centering in the New York City Hall, and it takes in the cities of New Haven, Ct., Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Trenton, N. J., and some towns of Pennsylvania. Four other double page maps, about 26 by 16 inches in size and on a scale of 120 rods to the inch, also seem specially useful. The first shows New York from the Battery to Kingsbridge, with parts of Brooklyn and Astoria; the second covers the ground from Central Park to Yonkers; the third from Kingsbridge to Hastings, and the fourth shows the roads along the Hudson as far as North Tarrytown. Many other useful maps, of various scales and sizes, occupy the remaining seventy pages of the book. I believe the price of it is about \$8, and I presume the maps may be bought separately for perhaps \$1 each.

A great future, as it seems to me, awaits bicycling in the metropolis, for this report of the good roads discovered by a single rider, on a dozen brief excursions in the hottest month of the year, shows that there is no lack of opportunities for practice. Further explorations in New Jersey, Staten Island and Long Island will doubtless yield equally satisfactory results; and if any riders have already made definite records of their travels in those localities they are in duty bound to forthwith publish the same. I have thus far "stabled" my own wheel at a hotel on the Boulevard opposite the present terminus (104th street) of the elevated railroad, and a ride of twenty minutes on the latter takes me to my residence, five miles below. These facts are mentioned by way of convincing other downtown denizens that the distance of their abodes below 59th street is no real bar to a satisfactory indulgence in bicycling. Beginners probably do not need to be advised to make their first attempts on a smooth surface instead of a Belgian pavement; but they may perhaps thank me for reminding them to set back the saddle a little at the outset, since, for the sake of closeness in packing, the saddle is apt to be shoved as far forward as possible when sent to the purchaser. It was ignorance of this circumstance which caused my own "first ride" to be closed at the end of forty seconds by a disastrous tumble which kept me off the wheel for forty days.

KOL KRON.

The Cinder Track.

The project to build the three-lap cinder track, with appropriate restaurant and stable accommodation, has not by any means been abandoned, but the promoters have had some unexpected difficulties to surmount before opening a subscription list. This step in progress will probably be taken by the time this is before the readers of this Journal. Bicycling in Boston has attained such popularity that a properly prepared track for racing and practice purposes has become an absolute necessity and—what is more to the point with shareholders—it will pay.

The principal London Bicycle track is located in the suburb of Brompton, at a place called Lilly Bridge.

The proposed Boston Bicycle track may possibly be located in the suburb of Dorchester at a place called Granite Bridge.

The London track has no lilies—except, perhaps, those which grow in flower-pots; and at the proposed site of the Boston track, although there is certainly a bridge, it is built of wood.

THE AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL.

THE AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL will be published every other Saturday at noon. Our country readers will much oblige by reporting any failure in delivery.

All communications should be addressed, and all money should be sent to, Editor AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL, 178 Devonshire Street, Boston, Mass. To ensure priority of insertion all communications should reach us not later than noon on Wednesday preceding publication.

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We will forward single copies of this journal, postage free, on receipt of price—ten cents.

All communications should be accompanied by the real names and addresses of the writers—not necessarily for publication—but as a guaranty of good faith. We cannot undertake to read anonymous letters, or to return rejected contributions. Write on one side of the paper only.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 18, 1879.

THE ENGLISH CHAMPIONS.

Before these lines meet the eyes of our readers, the English champions, Keen, Stanton and Cann, with the French champion Terront, the whole under the guidance of Harry Etherington, the publisher of the *Bicycling Times*, will have landed upon these shores. In the present not wholly developed stage which bicycling has arrived at in this country, lacking as we do a single track to compare with those which the visiting riders have left behind them, and lacking too the sustaining universal public interest, which assures the success of bicycle contests on the mother shore. We cannot but consider their visit in the light of an undertaking requiring more than a usual amount of pluck and devotion to the sport of which they are such able exponents. In a private letter from Mr. Etherington, he explains that the visit is more of a private pleasure trip than a business enterprise, although the team of "flyers" and "stayers" which he brings with him will not disdain to engage in any fair contest which can be devised, and will meet on equitable terms, not only all comers, whether amateur or professional, but will be willing to endeavor to substantially demonstrate the utility and perfection of the bicycle by contests with the world famed American trotters if owners consenting can be found, for any distance from one to as many hundreds of miles as any one wishes to speculate against.

The movements of the team have not at this writing been definitely fixed—save that in recognition of the fact that Boston is the "head centre" of the sport on this side of the Atlantic, they will only remain in New York for one night before coming on to this city. Upon arrival here it would be the graceful thing for the clubs to give a "meet" by way of reception, and in fact we understand that such is the intention. The race at Rochester and the proposed six days race in New

York may afford the team some opportunity to give us a taste of their prowess, and doubtless other events will "arrange themselves" in due season. Whatever contests, however, the team may engage in, it is certain that their arrival cannot but give a stimulus to the cause of the wheel, which will be gratefully received by all who have its popularity and progress at heart, and wish to see the sport prosper throughout the land.

The name of Mr. Etherington should be sufficient guarantee that any undertaking in which his men may engage under his management, will be free from the slightest shadow of suspicion, while the established record of each member of his team leaves us no room to doubt that manly fairness will be as conspicuous as the speed and endurance which they will presently exhibit.

THE ROCHESTER N. Y. RACE.

By reference to our advertising columns it will be seen that one of the most liberally endowed bicycle races which have yet occurred in this country, is to take place at the driving park in Rochester, N. Y., on the 21st and 22nd inst. The programme will prove a tempting one both for Amateurs and Professionals, and we are assured that bicyclers from a distance will be cordially welcomed and hospitably entertained. The track on which the races are to be held bears the reputation of being one of the best in the country, and is already being subjected to a course of rolling and watering, which it is guaranteed will bring the surface to a smoothness and hardness not to be excelled by any specially prepared cinder track, in fact it is said, that the binding quality of the gravel of which this track is composed, is at times a source of grave complaint among horsemen, a feature which augurs well for its use under the bicycle; some, if not all of the English champions, are to compete in these races, and if the clerk of the weather will only lend his assistance nothing can be wanting to assure a gratifying success.

Transatlantic.

COVENTRY, ENGLAND, Sept. 10, 1879.

Editor "American Bicycling Journal."

In your last issue, which has just been shown me, I notice that you have had a large number of gentlemen writing you regarding the choice of a machine, and that you refer the matter to your readers. Now I am most pleased to see our healthful pastime gaining such renown in new lands, and beg to intimate that I shall be most happy to assist to the best of my ability any gentlemen searching for a "mount" who will forward me all particulars as to height, weight, kind of roads, use required for, experience, price, (which will be given exclusive of duty and carriage) and enclose a stamped directed envelope for reply. I may add that there are now nearly four hundred varieties in the English market from which to choose, and that I am unconnected with either.

Before concluding, a proof of the pleasure derivable from the use of a bicycle may not be uninteresting to your readers: Last month (August) I took a trip through the Southern counties of England, as follows: From Coventry to Westbury

(Wiltshire), thence to Weymouth (Dorset), Honiton (Devon), Crewkerne and Bristol (Somerset), Gloucester (Gloucestershire) and back to Coventry (Warwickshire), staying some time at each place. By this means I not only saw, with two exceptions, all my relatives in England, but enjoyed much beautiful scenery, saw a great deal of the country new to me and enjoyed some days at the sea-side. The whole distance ridden was a little under four hundred miles, the last one hundred, viz., from Bristol to Coventry being done in a single day.

I mention this little pleasure trip as an encouragement to riders who have never taken a trip and can assure them that a tour once taken will never be forgotten. We had a proof here in London last week of what can be done with the bicycle, when G. Waller rode the almost incredible distance of fourteen hundred and four miles in six days, the second man being Terront, a Frenchman, who accomplished no less than one thousand three hundred and ninety miles in the same time, all the others well up. Trusting my letter has not proved too long, believe me to be,

Yours faithfully

HENRY STURMEY,

[The writer of the above communication is Head Master of the Collegiate school, Coventry, England, and holds several other honorable positions. As author of *The Indispensable Bicyclists' Hand-book*, and several other works on Bicycles and Bicycling, he is an authority to be consulted on the matters referred to above.]

A Six days race in New York.

Arrangements are in progress for a six days bicycle race in New York City, and the probabilities are that either Gilmore's Garden or Madison Square Garden, will be secured for the contest. O'Leary, the pedestrian, the conductor of the last six days "go as you please," is the prime mover in this undertaking, to which it is intended to offer such substantial inducements in the way of valuable prizes as shall prove irresistible to any riders who desire to enter the professional arena. Overtures have been made to the English champions, Keene, Stanton and Cann, and to the French champion, Terront, and it is understood they have consented to compete, and to submit to the heavy handicapping which will place them at the beginning as much as some 300 miles behind the less experienced competitors. The riding, according to the now established rule, is to be limited to eighteen hours each day, and a most interesting contest may be anticipated.

If Photography should ever take a place among the lost arts, how doubly valuable would become those mementos of past travels, pleasures, and even vicissitudes, which all of us now treasure up among the most sacred of our household gods. This thought suggested itself to us when engaged in purchasing copies of the views taken by Mr. Notman at the two days run, which our readers will find fully described in another column. The pictures are simply perfect in every detail, and splendid specimens of photographic art. As reminders of the enjoyments of that two days trip it is hard to compute their value, and in the group which was secured immediately after that memorable visit from the policeman, the remains of the laughter is so clearly to be seen on each countenance that gazing on it we more than ever appreciate the magnanimity of the man in blue in allowing "that there thing there" to do its office.

The worst road discovered, so far, is from Manchester N. H. to Lawrence Mass., direct. Bicyclers take warning.

Washington to Boston.

President Max Hausmann and Vice President Dr. H. M. Schooley, of the Capitol Bi. Club, arrived safely in this city on the 14th inst., after a journey which, in spite of the exceedingly bad roads extending over nearly half the distance, they enjoyed hugely.

They left Washington on the 2nd inst., and have averaged fifty miles a day, except when stopping over for a day or so at a time to visit friends residing along their route.

From Boston to Portland.

The President of the Boston Club, Mr. C. E. Pratt, the Captain of the Mass. Club, Mr. E. W. Pope, and a member of the latter, Mr. Slocum, made one of the most interesting and enjoyable excursions of the season August last, starting from Boston on the morning of the 13th, and arriving in Portland, Me. on the evening of the 16th. The distance was about 150 miles. A description of this trip is promised for our next number.

The Boston Driving Association of Beacon Park held a meeting on Tuesday, the 14th inst., to consider the subject of providing facilities for Athletic sports at Beacon Park. The formation of a half mile bicycle track was among the topics considered, and in the discussion which ensued a good deal of feeling was manifested. The horsemen being much opposed to allowing bicycles within the enclosure, and the bicyclers appearing strongly of opinion that their favorite sport should not directly or indirectly be connected in any way with horse trotting or kindred pursuits.

The regular weekly club meets of the Brooklyn Bicycle Club, which were discontinued during the summer months, were resumed on Saturday afternoon Sept. 20th., by a tour through Prospect Park and a run of five and three-fourths miles to Coney Island; starting from the rendezvous at Windsor Terrace. It being the initial run quite a number of individual races occurred, which, despite the heaviness of the road, caused very fair time to be made. The distance being covered in less than thirty minutes.

An item for the English Clubs as to what can be carried on a bicycle: A member of the Worcester, Mass., Bicycle Club, recently took a piece of timber four inches wide, two inches thick and twelve feet long, and carried same on his right shoulder a distance of half a mile, riding his bicycle and steering with his left hand. This is not worth imitating, but serves to show what can be done by a skilful rider.

The American Exchange and Reading Rooms—449 Strand, Charing Cross London, should be visited and used by all American Tourists. All the leading American newspapers, including the "American Bicycling Journal," are to be found in their well managed establishment. Facilities are offered for receiving letters, telegrams, parcels, &c. Couriers, apartments, and passage by rail or steamer can be engaged. Credits and Banking matters can be arranged, and advice or information on all matters of interest to travellers can be obtained. Henry F. Gilleg & Co., the proprietors, have laid the travelling public under great obligations by their enterprise in founding (1873) this most convenient establishment.

—Conundrum—Why is the bicycle like a volcano? It is quite too easy to say, "because it is a fiery mount." True answer requested.

Ejaculations!

Go forth in thy beauty from nation to nation,
For lively and fleet thy dominion shall be ;
Thy heralds proclaim it the best equitation,
And to roll ever on like the waves of the sea.

Westward the star Bicycle takes its way ;
The four-foot horse already passed,
The charmer follows with the Day :
John's noblest offspring is his last.

—Combined effect of our poetry of motion, and the poetry of Moore:—

Oh who can forget the first rides, after learning,
When wheeling gave life a new edge with its steel ;
And the soul, like those cakes made delicious by *turning*,
Gave out all its sweets on the bicycle wheel !

A Two-Days Out and Home Run.

The most important as well as the most successful bicycle run that has been attempted since the introduction of the silent steed into this country, took place on the 11th and 12th of September last. The run was not a club run, but all riders whether club members or not, were invited to join.

Mr. C. E. Pratt (author of "The American Bicycler," and President of the Boston Club), was the originator of the idea, and his plan met with such favor that on the morning of the meet upwards of forty riders assembled at the corner of Walnut avenue and Warren street, Roxbury, which was the place appointed for the start. The weather was all that could be desired, and the roads everywhere were in the best of order. Among the riders, the members of the Boston and Massachusetts Clubs came first in point of numbers, but as indicating the wide spread interest which had been taken in the event, riders from Orange, N. J., Worcester, Mass., Washington, D. C., Hartford, Conn., and Salem, Mass., as well as others from home suburbs, were present. A large attendance of spectators, among whom the fair sex were hardly in the minority, assembled to witness the start. At 8 a. m., Mr. Pratt, calling the riders around him, gave a few brief and pertinent words of advice for their guidance upon the run, and then the call to fall in was sounded.

The scene when the line was formed, with the brown uniforms of the Boston and Massachusetts Clubs at its head, and the varied uniforms of the other riders stretching to the rear, the shining steeds, and the sturdy forms of their owners standing beside them, formed a picture well worth the beholding, and many and favorable were the comments of the evidently well pleased lookers on. At 8.30 a. m., the order to mount was sounded, and riding by two's, the participants sped silently away.

At Jamaica Pond the riders found Mr. Notman, the well known photo. artist awaiting them, the dismount was called and the riders, filing into the lawn where Mr. Notman's camera was placed, posed themselves under the directions of the artist for the production of a memento of the run. At this juncture an amusing incident occurred. A policeman, with ultra conscientious ideas as to his duty and authority, appeared upon the scene, and demanded by what right had the riders invaded the peaceful precincts of this suburban dwelling ? He was told that the occupants of the house (which was to let) had been interviewed, and had most willingly assented to this outrage. The guardian of the peace thereupon retreated to the

house in question, but quickly re-appeared and in no measured terms stated that the said occupants had no rights in the matter, but that he had, and commanded the forty riders assembled to at once vacate the premises, and the artist to take "that thing there (the camera) out of this." The chorus of forty hearty laughs, from forty vigorous pairs of lungs, with which this exceedingly moderate request was received, must have had in some measure an oil upon the waters influence, for, after a short parley with some of the by-standers, the blue coated guardian of the peace betook himself out of focus, and the pictures were secured.

The "fall in" and "mount" were then again sounded, and the riders continued on their way. Through the Plain, Forest Hill and Roslindale, the suburbs turned out *en masse* to witness the spectacle, and at length, after a delightful ride, Brook Farm was reached and a halt was made. An hour was passed here in rambling round this historic relic of the past, and then, mounting again, the riders proceeded through West Roxbury to Dedham, halting for a brief inspection of the Powder House—of revolutionary fame—the old Fairbanks house and the Sprague chestnuts, thence they proceeded towards Readville, where, in a pine-grove by the wayside, those of the riders who were not in the secret, were not less surprised than delighted to find that an elegant lunch lay temptingly spread out on snowy table cloths in the shade, and that they were expected there and then to become the recipients of the hospitality of Col. Pope, president of the Mass. Bi. Club, by whom this repast had been provided. It being past one o'clock, no time was lost in "piling wheels" and doing justice to the viands, after which pipes and cigars were lighted, and an hour's chatty rest indulged in.

The ubiquitous camera of Mr. Notman about this time appeared upon the scene, and several unstudied negatives were secured. Upon forming line preparatory to the mount another view was taken, and then the cavalcade proceeded on its way. A few miles of not particularly good turnpike brought the party to the foot of Blue Hill, where another halt was made, and those who wished ascended to the summit, whence the whole proposed triangular 100 miles of the run lay spread like a map beneath them. From Blue Hill the road grew better and better until at last it became superb, and brought the riders to Canton, where another halt was made. From Canton to Lake Massapoag, the road developed occasional long stretches of sand, but the beaten sides were usually rideable although occasional dismounts were in order. The approach to the Massapoag House, where the night was to be passed, was made in single file, and at precisely 5.30 p. m., two hours ahead of schedule time, the final dismount of the day was made and the riders were welcomed by mine host Howe, and the numerous guests of his well known hotel. Although the day's run was only thirty five miles, it was well that the resources of the larder were equal to the occasion, for probably a hungrier or happier party never filled the dining hall, than those who presently were summoned to the tables.

After supper the evening was passed most pleasantly. The facility with which the riders became acquainted with the guests of the hotel was something remarkable, although one or two chance meetings of acquaintances probably had much to do with it. At length the riders began to disappear and long before midnight all became quiet, save upon the piazza, where two individuals found so much to talk over that it was not until the wee sma' hours, that their ceaseless tramp upon the reverberatory floor was hushed. Lucky indeed for these two was it that the piazza possessed a roof or else their nocturnal promenade would have been anything but *boot-less*.

The following morning all were astir early, and at 6 a. m. sat down to the capital breakfast which had been provided. At 7.30 the signal to mount was given, and the early risers assembled on the piazza to witness the start were left in undisturbed possession of their domain. The road lay for a mile along the border of the lake, after which a variable road led to Canton. Then came a superb road to Canton Corners, but the six miles of cross road from thence to Holbrook was the worst experienced during the whole run. The heavy sand and the frequent dismounts thereby occasioned were more than compensated for however by the beauty of the scenery, still, it was a joyful sight when a smooth, hard highway once more presented itself, and the rearward ones having caught up with the leaders, the whole body mounted once more and made up for the late slow progress in a rapid run until South Braintree was reached, at 11 a. m., and a short halt was made. The Captain of the Mass. Club here disappeared with one or two subordinates, but soon appeared again with about half a dozen huge watermelons, which the riders attacked with a vigor which soon caused them (the melons, not the riders) to vanish.

But the start from Massapoag had been made one hour behind schedule time and nearly three quarters of this had still to be made up, so all were soon again in the saddle and speeding along through the shoe making country, where the cottagers came rushing to their doors to witness the unusual sight. Passing through East Weymouth just as the work-people were leaving off for dinner, gave the latter an opportunity of which they were not slow to avail themselves, and the road for nearly half a mile was lined with quite an enthusiastic gathering. At Hingham a short halt was made, but there were still some fifteen minutes to be overtaken and only six miles to do it in, so the mount was soon sounded and the column sped on. At the outskirts of Cohasset all but a few minutes had been made up and, stopping neither for hill nor sand, the welcome chimneys of "Kimballs" famous hostelry (where dinner had been ordered for 1 o'clock, sharp,) at length hove in sight, and in another few minutes the whole body were in front of the porch dismounted and *on time*.

That the dinner was done ample justice to need hardly be stated for what bicycler after a thirty mile run could not do justice to a dinner at Kimball's? Pipes and cigars were in order afterwards, enhancing the enjoyment of the ocean panorama which lay spread before the observers, and it was not without some approach to regret that President Pratt's signal to fall in was at length heard, and the riders obeyed the call.

From Kimball's the run was made to Hingham, where a short halt afforded the riders an opportunity to visit the oldest church in the United States, and the cemetery where repose the remains of one of Massachusetts' best loved Governors, John A. Andrew. Soon the mount was sounded again and, passing through Hingham, the route lay along roads which may be described as good, bad and indifferent, to Quincy, where the inhabitants having been apprised of their coming, the riders were welcomed by lined streets and all the church bells ringing in honor of the event. From Quincy to East Milton, the roads, well known to all Boston riders, were perfect and, after detours in visiting the first railroad in the United States, the well known stock farm of Col. Russell, &c., the riders dismounted at 6.30 p. m., at the top of the slope of Milton Hill, and the "first two days run" of any large body of riders in this country was most pleasantly and successfully achieved and ended.

Accompanying the riders from the start to the finish were two vehicles, one, a buggy, contained Messrs. Redwood and

Drake, of Scribner's monthly (of whom bicyclers may hear more anon) and the other, a tarpaulin-covered light wagon carried the "multum" bags of the riders and, later on, two of the riders themselves whose wheels having become disabled were, much to their disgust, constrained to finish up the journey by this mode of conveyance. The horses attached to these vehicles were probably as fine steppers as could be found in Boston, and stood the first day's journey remarkably well. The second day, however, the drivers concluded that a rest would be beneficial and the horses were changed at Hingham.

No accidents of any kind, save a few occasional spills, marred the pleasures of the journey, and the riders assembled at its close on the slope of Milton Hill, showing by their absolute freedom from fatigue what mere play was a one hundred mile trip when aided by the modern bicycle, testified in ringing cheers, their appreciation and hearty enjoyment of the results of Mr. Pratt's labors, and separated, hoping that they soon might meet again on a similar errand to the one thus happily accomplished.

Correspondence.

EDITOR AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL:

Where is our Journal this month? I have been out of the city and thought it might have arrived during my absence and have been mislaid. I took my Sp. Challenge with me on my vacation to Port Jervis and found several excellent roads, one in particular was very fine and thirty-one miles in length, running along the Delaware valley. The number of riders here is steadily on the increase. Now cooler weather has come we expect to have several runs and will see that our Secretary sends you particulars.

Yours respectfully,
W. F. G., Brooklyn, N. Y.

EDITOR AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL:—

I notice in a recent issue of your paper that you have gathered matters of interest to bicyclists from nearly all sections of our country, and not wishing the "City of the Strait" to be unheard from any longer, I send you an item or two. The "Wheel" came to Detroit to stay during April last, two machines having been brought to the city during that month. Soon after, an agency of The Pope Manufacturing Co. was established, and in connection with it a riding school. The increase in the use of the 'cycle so far has not been so rapid as one unacquainted with the obstacles it has to overcome might be led to judge it should be in a city of our size, but Detroit's river, its dozen or so of boat clubs, (I haven't stopped to count them), its yachting clubs, its cricket club (one of the best in America), its base ball clubs and kindred organizations, have absorbed the interest and time of a great number who, when they become aware of the merits of our "tyred steed" will become enthusiastic bicyclers.

Some of the roads leading to Detroit are well adapted for bicycle riding, while across the river on Canadian soil they are notably good. Several ten, twenty and thirty mile runs have been made over there in good time. A bicycle race was one of the features at Recreation Park on a recent day, the race was three quarters of a mile, best two heats, and the prize, a season ticket to the Park, was handsomely won by N. B. Conger with J. May a close second, both heats, the time of last heat was 2 min. 27 sec.

The formation of a club has been for sometime thought desirable, and last evening at a well attended meeting the Detroit Bicycle Club was organized and its officers elected

as follows,—Louis J. Bates, President; N. B. Conger, Captain, W. J. Howard, Lieutenant; and, J. C. McCaul, Secretary and Treasurer. A committee was appointed to report at an adjourned meeting, to be held on Saturday evening next, a form of constitution and by-laws.

Mr. Rollins who is making the trip from New York to Chicago by bicycle, is expected here in ten days, and will probably remain over a day or two. We expect to have our first meet as a club some day next week.

Go As I PLEASE.

Answers to Correspondents.

G. R., N. Y. City—See “Kol Kron’s” article in this issue. We do not hear very favorable accounts of the roads round Pelham Manor and New Rochelle, although we understand they are all rideable. Perhaps it would be advisable to drive out and explore before taking the “wheel.”

“Corn City”—Should be pleased to hear from you again.

G. B. O., Philadelphia—The same to you.

L. Shifnal, England—We hope the specimen reached you safely.

H. B., Dauvers—(1) Touring most certainly.

(2) Perhaps so, but it would be an exception to the general rule. Trotting tracks to be good for horses must necessarily be too soft for the bicycle; for high rates of speed on which too hard a floor can hardly be obtained. You had much better put your energies into a proper and special track for bicycles. We may be able to show you how to lay out such in an article in this issue, or in our next.

(3) Three laps to the mile is the perfection of length for a bicycle track.

L. H. J., Orange—Your good offices are much appreciated and we wish all our readers would manifest the same amount of interest, and in the same way.

Never Look Behind You.

That is har—but no! What it is intended to say is this: As Gerald Owen was leading his Club along the Tow-path of the Baltimore and Ohio Canal, he glanced round to assure himself that he was not setting too rapid a pace, when just at that minute his wheel encountered a large loose stone, and, in a moment, machine and rider disappeared in seven feet of water. He soon reappeared however, and, after a pause, dived, brought up his machine undressed, wrung out his clothes, dressed, and gallantly continued the lead to the end of the run.

Who that has the opportunity of passing to and fro in the country during this most delightful of all months in the American year can be insensible to the varied charms that surround him. Nature decked out in her holiday garments of the richest tints; the delightful atmosphere, fragrant, fresh and invigorating; the hard, firm roads, and the sense that every fine day is bringing us nearer to the snow and needs to be made the most of, all these circumstances add a zest to one's enjoyment that only needs the bicycle to make perfect and complete.

One day on the bicycle in such weather as we have been enjoying for some time past, is worth a week of any other kind of exercise; in short, no one can thoroughly appreciate the fall scenery of this much favored land, but the active and observant bicyclist.

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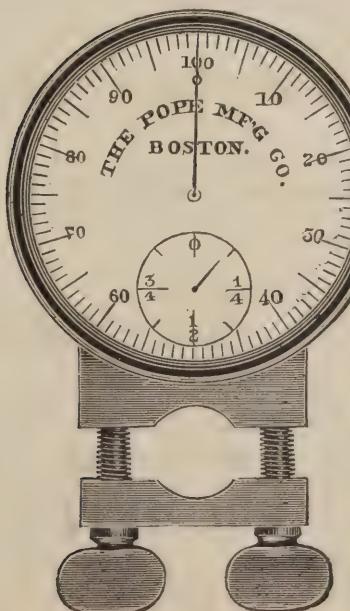
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As some riders may prefer an English Bicycle, we have made arrangements with the leading English manufacturers, so that we can sell imported machines lower than consumers can import them for their own use, and our cable code enables us to transmit orders without delay.

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POPE'S CYCLOMETER. PRICE, \$7.00.

These are hermetically sealed to be free from dust and water. The parts work automatically, without the aid of oil, and the face is marked to indicate the number of miles travelled. The Cyclometer is secured to the axle of the large front driving wheel, between the spokes, and with every turn of the wheel the Cyclometer makes a revolution. A weight within the Cyclometer hangs perpendicularly and so remains while the instrument revolves.

In ordering it will be necessary to send the diameter of the wheel on which the Cyclometer is to be used.

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87 SUMMER STREET,
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ROCHESTER DRIVING PARK, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

The Finest Bicycle Race Track in the Country.

GRAND BICYCLE TOURNAMENT,

TUESDAY, OCT. 21, & WEDNESDAY, OCT. 22, 1879.

THE CHAMPIONS OF THE WORLD,

Keen! Cann! Stanton! Terront!

Now on their way to this country, will probably take part in these races—which are open to all.

\$500.00 IN PRIZES!!

AMATEUR and PROFESSIONAL.

PROGRAMME,

FIRST DAY. Tuesday, Oct. 21st, at 2.30 p. m.

1st EVENT—Three mile race—Open to Amateurs only. Two Prizes; Plate, value \$100.00.

2nd EVENT—One mile race—Open to Professionals. One Prize; Cash, value 75.00.

3rd EVENT—One mile race—Open to Amateurs only. One Prize; plate, value \$75.00.

SECOND DAY. Wednesday, Oct. 22nd.

1st EVENT—Grand race of twenty-five miles 1 p. m. for \$125.00 cash, in two prizes—Open to Professionals.

2nd EVENT—Grand race of twenty-five miles 3 p. m. for plate, value \$125.00, in two prizes—Open to Amateurs only.

N. B.—These two races will be the more intensely interesting to the spectators, as they will demonstrate the precise comparison of speed between

Amateur and Professional Bicycle Riders

In a LONG DISTANCE RACE. It is confidently expected that the FASTEST TIME ON RECORD—viz: One mile in 2.52 1-2 seconds WILL BE BEATEN during these races.

The races will commence each day promptly at the times advertised.

Entrees will close on the 20th inst. at 6 p. m.; before which time they may be forwarded, with the entrance fee of \$5.00, to

J. W. KIMBALL,

8 Franklin St., Rochester, New York.

One entrance fee will cover all the events on each day.

Detailed programmes giving full and further particulars, will be presented to each spectator.

The Judges will be gentlemen well known to all, and will be elected by THE RIDERS THEMSELVES.

DO NOT FAIL TO BE IN YOUR SEAT PROMPTLY.

NO POSTPONEMENT.



VOL. 1, No. 18.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 1, 1879.

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—The Commissioners of Central Park, N. Y., have decided against the use of the bicycle in that park.

—Transpose the vowels in the name of Terront for an idea of the rapidity of his riding.

—*Nemo repente fuit bicyclicus*,—which is quite true. Our poor scholar renders it, "No one repents having become a bicyclist,"—and true for him also.

—The "prophetic soul" of Hamlet seems to have had a glimpse of the bicycle when he said, "Here's fine revolution;" and again when exclaiming, "In form and moving how *express* and admirable!"

—According to astrology, it would seem that your true bicyclist ought to be born under either Libra or Sagittary. There are other signs, however, of a good rider that we should prefer to trust.

—Remarkable fact,—that the bicycle should be so stiff-necked and headstrong, and nevertheless manifest such a wheely meekness of disposition as to serve us ever the swifter the more it is trampled on!

—Some Latin—*Slick transit gloria bicycli.*

—The bicycle has made it possible for any man of moderate means to have a country-seat of his own, free of rent and taxes.

—Very much a difference of aspiration: Some eagerly mount the airy horse, while others keep to the hairy one.

—The wheel winnows away the chaff of *ennui*, and there is nothing like it for dispersing the blue vapors of the mind. Bellerophon mounted Pegasus when he started out to slay the Chimæra.

—In the interest of veracious accuracy, we must declare that the young man who furnished reportorial notes of the late excursion to one Sunday paper, did therein allow the bicycle of his jocosity to over-leap the fence of his facts, so to speak, with some wildness of metaphor. He had this item: "Mr. Chandler was introduced to M. Terront as Mr. Chandelier, one of the great lights of Boston bicycling, etc." Does the unbridled movement of the bicycle tend to make some of us light headed as well as light-heeled?

—The city of Brooklyn allows to bicyclists the use of the foot-paths—not the carriage drives—in the Prospect Park at any time of day, and the drives in the city between sunrise and 10 a. m., and between 4 p. m. and sunrise. It is thought by our friends in Brooklyn that the justice of this is seen from the fact that during the riding of the club score of over 4,000 (cyclometer) miles there has been no instance of runaway, or of accident to pedestrians, that can in any way be attributed to the use of the bicycle.

—Mr. W. R. Pitman has applied for admission into one of the Amateur Athletic Clubs of New York, which club has submitted to the National Association of Amateur Athletes of America, the query as to whether Mr. Pitman is a professional or not. A goodly number of club members would feel anything but displeased if Mr. Pitman, like Mr. Wright, could be re-instated.

AMERICAN CLUB DIRECTORY.

[Secretaries of Clubs, present and future, will please keep us informed of any changes in or additions to this list.]

Each Club is numbered in the order of its date of organization.]

- (1) **BOSTON BICYCLE CLUB**, Boston, Mass.
- (2) **SUFFOLK BICYCLE CLUB**, Boston, Mass.
- (3) **BANGOR BICYCLE CLUB**, Bangor, Maine.
- (4) **SAN FRANCISCO BICYCLE CLUB**, San Francisco, Cal.
- (5) **MONTRÉAL BICYCLE CLUB**, Montreal, Canada.
- (6) **MASSACHUSETTS BICYCLE CLUB**, Boston, Mass.
- (7) **CAPITOL BICYCLE CLUB**, Washington, D.C.
- (8) **FITCHBURG BICYCLE CLUB**, Founded Feb. 21st, 1879.
Entrance Fee—Two dollars.
Subscription—One dollar per quarter.
Club colors—Blue and crimson.
Club badge—Not decided.
Uniform—Helmet, sack coat, knee breeches, stockings, all of dark blue.
Head Quarters—247 Main Street, Fitchburg, Mass.
President—W. W. Clark; Captain, (not yet elected); Treasurer, E. L. Caldwell; Secretary, W. George A. Wilson, Fitchburg, Mass.
- (9) **BUFFALO BICYCLE CLUB**, Buffalo, N. Y.
- (10) **SALEM BICYCLE CLUB**, Salem, Mass.
- (11) **ESSEX BICYCLE CLUB**, Newark, N. J.
- (12) **WORCESTER BICYCLE CLUB**, Founded April 9th, 1879.
Entrance Fee—One dollar.
Subscription—Not decided.
Club colors—Cardinal red.
Club badge—Not decided.
Uniform—Helmet, jacket, breeches, and stockings, all of grey tweed.
Head Quarters—Not decided.
President and Captain, Fred. S. Pratt; Secretary and Treasurer, Wm. R. Lovell, Prov. and Worcester Freight office, Worcester, Mass.
- (13) **HARVARD BICYCLE CLUB**, Founded April 17th, 1879.
Entrance fee—Two dollars.
Subscription—By assessment.
Club colors—Crimson and purple.
Club badge—H. B. C., in monogram of club colors.
Uniform—Grey polo caps, jackets and breeches; color of stockings at rider's option.
President, R. C. Sturgis; Captain, M. Tilden; Sub-Captain, R. S. Codman; Secretary and Treasurer, J. H. Storer, Harvard College, Cambridge, Mass.
- (14) **PHILADELPHIA BICYCLE CLUB**, Philadelphia, Penn.
- (15) **BROCKTON BICYCLE CLUB**, Founded June 1st, 1879.
Entrance Fee
Subscription
Club colors
Club badge Information Requested.
Uniform
Head Quarters
President and Captain, K. W. Shaw; Secretary and Treasurer, Fred. B. Howard.—Brockton, Mass.
- (16) **BROOKLYN BICYCLE CLUB**, Founded June 21st, 1879.
Entrance fee, Not decided.
Subscription,
Club colors—Black and cherry.
Club badge—The letters B. B. C., in monogram of gold, surrounded by silver wreath, to be worn upon polo caps.
Uniform—Dark navy blue throughout.
Headquarters—Windsor Terrace, Brooklyn, N. Y.
President—(not yet elected); Captain, C. Koop; Secretary and Treasurer, T. H. Muir, 30 Broadway, New York City.

WANDERERS BICYCLE CLUB, Boston, Mass.

- (18) **GERMANTOWN BICYCLE CLUB**—Founded July 5th 1879.
Entrance Fee
Subscription
Club colors Information Requested.
Club badge
Uniform
Head Quarters
President, Dr. A. F. Muller; Captain, W. H. Poley; Secretary and Treasurer, J. Pennell, Armat st., Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.
 - (19) **PROVIDENCE BICYCLE CLUB**, Providence, R. I.
 - (20) **CHICAGO BICYCLE CLUB**, Founded Sept. 1st, 1879.
Entrance fee
Subscription
Club colors—Black and Gold.
Club badge—A jet diamond with gold garter, on which the motto "Peditus curremus alatis" in black letters.
Uniform—(Not decided.)
Headquarters—Chicago, Ill.
President, A. W. McClure; Captain, Fred. H. Browne; Secretary and Treasurer, Geo. D. Hoffman, Chicago, Ill.
 - (21) **DETROIT BICYCLE CLUB**—Founded Sept. 2nd, 1879.
Entrance
Subscription
Club colors Information requested.
Club badge
Uniform
Headquarters
President, Louis I. Bates; Captain, N. B. Conger; Secretary and Treasurer, J. C. McCaul, Detroit, Mich.
 - (22) **CLEVELAND BICYCLE CLUB**—Founded Sept. 30th, 1879.
Entrance Fee
Subscription
Club colors
Club badge, Information Requested.
Uniform
Head Quarters
President, T. B. Stevens; Captain, J. H. Wade Jr.; Secretary and Treasurer, Alfred Ely Jr. Cleveland, Ohio.
- [Details of organization of clubs not fully described in the foregoing, can be found on pages 2 and 3 of No. 16 and 17 "American Bicycling Journal."]

Bicycling Runs & Tours.**Another Two Days' Run.**

The great success attending the two days' run of September has resulted in a repetition of the enjoyments of that occasion, the run this time being strictly confined to members of the Boston and Massachusetts Bicycle Clubs and their invited guests. The days appointed were Friday, Oct. 24th, and Saturday, Oct. 25th, and the programme—composed by a joint committee from the two clubs—called the riders to an eight o'clock meet at the junction of Walnut avenue and Warren street, when some twenty riders appeared in answer to the call. The start was made at 8.30 a. m., in the face of a furious head wind, which, as it afterwards proved, was destined to meet the riders for the greater portion of the first day's journey. The route lay through Roxbury and Brookline, and past the Chestnut Hill reservoirs, at which point the gale was blowing so furiously that it was with difficulty that a pace of eight miles an hour was kept up. At Newton Centre railroad station a contingent of about fifteen more riders joined the column, and after a brief halt, the mount was again sounded, and a capital run through the superb Newton roads brought the riders to Needham Plains, where a well-earned halt for refreshment was made.

From Needham another good run ensued to Wellesley, where the column was still further augmented by the arrival o

Messrs. Etherington (of Etherington & Co., publishers of the English *Bicycling Times*), Cann, the ex-long distance champion of England, and Terront, the champion of France.

At this point the camera of Notman—ever present where mementoes of wheel interest are to be produced—was employed, and one negative secured; but the coldness of the wind forbade the stay for a second picture, and, despite the entreaties of the artist, the signal to mount was sounded and the column sped on. The next halt was at Natick, and from there the run was made to South Framingham, where dinner was ordered at the hotel at one o'clock sharp, and where the riders arrived on time, despite the exceedingly bad roads which had to be traversed.

The dinner having been done ample justice to, and a digestive rest enjoyed, the mount was called once more, and obeyed. The riders here lost the company of Messrs. Etherington and Cann, who were compelled to return to Boston to attend to arrangements for the forthcoming races, but retaining Terront, the French champion, they sped pluckily along until, at about four p. m., the pleasant town of Southboro' was reached, and a halt made. At this point the violent head wind which had prevailed all day became somewhat moderated, and, growing gentler as the day declined, admitted of the closing miles of the day's run being rapidly traversed and heartily enjoyed.

The arrival at Northboro' was accomplished at five o'clock, and at six the welcome call to supper was obeyed.

A jovial evening in the cosy parlors of the hotel wound up the pleasures of a day which, although somewhat marred by head-winds and occasional villainous roads, could after all be summed up as "forty miles of pure and health-giving enjoyment."

On Saturday morning at six o'clock a hearty breakfast was done ample justice to, and, at a quarter past seven, a welcome was given to a contingent of six of the Worcester club, who had ridden over from Worcester (fourteen miles) to join the excursion for the day.

At half-past seven the start was effected, and, after once traversing the main street of the town, in compliance with the desire of the towns-people, the route was taken through Berlin and Bolton to Stowe.

At Hillside Church at Bolton a halt was made, and the riders (those who were not in the secret) were not less surprised than delighted to find that the edifice, more than ever, fulfilled its mission of being a resting-place for the weary (and the thirsty,) inasmuch as the building had been transformed into one vast cider mill, and the space, once filled with pews, now occupied with great cool-looking barrels of cider, the contents of which the hospitable owner lost no time in making them acquainted with.

The grateful refreshment having been disposed of, the column was soon *en route* again, and winding round the range of hills soon changed the direction of the route from north to south, the wind from an opposing to a following one, and the grade from an ascent to a descent, so, under the combined influence of these favorable circumstances, the four miles to Stowe were rapidly covered, and the dismount made at the portals of Colonel White's famous hostelry.

A hearty dinner having been enjoyed and the usual "oil up" attended to—during which a pleasant surprise was experienced by the arrival of Messrs. A. D. Chandler (President of the Suffolk Bicycling Club) and J. C. Sharpe, (Captain of the same), who were enjoying a run down from Fitchburg to Boston *via* Hudson and Marlboro', the mount was again sounded and the riders sped on. From here the roads became "no better" very rapidly, and at times were simply atrocious and dis-

graceful to the community that permitted them; especially was this the case in some portions of the town of Sudbury, where the road bed was simply a rivulet of deep sand between the fences.

A Hindoo believer in the transmigration of souls might well pray that he should never become a farm-horse in this wretched country. One redeeming feature must not however be omitted mention, and that was the generous hospitality of one of the roadside farmers who invited the thirsty 'cyclers into his house, where the better half and her buxom daughter regaled them with fresh milk and sparkling cider, for all of which they could not be induced to accept any pecuniary recompense, but sped the riders on their way with a hearty "call again."

Approaching Wayland the road began to improve, and for the last three miles, was simply superb. The riders, wearied of slow progress, made good use of this opportunity and the most rapid pace of the day—not less than at the rate of sixteen miles per hour—brought them merrily to Wayland Centre, where the halt was made only long enough to allow the tardy ones to catch up before the journey was resumed.

From Wayland a more moderate pace was sustained, and at 4.15 p. m.—one hour and fifteen minutes ahead of time—the party dismounted at the Prospect House at Waltham.

Here the run practically terminated, the members of the visiting clubs tapping the railroads at Newton and elsewhere in order to return to their homes, and only a round dozen of the Boston riders completing the remaining miles of the fifty which intervened from the start at Northboro' in the morning to the finish at Trinity Square in Boston, which was happily accomplished at 5.30 p. m., just one hour ahead of schedule time.

The incidents of the run were of course numerous and enjoyable, although lack of space forbids their mention here.

The riders were commanded by E. C. Hodges, acting captain of the Boston Bicycle Club, to whose excellent judgment and skilful leadership no little of the success and enjoyment of the excursion was due.

A Run up the Hudson.

Several members of the Brooklyn Bicycle Club recently participated in a run up the Hudson, of which a brief account has been furnished to us from notes taken upon the road by Mr. T. Hood Muir, Captain of the Brooklyn Bicycle Club. Proceeding by boat to Mothaven, we started for our run from that point, and soon found that we had got by mistake on the old Boston post road. To correct the error, we went *via* Jerome Park to Kingsbridge, at which point we struck the desired road and ran to Yonkers (12 miles). Previous to reaching Kingsbridge the road was very poor, but from that place to Yonkers very good macadam, with a couple of stiff hills. Our next stretch was to Irvington, a distance of 8 miles, and a good macadamized road. Thence to Sing Sing (9½ miles) we had considerable foot-path riding and several hills. Peekskill was the next objective point, but we stopped at Cruger's (4 miles from Peekskill) on account of the miserable roads, not even foot-paths being found. The distance from Sing Sing to Cruger's is 9 miles.

At Cruger's we took the train for New York, having ridden a total distance of 44½ miles, measured by the cyclometer, and visited several places of interest along the route.

The races of the Suffolk Club, which were fixed for the 18th ult. at Chestnut Hill, were postponed until Thanksgiving Day, when they will be held at Clyde Park, Brookline.

The Amateur Bicycle Championship of America.

The fourth annual meeting of the National Association of Amateur Athletics for championships in the various sports, took place Saturday, Sept. 20th, at the grounds of the New York Athletic Club at Mott Haven. The various feats accomplished in walking, running, pole leaping, hammer throwing, and tug of war, were very interesting, and called forth general commendation from the immense audience of ladies and gentlemen.

The racing for the two mile "Amateur Bicycle Championship of America" excited the most enthusiastic interest, and was keenly contested by the following gentlemen: E. P. Sharpe (54 inch wheel) of the Suffolk Club, Boston; S. B. Pomeroy (56 inch), Manhattan Athletic Club; W. M. Wright (56 inch), Short Hills Athletic Club; and L. H. Johnson (54 inch), Essex Bicycle Club. The track, a fifth mile oval of good cinder, had been badly cut up by the previous events, and a stiff breeze rendered it hard going down the home stretch. The contestants got away with a good start, Johnson, who had the pole, leading, but he was almost immediately passed by Sharp, who set a tremendous pace; on the third lap, Wright dashed into second place, and succeeded in holding it for a lap, when Johnson made a wonderful spurt, passed Wright and Sharp almost at the same time, and came in as he pleased in 7 minutes and 22 seconds. Pomeroy, who had spurted up on the second mile, came in second by 80 yards; Sharp, third, and Wright fourth.

To W. Johnson is thus attached the proud distinction of being the first Amateur Bicycle Champion of America.

"Rhody's" Initial Race.

The first event of importance connected with the new sport of bicycling in Providence, was a two mile race for amateurs, which took place at the Park Gardens on July 7th. The enterprising managers of the gardens, feeling interested in the sport, have put in a bicycle track, and on the Fourth of July put up a cup as a prize, to be raced for by amateur bicyclists; but the weather proving unfavorable, the race was postponed to the 7th. At 7 o'clock on that date five starters, all amateurs in the strictest sense of the word, responded to the call. Their names were Anthony, Parker, Johnson, Richmond and Thurber, all of whom got away in good form, Anthony taking the lead at once, with Richmond second, Thurber third, and Parker and Johnson about even for the fourth position. It was evident after the first lap that Parker and Johnson had nothing to do with the other three, although in justice to them it should be said that they rode machines which had been used to let, and possibly were not in perfect racing condition. Anthony held the lead, and Thurber soon passing Richmond, contented himself with "trailing" Anthony for a final spurt. After a mile and a half, Richmond, who was making a fine spurt to overtake the leaders, had a nasty fall, but was up and on again, although his chances of winning were entirely gone. When about one half of the last lap of the second mile had been traversed, Thurber, who was following Anthony, made a most elegant burst of speed, passed Anthony like a shot, and came in the winner of the race, in 8 minutes and 33 seconds, Anthony second, and Richmond third.

The result of the race was not anticipated, for Mr. Thurber, the winner, is only 15 years old, and of light build, while Anthony is older and apparently much stronger; but young Thurber promises to be one of our best riders in time. Many ladies graced the occasion with their presence, and cheer upon cheer rang out as "the boy" came in a handsome winner, by 75 or 100 yards. A. G. C.

The Providence (R. I.) Club Tournament.

The most important and in every way successful races ever held in this city were consummated on Tuesday, Sept. 2d, at the Park Garden, where the six lap track was in capital condition, the weather delightful, and the large and enthusiastic crowd of spectators as well pleased as could be desired.

The races were under the patronage of the Providence Bicycle Club, and were arranged by Mr. E. C. Churchill, to whose untiring energy and excellent judgment no little of the success which attended them was due. The judges were Messrs. E. W. Pope, Captain Massachusetts Bicycle Club; A. G. Carpenter, President Providence Bicycle Club; and Frank W. Weston, Secretary Boston Bicycle Club, and editor of the AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL.

Prior to the races the visiting riders, escorted by the Providence club, mounted at the railroad depot and rode in company to the gardens.

The races were three in number, and consisted of a two mile race, a one mile race, and a slow race of one-sixth of a mile.

The first event was the two mile race, in which the contestants for the final were L. H. Johnson, J. Holman, E. P. Sharp and J. E. Brown. These gentlemen had previously earned their positions in trial heats, which were rendered necessary by the narrowness of the track (fifteen feet), that did not admit of the six who entered for the race being started together. In the fourth lap, Johnson—who had the lead—attempted to turn the corner too sharply, and fell, giving the lead to Sharp, who won easily.

The second event was the slow race, the entries for which were Lovell, Holman and Knight. Lovell had to leave his machine before he had covered the first twenty yards, but Holman and Knight continued to the end, the former finishing some yards in the rear and being declared the winner.

The third and most exciting event of the day was the one mile race, for which the trial heats developed Sharp, Johnson, Brown and Thurber for the final. This race was very closely contested. Brown took the lead at the start, but soon gave way to Sharp and Johnson, the latter close pressed by Thurber. At the fourth lap the lead was assumed by Johnson, who retained it until within one hundred yards of the winning post, when Sharp, who was close behind, made a splendid spurt and crossed the line a FEW INCHES ahead, amid the wildest enthusiasm of the spectators.

The following is a summary of the racing:

TWO MILE RACE.

Sharp, 1st. Time 7 minutes 42 $\frac{3}{4}$ seconds.

Brown, 2d. Time 7 minutes 51 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds.

Holman, 3d. Time 9 minutes 48 $\frac{1}{4}$ seconds.

AWARDS.

First Prize. Gold Medal, value \$25. Sharp.

Second Prize. Silver Medal, value \$20. Brown.

Third Prize. Cyclometer, value \$10. Holman.

SLOW RACE, ONE-SIXTH MILE.

Holman, last. Time 7 minutes 48 seconds.

Knight, next. Time 7 minutes 41 seconds.

Lovell, withdrew.

AWARD.

Prize, a Cameo Ring, value \$10. Holman.

ONE MILE RACE.

Sharp, 1st. Time 3 minutes 29 seconds.

Johnson, 2d. Time 3 minutes 29 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds.

Thurber, 3d. Time 3 minutes 41 $\frac{3}{4}$ seconds.

AWARDS.

First Prize. Gold Medal, value \$20. Sharp.
 Second Prize. Silver Medal, value \$15. Johnson.
 Third Prize. Suspension Saddle, value \$10. Thurber.

After the awards were made, the assembled riders mounted and rode to Pawtucket in company, where a brief halt was made. The run back to Providence was made in quick time, the visitors from Boston just catching the express train to that city, and carrying with them the most pleasant memories of the Providence Club, its energy, enthusiasm, and its hospitality.

The Orange Races.

At the State Fair of the New Jersey Agricultural Society, held on the fair grounds on Friday, Sept. 19th. A concourse of not less than twenty-five thousand persons were present.

The bicycle racing opened with a "free to all" professional race of two miles for a purse of \$100, divided into three prizes.

The starters were Harrison, Parsons, Belard and Denoilles, and the result of the race gave first money to Harrison, (time 7.42 $\frac{3}{4}$); second to Belard; and third to Parsons.

The amateur race was for three prizes, value \$40, \$25 and \$10, respectively—distance one mile. The winners being Pomeroy, (first prize), Fields, (second prize), and Holman, (third prize). Pomeroy's time was 3.24.

The racing was under the patronage of the Essex Bicycling Club, and was witnessed by the spectators with great interest, amounting in many instances to unbounded enthusiasm.

The Danvers Races.

These races were held in the Park at Danvers, Mass., on the 25th of Sept., under the auspices of the Salem Bicycle Club.

The first event was for a gold medal—distance one mile—and was contested by five starters, viz: M. T. Morse of Beverly, A. W. Fuller of Lynn, and C. Murphy, J. Burbank, and F. C. Packard, of Salem. An interesting trial of speed resulted in a victory for Mr. Morse, time 3m. 10s., with Packard and Murphy a good second and third.

The next event was also for a gold medal, distance two miles, in which there were three starters, viz: W. O. Faulkner of Lynn, E. H. Porter of Salem, and R. Swanton of Peabody. The winner was Faulkner, time 10m. 12s., with Swanton not far in the rear. Porter withdrew after going a short distance, having found that the tire of his rear wheel was loose.

The Brockton (Mass.) Races.

The third day of the Brockton Agricultural Fair, (Oct. 23rd) brought an immense number of people from the surrounding districts to witness the mile bicycle race, which was one of the principal events of the day. Three prizes were offered: First, a silver ice pitcher; second, an elegant pair of opera glasses; and third, a clock. The race, mile heats, was handsomely won by F. H. Johnson of Brockton in two straight heats. The summary:

F. H. Johnson, Brockton.....	1
Charles S. Marshall, Brockton.....	2
George Washburn, Brockton.....	3
S. T. Gilman, Rockland.....	4 dr
W. H. Severance, Brockton.....	5 dr

Time—3.38; 3.36

Mr. Washburn declined to race off the tie for second prize, and that prize was awarded to Mr. Marshall, and the third to Mr. Washburn.

The track, however good for horse trotting, was in wretched

condition for the bicycle, but the contest was watched throughout with the utmost interest and enthusiasm by the spectators.

The New Haven (Conn.) Races.

The managers of the County Fair, held at Hamilton Park on Oct. 2nd, although achieving a success in all the other items of attraction, made a signal failure in the matter of the bicycle racing, for which they had offered prizes consisting of literary works—doubtless of exceeding value, but evidently not possessing the amount of attractiveness required to lure the New Haven 'cyclist into an expenditure of the sum of three dollars which was demanded as an entrance fee for the privilege of competing for their possession. In point of fact, there was not a single entry, and the offer of the literary prizes were therefore withdrawn.

Two half-mile scratch races were instituted by the riders present and were spiritedly contested, "for the fun of the thing," with the following results:

In the first race R. C. Wander of Hartford, F. L. Harrison of Hartford and C. P. Wurts, jr., of New Haven entered. Wander led from the start, making the quarter in 42 $\frac{3}{4}$ and the half in 1.32 $\frac{1}{2}$. Harrison was second and Wurts third. In the second race M. F. Tyler, John H. Whiting, F. L. Bigelow, F. J. Hiller, C. P. Wurts, jr., and John G. Root of New Haven entered. Mr. Tyler withdrew on the start. The others went over the course, Wurts leading from the first and making the quarter in 46 $\frac{1}{2}$ and the half in 1.36. Hiller was second, Bigelow third, Root fourth and Whiting fifth.

GERMANTOWN, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

EDITOR AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL:—

Our club (the Germantown Bicycling Club) has adopted the following whistle signals to be used on club runs; we have given them a thorough trial. I find for a new club, whose members have little time for practise, they are all that are needed.

One long whistle—"ready" or "fall in" (foot on step ready to mount); when *riding*, the same whistle means—"slow" or "caution."

Two short whistles—"mount," or if mounted, "dismount."

One short, followed by one long—"change from single to double file" or from double to single.

Only three whistles gives us six distinct signals. We start single file, eight yards apart; when riding double let distance between couples be ten yards; in changing from single to double, let every other rider advance to left of the preceding one, and, changing back to single, right hand rider accelerate and left drop in behind. WARREN H. POLEY, Captain.

[The whistle signal code is admirable, but the multiplication of codes, however good, should be avoided. If the Boston code—see No. 4 of this Journal—proves defective or unwieldy, it would be well to substitute for it something more simple, but ALL clubs should use it. The signal code, whether bugle or whistle, should be universal, and, in the monster meets which are undoubtedly before us, confusion will thereby be avoided.—ED.

The Vice-President of the Chicago Bicycling Club, accompanied by Mr. John G. Blow, has started on a 300 mile run to St. Louis. They intend to make easy work of it, and, upon arrival at the latter named city, will possibly continue their run southward, returning to more temperate climes with the spring.

Song to Bisakel.

(THE TUTELARY ANGEL.)

To Bisakel we sing to-day,
 Whose steely beams with fancy play,
 And make his wheels so brightly shine—
 Aurora's face is less divine.
 Sing him, and to the sliding throne
 Of sparkles which he goes upon.
 Io Pæans let us sing,
 No physic! Bisakel is king.

Sound all his praises with right fire,
 Captive bards support the lyre;
 With laurelled helmet for his head,
 Disciples dance about his tread;
 When on his rushing wire he plays,
 Scatter roses round, and bays.

Io Pæans let us sing
 To the bright pedalian king.

Professional.**The English and French Professional Champions.**

Mr. Harry Etherington, with the English ex-champion, Cann, and the French champion, Terront, arrived safely in New York in September last, and, after a brief stay in that city, came on to Boston, where they have made their headquarters at the warerooms of the Pope Manufacturing Company, 87 Summer street.

Keen and Stanton were detained in England, but will probably arrive here in the course of a week or two, if not sooner.

Mr. Etherington has lost no time in opening the ball, and has addressed the following letter to the professional riders of this country:

BOSTON, October 27, 1879.

There will be a 100 miles professional handicap race, at the tent on Huntington avenue in this city, on Saturday, November 1st, at 5 p. m. First prize, \$200, second prize, \$100, third prize, \$50. Any man who runs the distance will be allowed his expenses, provided he does not win a prize.

The handicapping will be done by members from the Boston and Massachusetts Bicycle Clubs.

The English and French champions will give any comer at least 10 miles start.

The track is specially prepared for these races, and is the best ever made in this country; it is of plank with raised corners, 8 laps to the mile, and 10 feet wide.

During the week commencing November 3d there will be a 6 days' race; 10 hours' riding each day. In this race, the Englishman and the Frenchman will be heavily handicapped to the extent of about 100 miles. There will be \$2,000 in prizes. First, \$1,000; second, \$500; third, \$250; fourth, \$100; and others. Any man who rides 600 miles will be allowed at least his expenses.

Please answer by return mail to

HARRY ETHERINGTON,
 Care of the Pope Manufacturing Co.,
 87 Summer street, Boston, Mass.

Letter from Harry Etherington.

PARKER HOUSE, BOSTON, October 28, 1879.

EDITOR AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL:

As my object in coming to this country with the English and French bicycle team was to demonstrate, if possible, our superiority upon the iron horse against man and horse, and having so far failed to find any American competitors willing to try to lower our colors, and not wishing to lose any more time, I now, through the medium of your columns, beg to offer the following challenge: I will match the Englishmen and Frenchman, consisting of Messrs. Keen, Stanton, Cann and Terront, either collectively or individually, against any team that can be organized, or person that can be found, in this big country, to compete in a race at any distance, from one mile up to two or three thousand, for any purse or prize from \$500 to \$2,000, the winner or winning team to receive all stakes and all gate money or receipts whatsoever accruing from the said contest, less necessary expenditure. To give our "cousins" an equal chance, I will handicap my team singly or collectively, to give all comers starts from 75, 100 to 150 or 200 miles in a six days' race, the races to be contested for in any large city in the United States where a suitable building and good track can be found. Or I will match my team, singly or collectively, against any one or two riders upon horses, number of horses to be determined upon according to distance or duration of race.

With this challenge, unless I receive an answer within a reasonable space of time, we shall soon bid adieu to this country, as we have a wider field at home. I am, my dear sir,

Yours respectfully, HARRY ETHERINGTON,
 Manager of the Team, and of the *London Bicycling Times*.

Transatlantic.**Fifty Miles Tricycle Race.**

It may not be in the recollection of the present generation of bicyclists how great a fillip bicycling received from the first inter-club race of 100 miles between the Surrey and Middlesex Clubs in 1874, but it is certain that that race did an immense deal for the sport. The Kensington Tricycle Club has now done for three-wheelers what the Surrey did of yore for bicycles by arranging, on the 10 inst., a Fifty Miles Championship Race. The course was from Kew Bridge to Black water, a distance of twenty-five miles, and back again. The road was partly macadam, partly gravel, and had about an equal amount of undulating and level surface. A strong head wind blew on the outward journey. At eleven o'clock a. m. the following faced the starter, Mr. Stephen Richardson, of *The Country*:

NAME.	MACHINE.
1. A. E. Derkinderen (Coventry) New Pattern	"Premier."
2. S. Corbett (Coventry)	"Excelsior."
3. M. D. Rucker (London B. C.)	"Devon."
4. F. Pearsall	—
C. Leeming (Sevenoaks)	—
J. Sparkes	"Tourist."
J. Richer (Twickenham)	"Velocite."
H. Etherington (Tam O' Shanter B. C.)	"Whitmore."
S. Cooper (Wolverhampton)	"Flying Eagle."
J. Mason (Kensington)	"Excelsior."
H. Mostyn (Royal Canoe Club)	"Salvo."
A. L. Buller (Kensington T. C.)	"Coventry."

A large number of bicyclists (about forty) accompanied the riders, who were started punctually to time, but it is worthy of

note that only two bicyclists, J. J. House (West London), and H. A. Barrow (North Surrey), went the whole distance. Etherington went off with the lead, which he kept up to Bedfont, some seven miles, when he was passed by Corbett, who then led, closely followed by Derkinderen until just before Blackwater, when Derkinderen ran into first place. The latter-named walked part of Egham Hill, and both stopped for refreshment at Virginia Water. The time of arrival at Blackwater of those men who did the outward journey was as follows:—Derkinderen 1.30; Corbett 1.30; Rucker 1.51; Pearsall 2.4; Sparkes 2.10; Cooper 2.15; Richer 2.15; and Leeming 3.10. Warman, who started at 11.15, turned two miles short of the distance. The leading men were kept four minutes at Blackwater, owing to the level crossing gate being closed. On the return journey Derkinderen gradually drew away from Corbett and passed the ninth milestone at Spring Grove, Isleworth (where the L. B. C. road race ends), at 3.35, going in splendid style. Corbett was ten minutes behind him, and was met by the writer at the Bell at Hounslow, at 3.40. Rucker, who was riding a machine weighing 120lb., reached Bedfont at 4.5, where he met a fellow-clubman who accompanied him in. Rucker walked Bagshot Hill only. At Virginia Water, Etherington stopped with a loose treadle and no spanner. DERKINDEREN, who rode Hillman and Herbert's new "Premier" Tricycle, with rotary motion, weighing only 60lb., and fitted with ball bearings, reached the goal first, at 3.55 p. m. or 4h. 55m. from the start; a wonderful performance, considering the hills and head wind. CORBETT came in second, at 4.6 p. m. It was 4.56 before Rucker saw the welcome portals of the "Star and Garter," but he gained the third prize, and also secured, by four minutes, one of the gold medals for doing "under six hours;" Pearsall came in fourth at 5.4, and Sparkes at 5.26. J. Richer reached the winning-post at 5.22 p. m. Cooper followed a few minutes after. Warman who, as we have stated, did not complete the distance by two miles, came in at 5.28. It should be mentioned that Cooper was delayed some fifteen minutes at the start owing to some slight repair being necessary to his "Flying Eagle." The average speed maintained by Derkinderen was over ten miles an hour, and several bicyclists, including Mr. Isidore Salamon, found the "Flying Dutchman" too warm before the wind for comfortable companionship. Mr. C. J. Fox, jun., proprietor of the *Bicycling Times*, was judge, and Mr. House took the times at Blackwater.—*Bicycling Times*.

The Railway Beaten at Last.

At a moment when American railroads are "telescoping" their carriages, leaving dead persons by the score to be buried in Michigan, Bavarian train-drivers are setting to the world a laudable example of leisurely travelling. They do not rush along at lightning speed; their motto is safety, combined with very moderate movement, and this they follow despite the jeers of the thoughtless and the jibes of the impetuous. So well have they succeeded, in fact, in lessening their pace, that they have just had the honor of being beaten by a bicycle, running from Wurzburg to Kaiserlautern. A student of the university of the first-named place made, it seems, a wager that he could traverse the distance mentioned quicker than the train, and going along at his best speed so effectually outstripped the locomotive as to be able to greet the passengers it took at the end of their journey. It is evident that the managers of this excellent safe railway have thus succeeded very fairly in their efforts to avoid haste. In course of time they may manage, by persistent effort, to go even slower than at present.—*The Bicycling Times (Eng.)*

[Just so! and perhaps we may yet see the day when bicycle out-riders will precede all railroad trains to look out for dangers ahead!—ED. A. B. J.]

The Cinder Track.

Progress in the proposed bicycle track has been somewhat delayed during the past week on account of the preparations for and excitement attendant upon the visit of the English professionals, and the coming races in which they are to compete.

A large amount of stock has been engaged, and in the course of a few days the subscription books will doubtless be opened to the public.

The Beacon Park scheme is temporarily abandoned, and the Boston Athletic Association will content itself with laying out—for lacrosse, foot-ball, cricket, and general field sports—the space enclosed by the trotting track.

From Kankakee.

Ped. Durham is the man whose courage and enterprise have been found equal to the undertaking of mounting the first bicycle ever beheld by the citizens of Kankakee, Ill., and this is what the local paper, the *Kankakee Gazette*, says about it:—

Ped. Durham is the happy but severely bruised owner of the first bicycle which has been brought into Kankakee. It is called an "improvement" on the old-style velocipede—that is, a man's chances for breaking his neck are greatly improved. It is a two-wheeled machine, one wheel directly behind the other. The front wheel is 48 inches high, the hind wheel 16 inches. The hind wheel is a mere appendage—like a tin pan on a dog's tail, and, like the tin pan, it has the effect of making the main body take a "bee line." Bicycle riding is universal among the young men in England, and is now "the rage" in the large Eastern cities. Fast time is made with these machines, the record showing a mile in 2.52. They are designed for road use, as high as 100 miles being made in eight hours over an ordinary country road. The book of instructions says the first to learn in bicycle riding is to mount and dismount. Ped. Durham learned the latter the first thing. Sometimes he dismounted backwards, and again he dismounted over the handles and front wheel. It is a good ways to the ground when a man dismounts this way. To ride a bicycle a firm trust in God is absolutely necessary—theoretically; practically, it doesn't make any difference; the deacon of a church will get off just as quick and get just as big a head put on him as the worst sinner in town. When a man gets the bicycle firmly started he can't stop 'er, and the first warders will be apt to hear for the next week or so Ped. Durham howling for somebody to "head him off."

The Elizabeth Bicycle Race.

THE ESSEX CLUB SCORES ANOTHER VICTORY.

One of the principal features in the annual sports of the Elizabeth (N. J.) Athletic Club on Saturday, the 18th inst., was a two mile bicycle race, in which L. H. Johnson, the well-known captain of the Essex Bicycle Club, and J. Faley, an Englishman lately arrived in this country, were the competitors.

Act 1.
The race was intensely exciting to the large assemblage of spectators, the riders spurring and taking the lead alternately, and at one time it looked as though Essex's redoubtable champion had met his match. On the last lap, however, Johnson came again to the front and captured his opponent. The race was gamely run by both the men. Time of the winner 7m. 19 2-5 sec.

THE AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL.

THE AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL will be published every other Saturday at noon. Our country readers will much oblige by reporting any failure in delivery.

All communications should be addressed, and all money should be sent to, Editor AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL, 178 Devonshire Street, Boston, Mass. To ensure priority of insertion all communications should reach us not later than noon on Wednesday preceding publication.

VOL. I of THE AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL will be sent to any address in the United States or Canada, postpaid, for \$2.50, paid in advance. Terms of Vol. 2 will be announced in a future number.

We will forward single copies of this journal, postage free, on receipt of price—ten cents.

All communications should be accompanied by the real names and addresses of the writers—not necessarily for publication—but as a guaranty of good faith. We cannot undertake to read anonymous letters, or to return rejected contributions. Write on one side of the paper only.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 1, 1879.

PROFESSIONAL BICYCLING.

The minor contests which have hitherto taken place here are not, strictly speaking, entitled, in any representative sense to the term, "professional." Professional bicycling, as such, will really receive its first exposition in this city to-day, and the enlarging of the field of professional athletics which the Anglo-Franco bicycle contest must certainly result in, is fraught with not a little importance as to the future of the bicycle throughout the country. Contests for supremacy, whether in matters athletic, political or national, have been going on from time immemorial, and will doubtless continue to the end, and where such are inspired by proper emulation and carried out with manly fairness, their results can but be creditable both to the contestants themselves and the cause in which their efforts are made. More particularly is this the case in athletics, and the jealous care with which the "amateur" seeks to guard his title is the direct outcome of that spirit of honor, which should be the distinctive of all who engage in athletic sports. The "professional" element, however, is unfortunately not so generally credited with that eager desire for absolute fairness which should outweigh all other considerations. There would seem to be considerable justification for this in the records of professional sporting events, in many of which—with the exception of bicycling—instances of dishonesty and fraud are too frequently to be met with. Nor has bicycling wholly escaped this stigma, although its very peculiarities have been found to operate on the side of fair dealing and honest behavior, to which fact indeed much of its success may be attributed. The advice of the traditional Quaker, "Get money, honestly if possible, but get money," has been appropriated so largely by the "professional" element, and has been acted upon so literally, that it is not to be wondered at if the public—especially in the face of some recent disclosures—are at last beginning to look on all

contests, which are held for a money consideration, with disfavor and suspicion.

Bicycling, in its professional practice, will, we hope and believe, do much in its own behalf to dispel this feeling, and to prove to the public at large that there is at all events one sport in which they can repose the utmost confidence, where competition in racing will mean in every case an absolute struggle for the supremacy, in which nothing but accident will prevent the better man from winning, and where the honor of victory will prove sufficient inducement to outweigh pecuniary considerations.

In this country we are fortunate in being able to profit by the experiences and mistakes of the mother land, and in one respect, at least, we should not fail to do so. The dividing line between amateur and professional, while it should be most strictly defined, should not be observed in a way to exclude one class from interest in the other. No professional contest should occur except under the auspices of an amateur club. In the coming races the handicapping will be done by a joint committee from the Boston and Massachusetts Clubs, and the judges will be gentlemen from the same organizations. For this reason the public will have absolute confidence in the management of these details, and a precedent should thus be established to be observed on all future occasions of a similar nature. In the men themselves, their reputation and record places them, as far as we know, above suspicion, and with such conditions the whole affair should be in every detail an unequivocal success.

These favorable conditions may not always be repeated. The temptations which can be offered to men whose skill or endurance can be expressed in one word, money, are sometimes irresistible, and the only surety of fairness in such cases lies in the absolute incorruptibility of those to whose hands the details and arrangements are entrusted. In the hands of the amateur clubs, whose honor will be directly at stake, such issues must be always safe, but even they must not forget that on their part eternal vigilance is the price of freedom from suspicion or justifiable complaint.

Just at the moment of going to press, the news of the postponement of the 100 race mile between Terront and Cann reaches us. The cause of the delay appears to have been that the violent gale which has been sweeping over the Back Bay for the last few days has proven too strong for the men of canvass, and it was found to be an absolute impossibility to place the mammoth tent, under which the races were to have been run, in position. The large number of spectators who were looked for from the suburbs of this city, and even from the outlying towns will, of course, be keenly disappointed, and doubtless in many cases seriously inconvenienced, but we are sure they will not deplore the delay more than do those having the matter in charge, to whom it appears not only in the light of a disappointment to the public, but of serious pecuniary loss to themselves.

We take such consolation as we may from the fact that "Old Prob" has telegraphed a probable change of wind. A large staff of men will be on the spot to take advantage

of the first lull, so as to have the tent ready for Monday, when the six days' bicycle contest will commence as advertised. Cann and Terront will reserve their conclusions in the 100 mile race until about the 10th inst.

We notice that our proof-reader, not satisfied with the liberal allowance of three K's in the euphonious word Kankakee on page 7, has felt himself obliged to substitute k for z in spelling *Gazette*. We sentenced him to repeat the words "Kankakee Gakette" sixty times a minute for one hour! If he survives this penance we propose to turn him over to the tender mercies of Mr. H. Sturmey, the editor of the anticipated new English bicycling paper, who may object to another initial being added to his name and also to the new manner of spelling Sturmey. Who would be an Editor!

Apropos of Sunday Exercise.

On the 20th of July last (being Sunday), ten gentlemen riding on their bicycles in South Abington or Brockton, overtook an Irishman and his wife in a buggy. The Irishman, in happy accordance with the genius of his race, made chaffing remarks as the bicyclists passed him, neglecting meanwhile the movements of his own steed which shied at about the fifth rider and thereby broke the whippletree of the buggy.

The bicyclists generously offered to pay for the damage caused, but the Irishman demanding \$100, his cheeky proposal was declined, and he thereupon gave the whole party into custody on a charge of violating the Sabbath. He claimed that he was driving to see a sick friend and was thus engaged on an errand of charity.

The result thus far reached, is, that each bicycle rider was fined \$10 and costs, from which decision they have all appealed.

Club News & Wheel Talk.

—Secretaries of various clubs have kindly forwarded particulars for club directory. Where we have not been able to use them in this number we hope to do so in our next.

—The Salem Bicycle Club, accompanied by members of the Lynn Club, and J. R. Dyer, of the Massachusetts Club of Boston, had an enjoyable run to Medford and return—a distance of thirty-four miles—on Thursday, the 30th of Oct., visited all the points of interest along the route, took dinner at the Medford House, and returned in the afternoon heartily pleased with their run.

—The Boston Bicycle Club held its seventeenth regular meeting at Vossler's on Monday, Oct. 6th, when the usual routine business was attended to.

—The "Boston Bicycle Club," and the "Massachusetts Bicycle Club" held a most successful out-and-home union run of two days duration to Northboro', Mass., and return, on the 24th and 25th of Oct. last. A detailed account of the excursion will be found in another column.

—Another two days' run—this time in Essex county—is under consideration, and will probably take place before the autumn weather, with its cool air and smooth roads, gives place to the chilly blasts and frozen ruts of winter.

—The President of the San Francisco Bicycle Club is spending a short time with the wheeling brotherhood of Chicago.

—The Howard Bicycle Club will hold its fall races at Jarvis Field Saturday, Nov. 8th, when the following events are to be decided: One mile open race; one mile maiden race, (open to men that have never taken a prize); one hundred yards slow race, two mile handicap.

REVIEWS.

THE AMERICAN BICYCLER; a Manual for the observer, the learner, and the expert, by *Charles E. Pratt, A. M., B. Bi. C.*

We owe to our readers, even more than to the author and the publishers of this elegant and useful little volume, an apology for having omitted until now an appropriate reference to its pages.

"The American Bicycler" is probably already in the hands of most of our readers of the bicycling fraternity, so that any lengthy review at this late date would be superfluous, but for those who have not yet possessed themselves of it, and especially for those who, not yet being riders, are desirous of knowing all that can be known of our delightful steed, pending a personal acquaintance, we will give a brief epitome of the well-selected and equally well arranged information Mr. Pratt's book contains.

The volume is 16mo. in size, contains upwards of 200 pages, printed on excellent tinted paper, lightly but strongly bound in flexible covers. The matter is comprised within about a dozen chapters in the following order:

Historical Sketch—Velocipedes.

"The Bicycle."

Manu'acture—Parts—Points of the Wheel.

Mechanics of "The Machine."

Suggestions for Learners.

Riding and Racing.

Laws and Courtesies of the Road.

Roads.

Races, Courses, Time, etc.

Clubs, Rules, Meets and Runs.

Review of 1878.

Foreign Summary, and

Bicycle Literature.

These various subjects are capitally illustrated with not less than twenty well executed engravings, that greatly assist the descriptions and explanations.

The "Historical Sketch" is a condensed and interesting narrative of the various inventions and developments that have resulted in the present apparently perfect machine for it is difficult to see any possible room for material improvement. The history of the velocipede covers a period of exactly one hundred years, the first machine of the kind having been manufactured in 1779. Then occur, as epochs 1816, 1818 (when it was first introduced into England), 1819 (when it was patented in the United States), 1821, 1828, 1865, 1866, 1867, 1868 and 1869.

Up to this date (1869), however, the velocipede, even in the best of its various forms, was a poor affair, and would make but a poor show by the side of the beautiful and easily manipulated bicycles of to-day.

Our space will not permit, even if it were necessary, any further reference to the remainder of the volume than is contained in the list of headings of the several chapters. The size and form is not cumbrous even for the breast-pocket, and the price (75 cents) is extremely reasonable and an excellent investment for every rider.

The bicycle interest in this country is greatly indebted to Mr. Pratt for his unselfish and successful effort to meet a want which would be much more felt if it had not been so promptly and so well supplied. The name of the publishing firm—Houghton, Osgood & Co., Boston—is a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of the mechanical part of the production.

We strongly advise all bicycle riders to examine the manual for themselves, being confident that if the do so scarce' will fee' that he can do without it

The Light of the Stud.

BY D.

Bicycle's the sun of our stable,
His beams the spokes so fine;
We planets that so are able
With him to roll and shine.
Let circling mirth abound;
We'll all grow bright
With *borrowed* light,
And shine as he goes round.

Correspondence.

[We do not hold ourselves responsible for the views expressed by our correspondents and contributors.]

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 23, 1879.

EDITOR AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL:—

Last evening at the call of the Philadelphia Club, a large and enthusiastic meeting of bicyclers was held in Horticultural Hall, to hear the report of the committee appointed by that club to confer with the Park Commissioners in regard to riding in Fairmount Park. Mr. T. K. Longstreth, the president of the Philadelphia Club, having called the meeting to order, introduced Mr. Furgeson, who said that the Park Commissioners have granted us the privilege of riding from daybreak until twelve o'clock noon, on Belmont avenue, and on the walks north and south of that avenue, and in the East Park along the reservoir road and the asphaltum walks as far as the Lincoln monument—this is a distance of about two miles, though not continuous—until the first day of December. He also said that all the members of the Park Commission, save one, were in favor of bicycles in the Park, and one said we should have "the whole Park at all times," yet, as you probably know, Philadelphia is a slightly conservative place, and one honorable commissioner seems to have power to control all the others—at least to hold them in check. So, until something can be done with this unreasonable being (he has already been pretty nearly talked to death), we will have to content ourselves with our present privileges.

Mr. Tutle, who, though not a bicycler, has taken great interest in our securing the Park, cautioned inexperienced riders to keep away from there, saying that the first accident which might be caused, either directly or indirectly, by a bicycle, would result in our banishment from the Park for all time. Another gently suggested that inexperienced *drivers* be kept out of the Park, and he said that drivers were usually more frightened by the bicycle than their horses were.

It was finally resolved that, though we have the privilege of riding in the Park until 12 at noon, no riders should enter after ten, and all should leave as soon after that time as possible, taking all possible care to observe the rules and courtesies of the road.

A committee was then appointed to draw a series of rules relative to riding hours, &c., and to have the same printed and furnished all bicyclers in Philadelphia. Messrs. Paley, Blakeston, Tucker and Longstreth were appointed a committee.

A vote of thanks was unanimously given Mr. Tucker for the important services he has rendered in promoting our interests in the Park.

Prof. Rollinson advised the use of bells, saying that they were almost universally used in England, and in some towns the use of a bell by day and lamp at night is compulsory.

In the recent Club run taken by the Germantown Club to Mt. Holly, the last seven miles of the return were made in thirty-five minutes, completely disgusting several "high-flyers" who endeavored to keep up.

Two or three members of the Philadelphia Club intend making the run from the City to New York in one day, if they can—distance 98 miles—roads so far as known very bad.

T.

CHICAGO, Oct. 24, 1879.

EDITOR AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL:—

Our Club has started with about a dozen members. Our officers being A. W. McClure, President; Geo. D. Hoffman, Vice-President (also Secretary and Treasurer), and myself as Captain. We are having a little trouble with the Park Officers, but still we are happy, and next spring hope to blossom in fine style. We have a number of riders that I expect it will be hard to "dust" on the road. I myself want a brush with a "slow mile" man; none of my Club care to accommodate me. I ran the first machine as a regular thing here, and consider myself the pioneer, though Mr. Fairfield, the agent here, had the first ride. We have the finest riding ground in the world. That is a large statement, but 'tis so. Our Boulevards, thirty-five miles around the city, smooth as a billiard table, and as soon as we get the upper hand—which is a matter of time only—of the Park Commissioners we will be happy to start a "Grand Meet."

I am now having a "hand to hand" encounter with the "Buglet." The more I blow the more blown I become. My neighbors are moving out to the woods, but still I do not despair.

Our uniform has not yet been decided on. Our colors are black and gold. Our badge is to be the above design in gold and jet, and we think it will take the lead. How do you like it?

Very Truly, FRED H. BROWNE,
Captain of C. Bi. C.

EDITOR AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL:—

The "York Bicycle Club" is a myth. One of the sub-editors of one of our papers began publishing little notices in reference to the bicyclers here, and if he has succeeded in telling the truth in a single instance it has failed to come to my notice.

In his imagination he formed a club, elected officers, got up races, etc., *ad tandem*, when nothing of the kind has been so much as talked of by the bicyclers. There are but four bicycles in the county: A. N. Green, Esq., Profs. S. B. Heiges and S. B. Gensler, and the undersigned, are the owners. We are all delighted with them, and would not be without our "wheel" for double the money invested. If at any time we organize a club, I will apprise you of the fact.

Yours truly, D. K. TRIMMER, York, Pa.

[We hope you will soon be able to do so.—ED.]

EDITOR AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL:—

In your last issue (page 9) you specify "the worst road discovered so far." I know it not; but if that road could be laid close alongside the one from Stowe through Sudbury taken on our last excursion, and start a bicycler on each for a *slow* race, I know which one I wouldn't be slow to bet on—dismounts to be allowed every two minutes. Respectfully yours,

SANDY.

—Here is a couplet from an old hymn that well expresses the sentiments of a great many when first attempting the wheel:

"Lord, the case is now with me
As with Peter on the sea!"

Challenge Medal Races, Providence, R. I.

The Providence Bicycle Club, in conjunction with the Brown University Athletes, held their fall meeting at Park Garden, Providence, on Wednesday, Oct. 29th. The principal attractions were, of course, the bicycle races, and despite the inclemency weather, a large attendance of spectators was secured.

The most important of the proposed races was a ten mile spin for a gold challenge medal, value \$50, the gift of Jesse Howard, Esq., one of the most earnest and valuable adherents to the sport that "Little Rhody" has yet developed.

The conditions of the race required that the winner should become victorious in three races of ten miles each before the medal could be considered as his own personal property; the medal being meanwhile in the care of the Providence Club.

The entries on this occasion consisted of four riders—Messrs. A. L. Carpenter, E. C. Churchill, W. H. Richmond and R. L. Lippitt. The start was a flying one, and the lead was at once assumed by Lippitt, who maintained it throughout, although at one time he was so closely pressed by Churchill that victory trembled in the balance. A plucky and well contested race finally won by Lippitt, in 42 minutes 59 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, the second place being secured by Churchill in 43.30.

The severe northerly gale which was blowing retarded the riders considerably.

The mile race and the half mile race, which the programme called for, were postponed on account of the darkness, but the spectators were treated to some fine bursts of speed by Messrs. Cann and Terront, the English and French professional riders, who where present; Cann making two miles in 7m. 6s., and Terront the same distance in 7m. 7s.

Mr. Harry Etherington, of the English *Bicycling Times*, made a mile during the strongest part of the gale, in 3 minutes 43 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds.

The Judges were Messrs. Hodges of the Boston Bicycling Club, and Carpenter and Howard of the Providence Bicycling Club.

A new bicycling paper, to be called the *Cyclist*, is announced to appear in England early this month. The editor and proprietor will be W. Henry Stowmley, author of the "Indispensable" and other standard works of bicycling reference and interest. We extend to our new contemporary cordial greetings and good wishes.

Answers to Correspondents.

G. P., Germantown—Your favors received, and information used. Please keep us advised of other matters in connection.

H. R., Worcester—We prefer the thumb, but the grip-brake is the more powerful, and on that account should generally be put on with the finger alone, and not with the whole hand.

J. W. K., Rochester—Please let us hear from you at earliest convenience.

I. R., Racine—We have forwarded your order, but have not yet received your authority to place you on subscription list.

T. H. M., Brooklyn—Much obliged; but please do not use unnecessary abbreviations, and please do write on one side of the paper only.

A. E. W., Northboro'—You may depend upon a call whenever we are again on the charming roads in your vicinity.

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S orrespondence.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TEN.]

EDITOR AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL:

The Worcester Club had a very successful "meet and run," Thursday, 18th Sept., when we went to Westboro', Mass., to attend the annual Agricultural Fair, in response to an invitation from the committee of arrangements. We met (ten in number) at Salem square at 8.30 a. m., and started in single file, small wheels ahead, and made quite a show. Our route through Shrewsbury and Northboro'; we rode very easily, making frequent stops, and arriving at Westboro' at about 11 o'clock, where we were received with quite a demonstration.

At 3 p. m., after a first-class dinner, we formed in line again and paraded the principal streets. Then came the racing—although it hardly deserved that term, as the road was in such a rough condition. A series of half mile trial heats resulted in bringing Messrs. E. F. Tolman, J. C. Brown, H. A. Tenney and F. S. Pratt, to the scratch for a chance in the final. After quite a good race Mr. Tolman took first prize, a Cyclometer; Mr. Brown second, a Hub Lamp, and Mr. Tenney third, a Diploma with signatures of the managers of the fair. No time taken.

Eight of us decided to remain in town during the evening and so went home in the cars. Tolman and Brown rode home in one hour and thirty-five minutes over between fifteen and twenty miles of not remarkably good road. It was to us all a very enjoyable occasion in every respect *except the racing*, which was done on a very poor track and in the face of a strong head wind. We shall never try it again unless under circumstances different.

Yours respectfully,
WM. R. LOVELL, Secretary.

NEWARK, N. J., October 31st, 1879.

EDITOR AMERICAN BICYCLING JOURNAL:

Dear Sir,—As we know, there is but one organ of the bicycling interest in this country, and all who are interested in the success of the wheel and the doings of those who are developing and endeavoring to utilize this charming mode of locomotion, look up to that organ for information and guidance. Such being the case, you will readily believe that many of your readers were surprised in looking over the last issue of your paper, which was published some time after the Amateur Championship Games of the National Association of Amateur Athletes of America were contested, at Mott Haven, New York, to find no mention made of the bicycle race for the amateur championship of America, one of the most warmly contested events, perhaps, that has been decided in the history of American bicycling. As Boston was well represented by one of its best riders, we cannot understand why the event was not recorded in the *Journal*. "Honor to whom honor is due" is an established maxim, and it does seem to us that the record of the first championship of America should be found in your journal. The time was not extraordinary because the wind and track were both unfavorable for speed.

Yours, SECRETARY ESSEX BICYCLING CLUB.

[Owing to failure of our correspondent to mail to us in time, the account did not reach us before going to press. It will be found in this number, and in future ALL bicycle news of every kind will appear regularly and promptly, *every fortnight*.—ED.]

—By means of the Wheel young men can now go round, get high, and be fast, without any moral detriment.

Washington to Boston.

The Capitol Bicycle Club of Washington, D. C., escorted their president, Max Hausmann, Esq., and their sub-captain, Dr. H. M. Scholey, on the morning of October 2d, the first stage—that is, as far as Brightwood—on a projected bicycle ride to Boston.

Taking leave of their escort at Brightwood, the two tourists enjoyed a delightful run to Baltimore, though the day was warm, and arrived there at about 6 p. m.; distance (by their route), 45 miles. Leaving Baltimore at 9.30 the next morning, they arrived, about dark, at a farm-house about 7 miles past Havre de Grace, and remained there all night. The farmer was in the height of business—canning fruit—and had a housefull of help, but he kindly did the best he could by giving them a blanket and a shake-down in the barn. The roads this day were bad, and the distance made only 30 miles.

At 6 a. m. on the 4th they left the farm and started on a 42 mile ride to Wilmington, Del. The last three miles they found a splendid road, and they drew up at the Logan House at 6 p. m. escorted by about 200 boys. Our riders found the accommodations of the Logan House first-class, and the prices reasonable; they recommend the same to brother tourists.

Leaving Wilmington at 8 a. m. on the 5th, they had got as far as Chester (14 miles) when the doctor's back-bone broke. (To prevent mistakes, perhaps it should be explained that it was the doctor's bicycle's back-bone that met with this catastrophe.) An hospitable stranger appeared at the right moment, dined them at his house, and entertained them four hours until the cars came by, when they proceeded to Philadelphia.

At Philadelphia they were met by some bicyclists, one of whom took care of them that night. The bicycle having been repaired, they left the Quaker City at 12.30 p. m. on the 6th, and rode to Bristol (18 miles); road good to Holmesbury, but indifferent after that. Dined at the Clossen House, then on to Trenton. Another misfortune to the doctor; this time it was his spring that broke, but, with the aid of some string and a piece of rubber hose, they managed to repair it themselves and go on to the State Street House, where they put up for the night. Accommodations good.

On the 7th, at 2.30 p. m., the bicycle having been made all right again, they started on their route; road, for first 3 miles, bad; after that, capital old red shale road to Harlingen, where they arrived at 5.30 (21 miles). The only hotel is Mrs. Schomp's, at which they stopped and found accommodations good and charges reasonable.

Left Harlingen at 6.30 a. m. on the 8th, and stopped at Scotch Plains for dinner, after which another break-down—this time Max Hausmann's machine. This accident was repaired by the machinist of a felt-mill, who—with a chivalry more common in mechanics than in any other class—would make no charge for his services. Arrived in New York at 7 p. m. The roads traversed this day were fair, and in some localities first-rate. (Distance 54 miles.)

Leaving New York by boat at 9.30 on the 9th, our tourists proceeded to Harlem, and mounting at 164th street rode to New Rochelle, where they dined; the roads were bad. Then on to Stamford, Conn.; hilly, but fair road. Stopped at the Union Hotel that night. Accommodations good. (Distance 36 miles.)

Starting from Stamford at 7.30 a. m. on the 10th, over hilly but fair roads, they arrived at the Atlantic House, Bridgeport, where they dined and then went on to New Haven, arriving at 5.30 p. m. Distance this day 40 miles, having once missed

their way. The Tremont House at New Haven was their resting place that night, after a visit to Thompson's riding-school and making the acquaintance of brother bicyclers. Accommodations good.

New Haven was left in the rear at 7.30 a. m. of the 11th, and when about 15 miles out the doctor's unfortunate metallic spine again collapsed, and they had to walk back as far as Wallingford and take the cars to Hartford. Mr. Fairfield, of the Columbia Bicycle Factory, kindly received them and repaired the broken bicycle, so that they soon mounted again and ran on to Windsor—the last two miles with only one crank to Max Hausmann's machine, the other having broken.

Leaving machines at Windsor, they spent Sunday (the 12th) with friends at Springfield, and on Monday, the 13th, having had crank repaired at Hartford and the machine forwarded to Windsor, they mounted once more at the latter place at 10.30 a. m. After a stay of an hour or two at Springfield, the road to which was good, they rode forward to Palmer, arriving at 7.30 p. m. over bad roads. The Nassawanna House, with good accommodations, received them that night.

Leaving Palmer on the 14th, at 7.30 a. m., they pursued their way to Shrewsbury (44 miles), the roads being hilly, but good when within 12 miles of Shrewsbury.

At 8 a. m. on the 15th they mounted again, and had proceeded as far as Framingham when an accident to Max Hausmann's machine disabled it, so that he took the cars to Boston, and the doctor completed his share of the tour on his machine, arriving at Charles street at 12.30 p. m., having made the last 24 miles in 2h. 25m.

It is noticeable that the local press sometimes alluded to our friends as *professional* riders.

Answers to Correspondents.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE ELEVEN.]

C. A. B., Salem—Your item received. Will use it in this number. Please keep us advised. W. Philbrick is about to make a list of subscribers in your city; by helping him you will help us, the cause and yourself.

H. W. K., Newark—Your favor with enclosure duly received, for which, thanks. You will notice the remark at close of your letter. In next number we will more fully explain.

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AND

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THURSDAY, NOV. 6th,

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The Bicycling World

VOLUME I.
No. 1.

BOSTON, 15 NOVEMBER, 1879

[TEN CENTS A COPY.
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CHARLES E. PRATT : Editor and Manager.
THE BICYCLING WORLD CO. : Publishers and Proprietors.

CURRENTE CALAMO

The jaunty bicycler of the cut on our inside page waves his last good-by to-day. His cap was lost by the wayside long ago; his bicycle is already antiquated, and the scenes have changed. He is still ahead of his winged pursuer, after two years of the fervid race, and is good for another spurt. But the heavy scroll impedes; it is caught from him by a brisker breeze, and gracefully, as a winner should, he dismounts.

"The world was not made in a day," nor is THE BICYCLING WORLD perfected in one number.

It's Cann and Will both with one of our visiting riders.

Our interpreting bicycler, Patrie, speaks of the visiting French champion in a way that sounds as "Mr. Tear on." And nimbly he does Terront.

When the funny man of *Harper's Bazar* artist corps is proposed for admission to a club, we hope he will not be black-balled on account of his recent giving himself away. It's Worth something to have such an erratic wobbler to amuse us.

"Alas, poor Yor(ic)k!" That bicycle club is reported to be "a myth," after all. But perhaps the announcement was a prophecy. With a nucleus of four riders it will soon have its club. Already Pennsylvania, with its four, stands next to Massachusetts in its number of these aids to enjoyment.

With its usual enterprise *Lippincott's* leads the magazines with the first article on the bicycle, though it was not the first to move in the matter. It is a stiff up-grade to those lofty editorial *sancta*, but they will all be reached in time.

Whatever their political opinions or expectations may have been, forty wheelmen, at least, will have kindly feelings of loyalty to the new Governor of Massachusetts, and long remember the courtesy which prompted him, in the midst of a busy campaign, to remain at his home in Hingham until one o'clock, that he might extend his hospitable cheer and coffee to the far-spinning excursioners.

By the way, if the Governor and Council were "able and discreet" enough to adopt the free and independent bicycle on their usual rounds, what an amount of expenses would be saved to the State, and how easily the question of free passes could be settled!

It looked very much, last week, as if Harry Etherington had introduced a new commodity of Canned beat to us Americans. But Terront spoiled that joke.

President Chandler, of the Suffolk Bi. C., knows a good run when he finds it. He took one down the Blackstone valley this season, and was greeted by a hearty Uxbridge citizen: "Well, you and Van Amburgh's circus are the only people that's been down this way for twenty year."

People who bow to us at the news-stand should remember that our paper is like a nut, in having the meat inside,—and crack it.

"Every one knows that we have in this country no bicyclists able to make any sort of a show against the Englishmen." — *Spirit of the Times*, 8 Nov., 1879.

Now how does "every one" know that, Mr. *Spirit*? Cann has already been beaten fairly on his fastest mile by two Americans. And bicyclers know that our fastest racing men at present are among the amateurs. Let Mr. Etherington try a match with some of these, or bring on some amateurs who can. Our sporting contemporary might be just as bright and yet be a little less supercilious towards bicycling.

One thing happens to all alike,—bicyclers or non-bicyclers,—sooner or later we must all take a header, as the parson said when he passed the cemetery.

He came up to us in the tent one evening, last week, a drooping, dreamy-eyed young man, and said, "I have a charming little roundelay on—

"Beautiful, bonnie bright blanket of snow,
Downily draping the"—

Here he made a cæsural pause, and tried in vain to lift his hat from his nose and ears. He was borne outside by shivering men in knee-breeches. They rolled him in the "beautiful blanket." They tucked the corners of it into his mouth and neck. They set him on a frosty bicycle, and gave him a start. It was a charming little round he lay on the beautiful, etc., and he felt no doubt, as we did, that it is a cold, cold world—for November.

THE CLUBS REVIEWED

I. THE SUFFOLK BICYCLE CLUB.

This club is the largest in point of membership, and first in the number of its long and short distance amateur riders, of known strength and skill, in America. It was first organized in the spring of 1878, by a number of young gentlemen of Boston, who framed for its government a constitution of eleven articles, twelve by-laws, fourteen road rules, and eight racing rules, all of which, however, were not formally adopted, though for the most part acted under during the riding season of 1878. The strong interest taken by its members soon developed some accomplished riders; their success encouraged others; races, both public and private, were engaged in; the Club grew in numbers, and, at the close of the season in 1878, a new set of rules and a change in organization were found necessary to meet the requirements of a body of this kind.

The first meeting for the reorganization of the Club was held February 27, 1879, when new rules (printed below), modelled after the best attainable English rules, were presented and adopted. In these rules the English practice was followed, of directing the business of the Club in as simple a way as practicable, because complexity, undesirable in any organization, was specially to be avoided in a club formed for a healthful and pleasurable exercise. From this time the number of members rapidly increased, and the roll, including three honorary members, now numbers eighty.

The growth of the Club necessitated a club-room, which was hard to find, as the requirements of a bicycle club are peculiar. A room, answering the purpose reasonably well, was at last obtained at 36 Charles street, Boston. This club-room is believed to be the most complete of its kind, either in England or America. In England very few bicycle clubs have club-rooms.

The Suffolk Club-room is intended not only to furnish a convenient place for club meetings, but a reading-room, where all the periodicals of value relating to bicycling, with the more important sporting papers, English and American, are to be had, as well as a dressing-room, where lockers, with washing accommodations, are at hand as a convenience to riders. The room is also provided with some of the best maps and itineraries of the State, so that members may acquaint themselves with the roads, and arrange tours over any part of the Commonwealth. A bulletin-board is used to convey the latest intelligence, and a complaint or suggestion book is kept for hints or requests as to the conduct of the rooms or wants of members. There is a janitor in charge, whose services the members can command, and the rooms are always accessible to members by key.

Without giving the record of its racing members in

detail—a record which has improved with each succeeding season, and which has for the most part appeared in the press of the day—we print below the rules of this Club, together with a list of its present officers and members.

RULES.

1. This Club shall be named the "SUFFOLK BICYCLE CLUB."
2. The Officers of the Club shall be a President, Captain, Sub-Captain, five Directors, and a Secretary who shall also be Treasurer.
3. The Officers shall be elected by ballot at the Annual Meeting in March, by a majority of votes, and shall serve until successors are chosen.
4. The business of the Club shall be attended to by the Club Committee, which shall consist of the five Directors, and the President, Captain, Sub-Captain, and Secretary, *ex-officio*.
5. Five members of the Club Committee shall form a quorum at Committee meetings.
6. Reports of the Club Committee must be approved by a two-thirds vote of the members of the Club present and voting, excepting reports on the Election of Members, under Rule Nine.
7. Membership to the Club shall be strictly confined to gentlemen amateurs.
8. An amateur is one who has never competed for public money, or with a professional for a prize, public money, or admission money, and who has never taught or assisted in the pursuit of athletic exercises as a means of livelihood.
9. Any gentleman wishing to join the Club must be proposed, and be seconded by two members of the Club; his name and address, with the names and addresses of those who propose and second him, shall then be referred to the Club Committee, who shall report thereon at the next Club meeting, at which two black balls shall exclude. An applicant excluded may be reported by the Club Committee at the next meeting; if excluded then he shall not be again reported for six months. There shall be but one balloting on each name at any meeting.
10. The entrance fee shall be one dollar, and the annual subscription shall be five dollars. The entrance fee and first subscription shall be paid on election, and future subscriptions shall be paid at the Annual Meeting.
11. On Club runs the Captain always takes the lead, the Sub-Captain in the rear. In the absence of the Captain the Sub-Captain takes the lead.
12. The Secretary and Treasurer shall keep all the books and papers of the Club, and produce them at all meetings, and at such other convenient times as required by members. He shall report annually, or oftener, if required by the Club.
13. The Annual Meeting shall be on the first Tuesday in March; and Monthly Meetings shall be held on the first Tuesday of each month. Special Meetings may be called by the President, or at the request in writing of any three members.
14. Any member who violates any rule of the Club may be fined by the Club Committee; and, if the conduct of any member is objectionable, he may be expelled by a two-thirds vote of members at a regular meeting.
15. Alterations or additions to the Club Rules may be made at a general meeting, after notice at a preceding meeting, by a two-thirds vote of members present and voting.

SUFFOLK BICYCLE CLUB.

HEAD-QUARTERS, 36 CHARLES STREET, BOSTON.

OFFICERS, 1879.

President	:	:	:	:	ALFRED D. CHANDLER.
Captain	:	:	:	:	JOHN C. SHARP, Jr.
Sub-Captain	:	:	:	:	G. TAPPAN FRANCIS.
Secretary and Treasurer	:	:	:	:	F. ELLIOT CABOT.

Directors.

GEORGE E. CABOT.	CHARLES P. CURTIS, Jr.
RUSSELL S. CODMAN.	Dr. JAMES DWIGHT.
	ARTHUR R. SHARP.

MEMBERS, NOVEMBER 1, 1879.

Abbott, Frederick B.	.	11 Commonwealth avenue.
Abbott, Gordon	.	11 Chestnut street.
Adams, George C.	.	Quincy, Mass.
Agassiz, George R.	.	Quincy street, Cambridge.
Ames, Oliver	.	North Easton, Mass.
Aspinwall, Thomas	.	Brookline, Mass.
Aspinwall, William H.	.	" "
Atkinson, Charles H.	.	" "
Bacon, Francis E., Jr.	.	276 Beacon street.
Beals, George W.	.	211 " "
Bigelow, Prescott	.	6 Marlboro' street.
Borland, William G.	.	229 Beacon street.
Brewster, Paul	.	118 Federal street.
Bullard, John E.	.	465 Broadway, Cambridge.
Cabot, Edward C.	.	60 Devonshire street.
Cabot, F. Elliot	.	Cambridge, Mass.
Cabot, Francis H.	.	" "
Cabot, George E.	.	" "
Cary, Hamilton W.	.	64 Beacon street.
Chandler, Alfred D.	.	150 Devonshire street.
Codman, A.	.	68 Mt. Vernon street.
Codman, Russell S.	.	57 Marlboro' street.
Coolidge, David H., Jr.	.	74 Chestnut street.
Coolidge, John G.	.	147 Beacon street.
Coolidge, J. Randolph, Jr.	.	147 " "
Crehore, Morton S.	.	71 Newbury street.
Crocker, George U.	.	247 Commonwealth avenue.
Curtis, Charles P., Jr.	.	20 " "
Dana, Richard H., Jr.	.	30 Court street.
Dwight, Dr. James	.	70 Beacon street.
Eaton, Frank S.	.	17 Louisburg square.
Fenno, J. Brooks, Jr.	.	22 Louisburg square.
Francis, Charles, Jr.	.	Chestnut Hill, Mass.
Francis, George H.	.	Brookline, Mass.
Francis, G. Tappan	.	Chestnut Hill, Mass.
Goddard, George A.	.	1 Mt. Vernon place.
Grant, Patrick, Jr.	.	14 Commonwealth avenue.
Green, William L.	.	110 Newbury street.
Hooper, Russell	.	264 Beacon street.
Iasigi, Albert W.	.	43 Mt. Vernon street.
Jaques, Eustace	.	135 Commonwealth avenue.
Kane, Woodbury	.	22 Beck Hall, Cambridge.
*Lawrence, Amos A.	.	Chapel Station, Brookline.
Lewis, George, Jr.	.	Highland street, Roxbury.
Lee, Elliot C.	.	96 Beacon street.
Little, David M.	.	2 Commonwealth avenue.
*Little, James L.	.	2 " "
Little, Philip	.	2 " "
Minot, Chas. H., Jr.	.	Berkeley and Marlboro' streets.
Motley, E. Preble	.	22 Commonwealth avenue.
Nash, N. C., Jr.	.	Arlington, Mass.
Otis, Herbert F.	.	139 Beacon street.
Parker, Chas. A.	.	50 Matthews Hall, Cambridge.
Preston, James F.	.	35 Brimmer street.
Reed, Arthur	.	78 Devonshire street.
Richards, Henry N.	.	Brookline, Mass.
Richardson, John	.	10 Chestnut street.
Ross, John H.	.	Forest Hill street, Jamaica Plain
Rotch, A. L.	.	Commonwealth avenue.
Saltonstall, Richard M.	.	Chestnut Hill, Mass.
Sears, Richard D.	.	51 Beacon street.
Silsbee, Thomas	.	237 " "
Shaw, Louis A.	.	Jamaica Plain.
Sheafe, Edwin	.	37 Newbury street,
Sohier, William D.	.	5 Park square.
Smith, Robert D., Jr.	.	48 Mt. Vernon street.
Sharp, Arthur R.	.	54 Commonwealth avenue.
Sharp, Edward P.	.	Howard avenue, Dorchester.
*Sharp, Dr. John C.	.	54 Commonwealth avenue.
Sharp, John C., Jr.	.	54 " "
Storer, John H.	.	16 Little's Block, Cambridge.
Sturgis, John H., Jr.	.	Brookline, Mass.
Tebbets, John S.	.	5 Exeter street.
Tilden, C. Linzee	.	117 Milk street.
Thorndike, Albert	.	22 Garden street, Cambridge.
Warren, Fiske.	.	Mt. Vernon street.
White, F. D.	.	Milton, Mass.

* Honorary Member.

Whiting, Charles	.	12 Holyoke Hall, Cambridge.
Whitney, Ellerton P.	.	54 Boylston street.
Whitwell, Frederick S.	.	239 Beacon street.

TOURS AND EXCURSIONS

A RUN IN JERSEY.

My winged steed was growing impatient in its stable for want of exercise, and election day presenting a favorable opportunity for a run; a number of us agreed to try the Jersey sands. Leaving home at 7 a.m., I proceeded quickly to the polls, where I met a fellow-cycler, and having done our duty to our country, we kept on our way, crossing the Schuylkill by Gray's Ferry bridge, and then through the City of Brotherly Love to South-st. Wharf, where on the Gloucester ferry-boat we found a number of shining steeds whose owners greeted us most warmly. The twenty minutes spent in steaming down the Delaware passed most pleasantly as we oiled and tightened our machines, and then sat in the upper cabin and indulged in ludicrous remarks at the expense of passing craft. At 8.20 a.m. we left Gloucester, nine in number, all in high spirits, riding in single file along the southern turnpike, a little sandy at first, but soon hard and firm as any floor. As we rounded the corner at the first toll-gate I looked back and saw a pretty sight as the steel spokes glistened in the morning sunlight and the blue and gray shirts (representing respectively the Philadelphia and Germantown clubs) marched straight on with a narrower gauge than even the new railroad to Atlantic City. The Jersey turnpikes are generally made of fine gravel, rounded well up in the middle, and sloping more or less abruptly down on either side, with one good wagon track that is quite hard, and with soft slopes outside of it; but the drivers were mostly considerate enough to turn out for us a foot or two, and allow us to go by them without changing our course. In thirty minutes we reached Woodbury (5 m.) where we joined the citizens in running to a small fire; but the old-fashioned hand fire-engine which they brought out was not even put into use, so we soon took up the line of march, and at 9 a.m. were on our way down the incline to Mantua creek. A drove of steers going in the same direction was a decided hindrance for some time, and one large animal turned directly across my path, so that I ran plump into his side; he was less incommoded than I was, but I soon remounted, and with the others toiled up Cooper's hill, not steep but long, and with the strong westerly wind it made us blow. At Mantua (3 m.) the people stared, with mouths wide open, but on we sped; our ranks now scattered through Lawrenceville, then down a smart incline with legs over handles to Raccoon creek and up to Mullica hill (5 m.), where at 9.50 we halted to give ourselves some water and our machines some oil. Ten minutes sufficed to bring six of us together, and we turned slightly to the right, along a ridge with beautiful views of Pennsylvania far away across the river. Dinner had been ordered at Woodstown (8 m.), and my animal seemed to be imbued with my own feelings, for away he flew up hill and down along the splendid road, and at 10.50 I leaped from the saddle in front of the hotel and was warmly welcomed by mine host. Some of my

companions were rather later, but by 12 o'clock we all seated ourselves around a table fairly groaning with vegetables and pastry, and did full justice to the roast chicken and roast beef set before us, twenty miles having given us all good appetites.

Three of the party determined to take the train back to Philadelphia, and five concluded to ride directly back to Gloucester; but I wanted to see a little more of Jersey, though it was too late for either water-melons or mosquitoes; so leaving at 1 p.m., I kept on to Salem (10 m.) doing it in fifty minutes. As I halted here to oil and water, a crowd of four or five hundred gathered around, and one man, so drunk that he caught hold of the backbone of my machine to steady himself, said that he himself had come that morning on a bicycle down from Philadelphia. Mounting at 2.10 p.m., I retraced my steps, but there was a furious head-wind, and though I made Woodstown in fifty-five minutes, and Mullica hill in fifty minutes more, yet the fierce blasts (a snow-squall, too, enlivened the scene) chilled me, and when I reached Woodbury, at 5.25 p.m., it was dark; so I took the train for the city. On reaching the foot of Market street I felt rested and warmed, so I rode on the Belgian blocks up to Broad street, and then out Walnut street and over Chestnut-street bridge, reaching home in good time, and feeling very comfortable both in mind and body after my sixty-eight miles, most of which was ridden at the rate of ten miles an hour.

MERCURY.

CLUB DOINGS

BOSTON BI. C. — At a regular meeting held on Monday evening, November 3, 1879, two matters of especial interest were agitated.

The "head-quarters" of this club are and for some time have been divided, the head-quarters proper being at the rooms of the Secretary, 178 Devonshire street, and the stabling, lavatory, etc., on Boylston street, three-fourths of a mile away. The procuring of suitable meeting-room, reading-room, dressing-room, and appropriate space for leaving and care of machines, all together and conveniently located, has heretofore been difficult to effect. In bringing up the subject at this time, one member proved his earnestness and interest in the club by offering to head a private subscription, in aid of the Treasurer's funds for that object, with fifty dollars. He was of course placed on the committee thereupon appointed, which consists of MM. E. C. Hodges, F. Butler, and J. S. Dean.

The Secretary laid before the club certain correspondence which had passed between him as Secretary of this club, and Mr. A. H. Curtis, Secretary of the National Association of Amateur Athletes of America, relative to the status of Mr. Will R. Pitman, of this city, as an amateur. The question comes before a committee of that association, by reference from the Union Athletic Club of Boston, on the 13th instant. Upon consideration of the correspondence and its subject-matter, the following vote was unanimously passed:—

Voted, That our Secretary be directed to communicate to the Secretary of the National Association of Amateur Athletes, the respectful protest of this club against any adjudication which shall impose upon amateur clubs the courtesy or neces-

sity of recognizing Mr. Will R. Pitman as an amateur, and to inform the Secretary that this club has as reasons for considering him a professional, the personal knowledge of its members of facts making him so under the rules of that association, a decision of a board of judges officially appointed by the City of Boston, after a hearing and under circumstances and so composed as to be entitled to respect, and also the apparent fact that, failing to make his claims to amateurship availing in Massachusetts, he has taken the matter to New York in an attempt to reinstate himself there, where it is difficult to produce the evidence, and to force himself upon the amateurs at home thereby.

MM. GEO. B. WOODWARD AND W. W. ALLEN were appointed as committee on the part of this club to unite with a similar committee from the Mass. Bi. C. and arrange for a joint meet and two days' run during the month. — It was also voted to have a meet and run of this club on Thanksgiving Day.

BROCKTON BI. C. — This club was founded 1 June, 1879. It has adopted an entrance fee of one dollar, other dues to be assessed as needed; costume, gray helmet cap with blue trimmings, gray shirt and knee breeches with blue trimmings; and head-quarters at Belmont Club, Room 5, Lyman Block, Main St.. Colors and badge not yet decided upon. Officers elected were: Pres't and Capt., R. W. Shaw; Sec'y and Treas., Fred B. Howard, Home National Bank, Brockton, Mass.

CHICAGO BI. C. — Organized 1 Sept., 1879, with twelve members. It has adopted an entrance fee of two dollars and subscription fee of one dollar a year; colors, black and gold; badge, a jet diamond with gold garter, on which the motto "Pedibus curremus alatis" in black letters, a wheel with three winged feet, and the letters "C. Bi. C." Its officers are: Pres't, A. W. McClure; Capt., Fred H. Browne, Sec'y and Treasurer, Geo. D. Hoffman. Head-quarters at 279 State st., Chicago, Ill., It is reported as "doing finely, considering that the bicycle was first introduced here last March."

CLEVELAND BI. C. — The membership of the club is rapidly increasing, and it has been enjoying the fine weather by fully attended club runs. It was founded 30 Sept., 1879; its entrance fee is five dollars; subscription fee, one dollar and a half per quarter; colors and badge not yet determined; costume, cap, jacket and knee-breeches of seal-brown corduroy, and seal-brown stockings. Head-quarters at Weddell House, Cleveland, Ohio. Officers: Pres't, T. B. Stevens; Capt., J. H. Wade, Jr.; Sec'y and Treasurer, Alfred Ely, Jr.

CRESCENT BI. C. — This is the latest reported in Massachusetts, and has elected officers as follows: Pres't, F. B. Cochran; Sec'y, George Blake, — address, Belmont, Mass.; Capt., A. B. Turner; Sub-Capt., F. Spaulding; Treasurer, Fred. Snow.

HARTFORD BI. C. — Organized on Monday, 13 Oct., 1879, with a fair membership, and the choice of the following officers for the year: Pres't, Geo. H. Day; Sec'y and Treas., William L. Howard; Capt., T. Belknap Beach; Senior Sub-Capt., Clark Lawrence; Junior Sub-Capt., Richard Wander; Committee, G. H. Day, W. L. Howard, A. H. Olmstead, F. Robinson, E. S. House, and Frank Belden.

HARVARD BI. C. — At a meeting held 31 Oct., in Holden Chapel, it was voted to accept the invitation of the Suffolk Bi. C. to join them in their races at Clyde

Park, on Clyde street, Brookline, Mass., on Saturday, the 15th inst. The matter of whole-day runs was referred to the executive committee, with the suggestion that the first ride take place on the 8th inst. By permission of the college authorities, the club will use the building lately occupied by John Wilson & Son, for a rink this winter.

This club was founded 17 April, 1879. Its entrance fee and subscription are by assessment as needed; colors, crimson and blue; badge, letters H. B. C. in monogram of club colors; costume, polo cap with monogram in front, jacket, breeches, and stockings, all of gray; its officers are: Pres't, R. C. Sturgis (81); Capt., M. Tilden (81); Sec'y and Treas., J. H. Storer (82), Harvard College, Cambridge, Mass.

LYNN BI. C. We learn from the *Boston Herald* that a largely attended meeting of bicyclers was held on the fifth November instant, at the residence of Mr. W. O. Faulkner, in Lynn, Mass., for the purpose of forming a bicycle club. After organization, officers were chosen: Pres't, Edward S. Freeman; Sec'y, Henry H. Fuller; Treas., F. J. Faulkner; Capt., W. O. Faulkner; Sub-Capt., Albert S. Fuller; and a few other officers and committees were chosen. There was much interest shown, and there is good prospect of a large and flourishing club in Lynn when the next season opens. We hope to hear from the secretary.

MASSACHUSETTS BI. C. has appointed a committee on arrangement for more suitable head-quarters, consisting of MM. W. S. Slocum, A. S. Parsons, and H. E. Parkhurst. The committee on the part of this club, on the joint meet and run with the Bostons, are MM. E. W. Pope and Dr. C. H. Corken.

RACES

THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH CHAMPIONS IN BOSTON.

It was intended to hold a 100-mile race, in which the above riders were to be heavily handicapped against all comers, on Saturday, Nov. 1, and for that purpose, as well as for the ensuing races, which had then been partly arranged, a boarded track of eight laps to the mile had been laid on a vacant lot of land at the corner of Huntington avenue and West Newton street. This track was to be covered with a tent, and doubtless would have been but for the furious gale which was blowing during the closing days of the week, and which rendered the raising of a tent of such large proportions an impossibility. The managers then decided that they would postpone the 100-mile race, and begin a 6-days' race, of 10 hours each day, on Monday; but this plan, too, had to be given up, in deference to the elements, until finally it was determined to start a 4-days' race on Wednesday, Nov. 5, in which William Cann and Chas. Terront were to hold the track against all comers, and to allow any of such no less than 10 miles in every 100 miles, which might be covered. This bold challenge brought acceptances from Thos. Harrison (Boston); Prof. Rollinson (Philadelphia); Geo. Harrison (Boston); Murphy (Worcester); and Lowder (Somerville); each of whom appeared at the time appointed.

The Board of Judges were Messrs. C. E. Pratt, President Boston Bi. C.; Frank W. Weston, Secretary Boston Bi. C.; E. C. Hodges, Acting Captain Boston Bi. C.; and H. E. Parkhurst, Secretary Mass. Bi. C.

At 9.10 a.m. on the 5th, the men were sent off. The morning was cold and the air inside the tent chilly, so that the men settled down to their work at once in self-defence from the temperature.

The second day (Wednesday) brought a sprinkling of spectators, in spite of the falling snow, to see the start, which was effected promptly at 9 a.m., by Geo. Harrison, the other riders following as they got ready, up to 9.15, when all were on the track.

The third day (Thursday) brought clear skies and fine weather, and quite a large audience to see the start, which was made as usual, punctually at 9 a.m.

The closing day of the race brought settled fine weather and a large attendance of spectators, which, as evening approached, grew still larger until towards the finish it assumed proportions which must have been gratifying to the managers and the racers.

The following is the complete record of the distances covered by each rider:

Terront, first	660 miles.
Cann, second : : : : :	628 $\frac{5}{8}$ "
G. Harrison, third : : : : :	440 $\frac{1}{8}$ "
T. Harrison,	400 $\frac{1}{8}$ "
Rollinson	321 $\frac{3}{4}$ "
Murphy, } withdrawn.	
Lowder, } withdrawn.	

W.

THE 60-HOUR PROFESSIONAL RACE.

The 60-hour professional race between Mr. Harry Etherington's Anglo-Franco team and five American professionals terminated at 12 o'clock, on Saturday night last, at the tent on Huntington avenue, Charles Terront, William Cann, and Geo. Harrison taking respectively 1st, 2d, and 3d places.

The race was governed by the Wolverhampton rules, both Terront and Cann allowing the Americans ten miles in every hundred. Winners to cover the following distances to obtain prizes: 1st prize, \$1,000, to cover 800 miles; 2d prize, \$500, to cover 750 miles; 3d prize, \$250, to cover 700 miles; 4th prize, \$100, to cover 650 miles. The entries were as follows: Charles Terront, William Cann, Thomas Harrison, Geo. Harrison, R. S. Rollinson, — Murphy, and — Louder. As the event was the first professional race in this country when men of any note were entered, it was looked forward to with great interest by all friends of bicycling. The inclemency of the weather prevented many from witnessing the race, and the extreme cold of Wednesday and Thursday caused considerable suffering among the contestants. From the start Terront and Cann took the lead and alternately held it until the finish, and it soon became evident that unless some serious accident occurred to either of them they would be easy winners. That fact once settled, the interest centred upon the occasional spurts between the men. Rollinson showed himself the fastest man on the track for a short distance, but taking into consideration both endurance and speed Terront was by far his superior. This plucky little Frenchman finished second in the last 6 days' (18 hours

each day) contest in Agricultural Hall, London, with 1,390 miles to his credit, and is looked upon by judges as the fastest long-distance rider in the world. He is credited with the fastest mile made during the race; his 638th mile being made in 3.10. He rode a 52-inch D.H.F. Premier racer. William Cann, who took second place, rode a 54-inch Stanley racer, and proved himself to be a plucky and steady rider.

The sport has hardly attained growth enough in this country to enable us to name professionals to compete successfully with our English cousins, but it is hoped that before long America will be able to name men of equal endurance and speed. The riding of the Americans improved steadily as the race progressed, and had they kept steadily on the track, their chances of making a good record would have improved. No pains were spared by the management to provide suitable accommodations for the spectators. On Saturday evening the tent was fairly filled, and it was a noticeable fact that quite a large number of ladies were present. Below may be found a summary of the distances covered by each man: Chas. Terront, 660 miles; William Cann, 628 miles, 6 laps; Geo. Harrison, 440 miles, 1 lap; T. Harrison, 400 miles; R. S. Rollinson, 321 miles; Murphy (withdrawn); Louder (withdrawn). The track was 8 laps to the mile, but too narrow, being only ten feet, and the corners were suitably inclined. Cann's fastest mile was his 181st, in 3.21; T. Harrison's 383d mile was made in 3.12; Rollinson's best was his 24th, in 3.13; Geo. Harrison's 278th was in 3.32, and Murphy's best time was 3.50; while Terront's 638th was made in 3.10. It will be observed that neither of the foreigners reached either of the three highest distance limits set by the management for reaching to obtain prizes.

H.

KEEN vs. STANTON, 50 MILES.—The same tent, or Bicycle Park as it is locally called, was the scene of a contest between John Keen and David Stanton, in a fifty-mile race, on Monday evening, the 10th inst.; this being the first of a series of competitions to last through the week, under the same management. Keen rode a 56-inch Eclipse, weighing 34 lbs., and Stanton rode a 56-inch Humber, of 35 lbs. weight. Stanton had a start of 2½ laps, and the race was a very exciting one. We shall describe it more fully in our review of the week's events in our next issue; but give here the time made, as follows: Keen completed his 20th mile, 1h. 13m. 7s.; his 25th in 1h. 38m. Stanton retired on the seventh lap of his 33d mile. Keene's fifth and fastest mile was in 3.28, and his last mile in 3.50, and a summary follows:—

Miles.	H. M. S.	Miles.	H. M. S.
5	17 29	40	2 31 11
10	37 14	45	2 50 32
20	1 13 07	50	3 10 01
30	1 53 14		

PERSONAL

Who are the Co.? This question will doubtless arise with our readers, and we do not hesitate to say here, what the request of our modest and liberal patron has prevented us from putting in a more prominent place.

They will be glad to know that one of them is acting Captain Edward C. Hodges, of the Boston Bi. C., whose manly and energetic bearing and accomplishments have made him conspicuous on the long runs and over-night excursions in New England, and at many races there and elsewhere. We point to him as not only a strong financial, but the fighting associate of our staff.

Mr. John C. Sharp, jr., while in England this season, learned many points in racing, it is said; and while there made his mile in 2.59. We hope the report that he will enter no more races is untrue, for he is one of the fleetest and most graceful amateur riders we have, and has already made a record to be proud of.

President Longstreth and we were "digs" together at college, and we can well understand both his success and enthusiasm as a wheelman, and his popularity with others.

He of the many victories, Captain Johnson, to wit, is not, we hope, like the great warrior of antiquity, weeping for more worlds to conquer. We should like to see him meet Mr. Etherington and Mr. J. C. Sharp in the same race for say two miles.

It is said that Mr. Willie Wright has forsaken the cinder-path since his ride at Mott Haven, Sept. 27.

CORRESPONDENCE

PITTSBURG, PENN., Nov. 6, 1879.

Editor of The Bicycling World:—

The news of a new *world* has just reached us; and, as the bicycle has been its advance agent, wheel talk should abound in its expected-to-be bright and newsy columns. Every bicycler in this smoke-creating burgh will no doubt give THE BICYCLING WORLD the support its enterprising company deserves. Give us our paper regularly, and depend upon it the lovers of the wheel will give it a hearty reception. We have long felt the need of a wide-awake gazetteer devoted to our health-giving, fascinating, practical, steed of steel; hence we welcome THE WORLD. If managers or directors of races, excursions, club or general meets, will use your advertising columns to bring their events before bicycleriders early enough to enable them to enter and participate, they will aid in establishing the paper, and thereby recognize it as the authority on all points pertaining to bicycling.

LEYDON BARD, JR.

DETROIT, MICH., Oct. 28, 1879.

Editor of The Bicycling World:—

The interest in bicycling is slowly but surely on the increase in our city; new members join our club at each business meeting, and the increase of their love for the "wheel," as a means of exercise and enjoyment, is clearly shown by those who have had it in use longest. Our Detroit, provided as it is with miles of smooth wood pavements, affords facilities which not every city can boast of for bicyclers; and though when we wish to take long country rides we find Canada roads the smoothest and best adapted for riding, yet our 'cyclers find that an hour or two can be spent very enjoyably spinning along our streets. Some very pleasant rides

have been made to the adjacent villages and towns by small parties of our riders.

The Captain of the Detroit Bi. Club, N. B. Conger, has so far made the longest one day's run in this vicinity. Starting from Windsor, at eight o'clock one morning, he made the run to Leamington and return, a distance of seventy miles. The actual running time, exclusive of stops, was seven hours and twenty minutes. Some parts of the run were made in good time, one twelve miles being accomplished in fifty minutes, and that against quite a stiff head-breeze. Moonlight rides are being indulged in these clear nights, and those who engage in them claim that it would be hard to get up a more enjoyable affair than a moonlight bicycle ride.

A gold medal for the club championship is being talked of, and no doubt at the next club meeting, to be held on Monday evening next, the talk will assume definite shape, and a race be arranged for.

I, for one, am sorry that it seems fated that bicycling, while yet in its infancy in our country, is to be taken hold of by the "sporting" and gambling fraternity, and used by them for their purposes, and thus degraded; for undoubtedly those who engage in it will soon descend to the level of the pedestrians, oarsmen, and other exponents of athletic exercises who have done so much to lower these sports in the estimation of all fair-minded lovers of them. The mention of any professional contest in either walking, running, rowing, or wrestling, brings at once to the mind the idea of fraud, and so dispels any interest that might arise were these affairs fair trials of strength, skill, or agility. It seems to have been clearly demonstrated of late that, where the winning or losing of large sums of money is at stake, the average degree of honesty found in the professional athlete is not proof against the temptation to resort to the fraud and trickery that will enable him to become possessed of what he deems his share of the money in the pool-box or otherwise at stake.

Bicycling, as a gentlemanly exercise, and for the sake of the healthful sport to be derived from it, is something that every lover of it should by all means in his power encourage; while bicycling, as an exhibition of what are called the staying powers and the going qualities of phenomenally endowed professionals, and the attendant gambling connected with such an exhibition, is something that every honest 'cycler ought to condemn. The importation of professionals ought to be discouraged by every means; and these contests that will be arranged for are not deserving of the notoriety that they receive from the press, nor of the patronage they get from the public. While there may be some honest men engaged in them, yet, on the whole, they will turn out to be money-making schemes, gambling frauds, and anything but exhibitions that will tend to elevate the morals of the masses, or beget a healthful interest in our noble sport.

GO AS I PLEASE.

PHILADELPHIA, November 11, 1879.

Editor Bicycling World:—Most gladly do we welcome you to your place among the current literature of the day, and we feel full confidence that you will fill most acceptably your much-needed office. Although we, in this conservative and quiet city, have not entered into the spirit of bicycling as have you of the "Hub," owing in great measure to the wretched paving of our

streets, yet we are beginning to be aroused, and certainly claim the second rank among the cities of America.

The Philadelphia Club now has twenty-two members, and the Germantown Club about half that number, while the unattached swell the total to over a hundred. The privileges afforded us by the Park Commission, though limited as to time and space, have given us a foothold in that delightful pleasure-ground, and promise us a rich treat in the future. The riding-school at Horticultural Hall, in the centre of the city, is a great source of attraction both to learners and those more experienced, and affords the votaries of the wheel a pleasant place in which to spend an evening hour and discuss the latest news. Indeed, we are getting quite wide awake, and intend to give the BICYCLING WORLD a hearty greeting and an earnest support. Wishing you every success, I am

Yours truly,

THOMAS K. LONGSTRETH,
Pres't Phila. Bi. Club.

CLUB DIRECTORY

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THE BICYCLING WORLD is published every alternate Saturday morning. Its subscription price is \$2.50 a year, in advance, postage prepaid to any address in the United States or Canadas. Single copies will be sent postpaid, or can be obtained at news-stands or bicycle-agencies, riding-schools and sales-rooms, for ten cents each.

For advertising-rates, see first column of advertisements. Subscribers are requested to send full address, plainly written, accompanied with post-office money-order, or bank draft, or by registered letter, to THE BICYCLING WORLD CO., 40 WATER ST., BOSTON, MASS. Subscriptions will be assumed to be for the first volume, beginning with the first number, unless otherwise stated.

THE BICYCLING WORLD aims to be a fresh, full record, herald, and epitome, of all that relates to bicycling,—clubs, races, excursions, tours, meets, and runs, personal items, inventions, manufacture, opinions, humors, and incidents, the best things from other journals, foreign news,—and of all subjects of direct or collateral interest to bicyclists and their friends. Communications, correspondence, news items, suggestions, clippings, or other aid to these objects, will therefore be appreciated, and should be sent to EDITOR OF THE BICYCLING WORLD, 40 WATER ST., BOSTON, MASS. Contributors and correspondents are requested to give always their full name and address, both as a guaranty of good faith and to enable reply or further inquiry, but not for publication unless so indicated; to write on one side of the paper only; and to observe that our pages go to press at noon of Tuesday preceding its date of publication. Communications and correspondence which we cannot give space to entire will be appreciated and often made useful otherwise, and we cannot return any to the sender unless the requisite postage be enclosed, with a special request.

BOSTON, 15 NOVEMBER, 1879

GREETING.

We come before the public, in fresh new guise, without apology, and without promises except to be a regular visitant and to do the best we can to be agreeable, truthful, and wide awake. We believe in the permanent future of the bicycle as a means of practical locomotion, as a delightful enabler to rational recreation and a health-preserver, as a refined and humane instrument of competitive athletics, and as the subject of a large and useful industry. We share in the generous social club spirit which it has awakened. We feel alive to the multitudinous interests, questionings, enjoyments, discoveries, and experiences arising out of the uses of the wheel, and we mean to voice them in our columns. If we interpret rightly the signs of the time there is a ripe demand for such a journal as ours proposes to be—impartial, accurate, tasteful, regular, comprehensive—not hitherto answered in this country. Entering upon this field as we do, with faith in our principal (but by no means exclusive) theme and in the good-will of the public to which we appeal, and founded upon a sound basis of funds and resources, we must yet bespeak that active

and substantial support and coöperation of our readers and friends without which we cannot long be satisfactory to them, or reap for ourselves the reward of success. We are frank and confidential in asking; shall we receive?

Since the eighteenth issue of *The American Bicycling Journal* went to press, it and its tangible properties have been transferred to the proprietors of this paper, and it will appear no more. With pluck and generosity of time and means, the sanguine editor of the *Journal* took it from a premature and precarious foundation as the exponent of an importing firm, and has carried it through a career beset with difficulties so far towards success. Under his unique and familiar heading he makes at this time on our opposite page a parting bow. Our readers will be glad to know that he does not thereby quit the field he has graced so well, and that his ready pen will continue to contribute to the columns of the WORLD, of which he will be an associate editor. While this paper is in no sense a continuation of that, and has no connection with it except by purchase and absorption, we hope the favor it has received and the influences which have aided it will in future be accorded to ours, and that we may merit them as well.

THE SIXTY-HOUR RACE.

As to the value of professional contests to the best interests of bicycling, there is an open question. Our correspondent in another column makes some strictures on that phase of the sport, drawn chiefly, no doubt, from his observation of other athletic competitions, from which it is but just to say that the sixty-hour race in Boston last week was mostly free.

This race is of peculiar interest in several aspects. It was the first protracted bicycling contest in America, and was participated in not only by five of our home professionals, but by two of the twelve best riders in the world. The latter have been years acquiring their skill and power and adding to their accomplishments. The former were comparatively novices; most of them with little previous experience, with no careful training, without adequate care and attendance during the race, with no prior test of their ability or endurance to gauge their efforts by through so many consecutive hours, with heavier machines, they had many disadvantages and much to learn. These considerations were offset in whole or in part by the ten per cent. odds allowed them, so far as winning was concerned, but in any comparison of their riding they need to be borne in mind. As a great race it was a failure. The failure began with those who undertook to prepare the track and the tent; the track was too narrow by four or five feet, and neither the walk nor the tent was in ready condition for the start, though the public had already been four times

[Continued on p. 10.]



THE KING IS DEAD, LONG LIVE THE KING!

Nearly two years ago (Dec., 1877) the initial number of the "American Bicycling Journal" made its bow to a constituency of six riders, and a contingent of possibly a few hundreds of readers. To-day, with a constituency of some thousands of riders, and of readers an unknown quantity, it gracefully resigns its personality, and becomes merged in the stronger enterprise, of the initial number of which it forms a part. We may perhaps as well confess that it is not without some sentimental regret that we take this action; but the regret is akin to that with which the father beholds his boy entering upon the manhood which is to free him from the parental care, and is swallowed up in the exultation with which we regard our bantling publication, introduced in the face of an apathy and ignorance as to our sport, so dense as almost to constitute opposition, now so universally appreciated; that the talent and the capital which have heretofore been lacking in our enterprise have so soon been found and enrolled in the cause of our glorious sport.

We need not recapitulate the disadvantages under which we have labored in the production of the past eighteen numbers of our "Journal," for we have unfortunately had too frequently to refer to them in its columns. We prefer rather to point with pride to the fact, that in spite of all these opposing forces we have met with such encouragement and right hearty good-will and assistance from our readers that we have been enabled to produce thereby in all nearly sixty thousand copies, comprising some eight hundred thousand pages, of a

"Journal," which, however glaring its faults and deficiencies may have been, must of necessity have carried *some* information and influence with it wherever it circulated.

In the beginning our work was necessarily largely of a missionary character. In this country the bicycle was a new, an untried experiment, and our earlier issues found ample field for the dissemination of facts proving its practicability as an instrument of enjoyable locomotion. This necessity, however, did not last for a great while. The energy and enterprise of our manufacturing and importing houses in the bicycle trade soon spread the news that the tireless horse stood ready to the people's hand, and we began to perceive unmistakable indications that the bulk of our readers would not long remain contented with the reiteration of facts proving what to them, at least, was as stale news as would have been the statement that a loaf of bread was good to eat.

Then came the time for the incorporation of new features in our work, so that while it should still be of interest and attractiveness to the novice and the tyro, the rapidly increasing army of experts should be supplied with the facts which they, too, needed, and that the record of American Bicycling should be complete in all its departments. To the accomplishing of this end we at once bent our energies, and although the effort was for some time attended with serious pecuniary loss we continued to persevere,—with what success we leave our readers to determine,—until at last the constantly increasing interest in our publication assumed such proportions as to ensure its stability and permanence.

We thus briefly touch upon the past of the first venture in bicycling journalism, so that our readers

may the more easily comprehend the motives which have actuated us in our arrangements for the future, which we will now still more briefly, if possible, explain.

Bicycling has attained already, in this country, such proportions that it is no longer possible for *individual* effort to produce an organ which shall worthily and creditably occupy the immense field before it; to do this, collective enterprise, energy, and ability have become absolute necessities. We have therefore allied ourselves with two gentlemen, each well known as earnest advocates of our sport, as well as skilful exponents of its utility.

Our publication under the old title has, in meeting its many adversities, been so frequently compelled to temporarily succumb, that a certain reputation for irregularity has become attached to it. This irregularity is no longer necessary, nor will it in future be permitted.

In the conduct of our bantling "Journal," we have said and written and done such as lay within the scope of our ability; but for the same reasons that the skipper of a river-steamer would surrender the wheel to more able hands in a voyage and on a craft "which ploughs the ocean," so we in our joint proprietorship of a paper which we aim to make superior to most, and second to none, of the ventures on the field of bicycling journalism, surrender the reins of editorial management, and shall rest supremely content if in our "associate" capacity we can say or write or do aught to forward the common cause of both the readers and the proprietors of this paper.

To our old subscribers we would say that we have not neglected their interests, and that the first eight numbers of the new paper, making in all the twenty-six numbers which we have promised them, will be forwarded as usual, and without extra cost, as issued.

To our old readers, and to the many friends of whose sympathy and regard we have received substantial tokens, we would tender our grateful thanks, not less for their kindness than for their forbearance, and would assure them that under the new *régime* we shall continue our best efforts in the interests which it has been, and will continue to be, our aim to advance.

F. W. WESTON.

[Editorial continued from p. 8.]

deceived and disappointed by advertised engagements that they should be so. No wonder that the attendance was not large. Then the wind and snow and cold of an exceptionally cruel and severe November opening made it chilling and even dangerous for both the public and the competitors. Muffled in coats and flannels, numb to sleepiness, seized with cramps and bruised by falls, they were plucky fellows to ride at all during the

first three days; and on the fourth day they loafed. They did not ride the full time at all; they toyed with their bouquets, chatted with their chums and lady friends, and an hour before their time expired, when all were in a cheerful condition for making many miles more, all the Americans were off the track, the Englishman was smoking a cigar, and looking up "Jack" and "Dave," and the Frenchman was whistling and singing along for a few laps more,—his music being much more entertaining than the fitful and feeble attempts of the band had been. Looking at it as a whole it was almost a farce; and yet many of the scenes and incidents were pretty and even brilliant. On comparing the aggregate distances and time with those in recent long races abroad, the result is favorable neither to the foreigners nor to the Americans. The fastest miles look better for both; Terront's 3.10 and Cann's 3.21 being not only creditable for them in so long a race, but leaving T. Harrison's 3.12 and Rollinson's 3.13 much more creditable under the circumstances. Rollinson displayed the utmost grace in riding, and G. Harrison showed that he has the pluck and the power to contend well with the best when he has eaten more steaks and learned how to put himself in training.

THE BROCKTONS IN COURT.

The case of the five members of the Brockton Bi. C., who were fined \$10 and costs on a spiteful complaint in the lower court, came up on appeal before Mr. Justice Wilkinson, in the Superior Court at Plymouth, Mass., last Friday. After the evidence against them was all in, the jury was instructed to return a verdict of not guilty, and the defendants were acquitted. How the verdict was received by their neighbors appears in "Our Exchanges," in another column. As this was the first criminal prosecution of a bicyclist in this country, it has excited considerable interest. We purpose to revert to the subject of Sunday riding in a future number.

The interesting review of the Suffolk Club, which appears in another column, is from the pen of the accomplished president of that thriving organization. More contributions are promised from the same source. The rules appended are simpler and briefer than any yet published. We intend that the club review thus begun (excepting rules, generally) shall extend in future numbers to all the clubs, and trust that this feature may be of value as a record, and partly answer the frequent question of the unattached,—Of what use are clubs?

THE Suffolk Bi. C. may well point with pride to the names of their honorary members, and generous patrons of our common interest.

OUR New York letter is unavoidably crowded out of this number, but will appear in our next.

SPECIAL NOTICES

ROCKWELL AND CHUCHILL, Printers, 39 Arch St., Boston, are to be credited with much of the mechanical taste and excellence in the make-up of this paper.

BICYCLERS resident or visiting in New York city will find cordiality and elegance at Mr. Wentworth Rollins' new quarters over Nos. 115 and 117 W. Twenty-third street.

The hollow-spoke "Carver" bicycles, are not only a novelty in this country, but a rarity in fine mechanical make or finish. See advertisement.

COMING EVENTS

Suffolk and Harvard Club races at Clyde Park, on Clyde street, Brookline, Mass., on Saturday, 15th inst.

The joint meet and run of the Boston and Massachusetts Clubs has been fixed for Friday, the 14th inst., at 8 a.m. Meet at Trinity Church in Boston, run to South Framingham and back, by different routes, and supper at Hotel Brunswick at 6 p.m.

Men of muscle should not forget the open mile handicap given by the Manhattan A. C. on their fine path, Thanksgiving Day. We understand that if Captain Sharp enters, he will find an opponent, who, although once defeated, is ready and anxious to participate in another friendly contest with him.

HEADERS

Bicycler to Rustic: "I say, my lad, where does this road go to?" — Rustic: "It goes nowhere; just stands we're tis." — "Yes; but where shall I get to if I go down it?" — "To the fur end if ye goo fur anuff." — *Cycling*.

We speak in no spirit of egotism when we say that we are the only bicycling editor who is really a practical rider. — *Bicycling Times*. This is rather hard on our noble self. — *Cycling*. The modest islander hadn't seen our World then, nor ridden with us, either. But Harry has now, and given it up. He couldn't Well 'ford to say it at home; but 'e got 'is m-atch against the wind here.

"Hands off," as the circular saw said to the fellow who tampered with it. — *Boston Courier*. That's tooth in for a joke, and too sawdidd to steel; but it clips all the same.

The backbone of De Noelle's exhibition machine at the American Institute is as limp as a July picnic collar. Try it? — No, thank you. Haven't had a tumble for three months, so are out of practice.

Some of our races seem rather *gaseous*, to say the least. Rochester and Suffolk failures won't raise us very high, as a bicycling community, in the eyes of our British cousins.

The gentleman from Newton, Boston, Philadelphia, or Cleveland, — we don't know which it is now — who certainly excels in *slow* racing, burst out in the city of brotherly affection, last month, with a two-mile "record" of 6 min. 52 $\frac{1}{4}$ sec. An investigation of this "best American record" reveals the fact that the two miles was minus 352 yards. O Jabez!

QUERIES AND ANSWERS

W., N. Y. — Q. My measure is 35 inches, as nearly as I can make it. Should I venture on a 54, or stop at a 52? At 100 turns a minute, each 2 inches of size makes 3,141 feet an hour (about six-tenths of a mile) difference in speed.

A. You should take a 52-inch wheel for road use. Speed doesn't depend altogether on size of wheel. Some of the fastest times have been made on 50-inch wheels against those of 56 inches. The machine should fit, like boots.

J. G. D., BOSTON. A. Thank you for the suggestions; they will be considered.

H. B. T., PITTSBURG. A. See our Club Directory on another page.

S., NEWTON. Q. I would inquire, through your columns, what is the best record of Prof. Rollinson, of Philadelphia, prior to the sixty-hour race in Boston?

54-IN. D. H. F. — Q. Will some one kindly tell me how to prevent the soldered clasp of my "Pope" Cyclometer from shaking loose on rough roads? Could it be brazed instead of soldered? The balls in my *Æolus* bearings click in working hard up hill. They run beautifully, without side shake, but may need tightening. Can any one tell me if that is the trouble?

INVENTION AND MANUFACTURE

Few inventions relating directly to the bicycle have found their way to the Patent Office in this country the present year, and no patents thereon have yet been issued. Fourteen patents have been granted, relating to velocipedes, as reported by C. E. Pratt, Esq., Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, 40 Water street, Boston, viz.: —

No. 211,116, granted to R. Steel,	dated, 7 January, 1879.
" 211,868, " A. A. Smith,	" 4 Feb'y, "
" 211,959, " E. J. Blood,	" " "
" 211,960, " " " "	" " "
" 212,492, " E. C. F. Otto,	" 19 "
" 212,884, " H. W. Baltz,	" 4 March, "
" 213,109, " { H. Hinckley and	" 11 "
N. H. Culver,	" "
" 215,876, " J. E. Browne,	" 27 May,
" 216,190, " B. A. Joule,	" 3 June,
" 216,231, " J. Shire,	" "
" 217,241, " S. P. Ruggles,	" 8 July,
" 217,535, " R. R. Ingwersoll,	" 15 "
" 218,968, " E. T. Higham,	" 26 August,
" 219,551, " { H. Will and	" 9 Sept., "
C. Uebel,	" "

No. 211,868 is for an ice velocipede. No. 212,492 is for a tricycle. No. 216,231 shows an ingenious hammock-seat arrangement for a two-wheeled velocipede.

RELATIVE ATHLETICS

A Reno, Nevada, gentleman claims to have covered 154 miles in ten hours, with roller skates, on a track of twenty laps to the mile. It sounds rather dizzy.

And now comes St. Julien, the California trotter, with his mile in 2.12 $\frac{1}{4}$, and his half mile in 1.06, and makes a still wider gap between the horse and the bicycle for short-distance racing.

At cricket, the All England Eleven have beaten all competitors thus far, including the Young Americas and the Merions. Capt. Daft has not yet met the Dorians of Haverford college, who recently won as handsomely over the Young Americas as his English team did on the 17th and 18th ult.

TRICYCLES, VELOCIPEDES, ETC.

The four or five tricycles proper in use in this country are but forerunners. This is the true type of velocipede for practical use, and is in great favor with our English and French cousins, especially the former, where many clubs are already formed for the encouragement and enjoyment of it, and where races are had with it. It is a sister of the bicycle, and is the suitable counterpart for the use of the bicycler's sister, or wife, or lady friend, who may wish to accompany him before she has courage to adopt a dress which will admit of her mounting the better and more fascinating wheel. More patents are issued in England, of late, for improvements in bicycles in a month than for bicycles in a year, and perfection is not so nearly reached. We shall chronicle some of the events with them and describe some of their improvements in construction.

Nor shall we be unmindful of the velocipede made for the little fellows, the making of which is so large an industry; and the use of which is so healthful and conducive to good riding in the same boys after a larger growth. In fact we shall count nothing altogether foreign to us which pertains to that multiform mechanical contrivance, the driven and supporting wheel.

OUR EXCHANGES

"The indispensable sex." — If any daring person inquires why ladies cannot ride the bicycle, he must address the inquiry not to Nature, which has interposed no objection, but to the same irrational conventionalism which has decreed to the female equestrian an ungraceful, inconvenient side-saddle and a trailing robe that make her helpless while in her seat and endanger her life as soon as unseated. True, she rides, but in spite of these obstacles—by dint of her wit and innate gracefulness; so she walks—on narrow soles and French heels. Give her—or, rather, let her dare to take—for the occasion, not that terrible bloomer, but some modification of sensible gymnasium or short dress, and she will quickly adapt it to satisfy all requirements of delicacy and grace, and will thus be able to mount this swift steed now a-waiting her—a steed which fits well enough the Nature-woman, but cannot make itself to fit skirt-civilization. The male biped will not willingly leave her behind on his multipedal steed, nor will she long consent to be left.—*J. Wilcox, in November Lippincott's.*

THE BICYCLERS ACQUITTED.

NO CASE FOUND AGAINST THE MEMBERS OF THE BROCKTON CLUB.

As most of our readers well remember, five of the members of the Brockton Bicycle Club have been anxiously awaiting the decision of the Superior Court on their appeal from the sentence of Judge Keith, of the Second District Court, who thought that indulging in 'cycle riding on Sunday was a violation of a chapter of the General Statutes, and accordingly fined five of them \$10 and one-fifth of the costs each. The circumstances of the case, so well known to our readers, were such that the boys were confident of innocence, and the interest excited by the result of the first trial has been very wide, every owner of a 'cycle in the State awaiting the result with impatience. Yesterday the four young men—one having paid the fine because of

a removal from town—went down to Plymouth with much apprehension, for, although they felt almost sure that they would be acquitted, the uncertainty of the law is proverbial, and there is no way of correctly prophesying the result of a suit in court. A telegram received at the ADVANCE office last evening, however, says the verdict of Judge Keith is not correct; that they are not guilty; in fact that Judge Wilkerson has decided that there is no case against them, and that they can hereafter ride as freely upon Sunday as upon any other day in the week. This result will be hailed with triumph, not only by the bicycle interest, who have all the time thought that bicycle riding was not amenable to the so-called Sunday law (practically a defunct one), but by every one who loves square dealing and to whom the conduct of Fitzgibbons, in instituting a criminal suit against the young men because they would not pay the extortionate amount asked by him for damage done to his vehicle because of the frightening of his horse by the "steel horses," has appeared in a most unfavorable light. His little plan of instituting a civil suit against the young men if the criminal one was successful will now be nipped in the bud, and he, as well as the judge who imposed the sentence, will not be the recipients of a high degree of affection from any fair-minded man who has followed the case from the first. — *Brockton Advance.*

GLANCES ABROAD

KEEN v. STANTON. 100 MILES.—We clip the following from *The Bicycling Times* (London) of 30th Oct., in relation to the recent 100-mile race in Agricultural Hall: "These old antagonists met to ride a 100-mile race, for a belt value £50, and £50 pounds in money, on Wednesday, 22d ult. The start took place at 4:33 p.m. . . . The men kept together till 30 miles, when Keen spurted and lapped Stanton, and he from time to time so increased his lead that at 76 miles Stanton gave up the task as hopeless. The leaders' times were:—

Miles.	H. M. S.	Miles.	H. M. S.		
2	Stanton....	0 7 12	42	Keen	2 37 5
4	—	0 14 21	44	—	2 45 7
6	—	0 21 31	46	—	2 52 51
8	—	0 28 41	48	—	3 0 0
10	—	0 35 54	50	—	3 8 4
12	—	0 43 7	52	—	3 16 5
14	—	0 50 25	54	—	3 24 6
16	—	0 57 50	56	—	3 32 4
18	—	1 5 18	58	—	3 39 57
20	—	1 12 48	60	—	3 47 55
22	—	1 20 17	62	—	3 56 11
24	—	1 27 48	64	—	4 4 39
26	—	1 35 53	66	—	4 13 20
28	—	1 43 1	68	—	4 21 54
30	Keen	1 50 25	70	—	4 29 53
32	—	1 58 2	72	—	4 38 7
34	—	2 5 48	74	—	4 47 0
36	—	2 13 58	78	—	4 56 9
38	—	2 21 31	78 & 7 laps	—	5 0 8
40	—	2 29 8			

* Denotes fastest time on record.

Stanton's time for thirty miles was 1h. 50m. 43s.; forty miles, 2h. 31m. 17s.; fifty miles, 3h. 10m. 45s.; sixty miles, 3h. 50m. 38s.; seventy miles, 4h. 32m. 40s.; seventy-six miles, 4h. 59m. 4s.

FIFTY-MILE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP OF WALES.—This was raced for at Cardiff, on the 25th October, by eleven competitors, and was won by S. Burgess, of the Swansea Amateur Bi. C., after an interesting contest, in 3h. 8m. and 46s.

THE "COSMOPOLITE VELOCE CLUB" is the title of a new bicycle club recently organized in Calais, France. M. W. A. Arnett fils, 140 Rue Lafayette, St. Pierre-les-Calais, is secretary, and will be pleased to give tourists from this country information as to roads, routes, etc.

ADVERTISING RATES

THE BICYCLING WORLD is established on a sufficient cash capital to insure the fulfilment of all its promises. It is published regularly on alternate Saturday mornings, in issues of not less than three thousand copies, and its actual circulation is more than two thousand copies an issue. No part of this large and rapidly increasing circulation is thrown away; but it is founded on an annual subscription list already large and rapidly extending, on sales at news-stands, agencies, and races, and on a carefully selected and strictly interested "specimen-copy" list. It goes, to the extent of two thousand copies and upwards, to the hands and eyes of a young, active, and enterprising constituency, by which it is read, passed around, preserved, and made permanent for reference; it is not confined to bicyclists only, nor to the passing notice and loss of circulars, nor to the fleeting and hurried uses of newspapers. We mean to make these columns a live, choice, and profitable medium of advertising for our patrons. Our charges, until further notice, are at the following low rates:—

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One page	\$25.00
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Half column	7.00
Quarter column	4.00
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THE LONG-DISTANCE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD was won by G. W. WALLER, at Agricultural Hall, London, England, on September 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, and 6th, when he covered the unprecedented distance of 1,404 miles on a D. H. F. (Double Hollow Fork) Premier Racer, with Ball Bearings to both wheels. These famous Machines can only be obtained from Cunningham & Co.

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The Columbia ridden by Wentworth Rollins over 1,500 miles is in perfect condition to-day. This is explained by the fact that all the wearing parts are adjustable and of hardened steel.

The Columbia is a first-class roadster, equal to the best English makes, all the parts being interchangeable.

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